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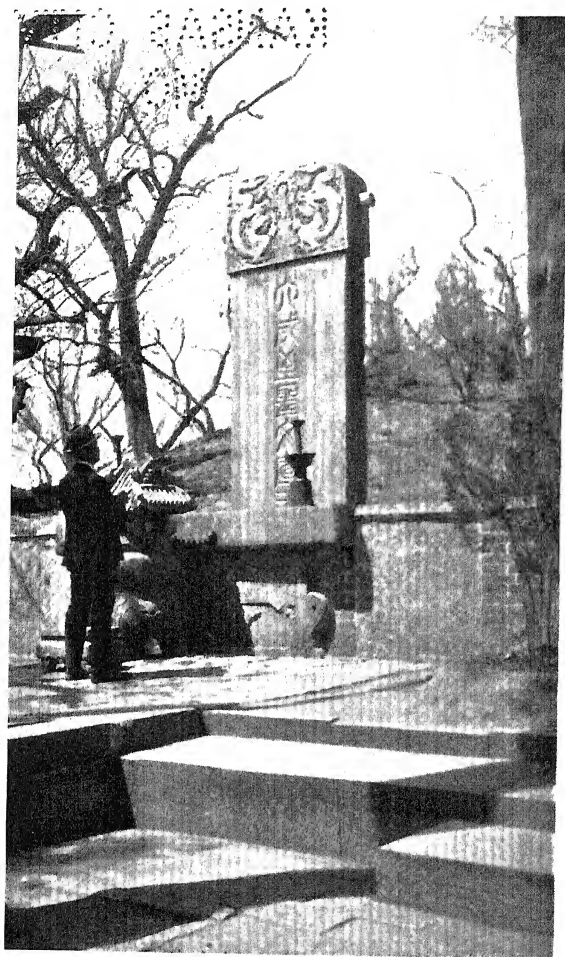
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LABRADOR LOOKS AT THE ORIENT



THE TOMB OF CONFUCIUS AT CHUFU

LABRADOR LOOKS AT THE ORIENT

*Notes of Travel in the Near
and the Far East*

BY

SIR WILFRED THOMASON GRENFELL

K.C.M.G., M.D. (OXON.), F.R.C.S., F.A.C.S.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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TO
MRS. ANDERSON FOWLER
A TRUE FRIEND OF ALL
THE WORLD

PREFACE

'WHY don't you take a holiday from Labrador?' said my better half one day, on the deck of the hospital steamer. 'You've been talking about it for years. You are three-score, and it's high time.'

'You are old, Father William,' came to my mind, and I was about to reply, 'But I can still take a back summersault in at the door,' when I seemed to remember having heard that before somewhere. Why, of course! It was I myself, advising a patient to travel, and that not just because he could not still 'chew up a goose, bones and all, and enjoy it.'

We had anchored in our home harbour, and Dr. Curtis, my chief surgical colleague, and I had been discussing his ward cases of the afternoon. 'Why don't you take a holiday from Labrador?' he asked, as we sat over his pipe that evening. 'The Staff can carry on perfectly well, and it's fairly due to you after all these thirty years.'

I squinted round to watch his expression without his noticing it, and unobtrusively felt my left pulse with my right hand. 'Are you sure you could manage as well without me for twelve months?' I volunteered, after noticing that the pulse was only running at seventy-two, and a soft artery at that. 'Oh, absolutely!' he cheerfully blurted out. I wished that I hadn't mentioned it.

The following month at our Directors' meeting, the Chairman greeted me in behalf of the Council with suspiciously profound expressions of gratitude for the splendid record of last year's efforts, and then continued that the said board had unanimously voted to give me a sabbatical year's holiday, and they all personally wanted to be allowed to help make it possible.

The face of the catechumen young monk in the famous

picture called 'The Novice,' as he tries to squint both ways in his attempt to gauge the thoughts on the expressionless faces of his colleagues, rose to my mind as I tried to see all the faces of my Directors at the same moment.

So far as my body went, not one pain, one ache, nor one foreboding symptom could I discover to relieve me. 'Ye-e-es, I do need a holiday. Thanks awfully. When shall I start?'

'Why not go round the world? There's a steamer starting on Saturday. With a wife like yours, you could easily make it.'

We did.

The feeling of 'doing good' adds pleasure to any experience. Somehow 'going about' has always been associated with that particular flavour, and more or less rightly. In certain troubles merely to move is a rest, but all quests are better for an objective. Ours, therefore, should be to try to see everywhere we journeyed the results of the efforts of other human beings, to meet the challenge of life. How fascinating to be able to view entirely from outside, the things that other folk take pleasure in, the ends for which they live and strive, the ways they express themselves in customs, habits, and productions, the attitudes of the minds of men who live in sunny zones to those same old impulses which give us our peculiar characteristics in the frozen North, the expressions of their faiths and hope, the ways they seek for courage, comfort, and consecration, the forces from without and within that are making for righteousness and a better world! We would try to judge, so far as observable results should enable us, the relative success of the special prejudices which made men kill one another in our 'Christian' world. What a glorious chance to read 'end results' in the records left through the ages by the great characters of history in the oldest inhabited centres of earth. Nothing is so good for character as hard knocks. If we really did need to

be jarred out of our rut, we would seek experience in Egypt, the Sudan, Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, India, Malay, China, and Japan. Should we follow the sun right around and save a day anyhow? Doubtless, too, we should save the value of many days in increased ability to enjoy the Labrador, and serve her during the next threescore years.

A year later, as we packed up our white linen suits and steamer rugs and coats, and kissed them good-bye among the mothballs in sure hope of early resurrection on the wings of the moth; as we hung our gorgeous sunshades on the walls as mementoes and a challenge to the sombre art of Labrador; and as we gave our solar topees to the Salvation Army as the earliest symptoms of the returning desire to start somehow helping some one, we realized how deeply we had imbibed some of the inspiration of the Sunny South, the unwillingness of the Old World to hurry unduly.

A record of this kind which concerns one's individual reactions to those of his fellow men must be affected somewhat by the writer's conception of life. My own is theocratic, but with absolute freedom allowed for each pawn to make its own moves on the board. Faith is so essentially the ultimate basis of all actions and all progress in a world made of materials that by their very value must have limitations, that I see no necessity to defend this view even to my own mind.

History, the best record we have of the value of any man's viewpoint, unquestionably justifies the conviction that the march of permanent progress has been made through the lives of men who had faith in God.

The road to achievement is not by precept or punishment, but by challenges that may lead '*usque ad mortem.*' When challenged, therefore, to write our 'experiences of the world,' it sounded like the general-knowledge question to the ambitious scholar, which read, 'Write down all you know.' We have tried to do it, and, 'for better, for worse,' here lies the prodigy.

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CHAPTER I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EGYPT

OUR first view of the land of the Pharaohs from the sea was much like that of Holland on a hazy day, or a mirage when there is much loose ice about on a Polar ocean. Pillars, like men walking, rise above the restless horizon only soon to disappear and be replaced by others, suggesting the procession of those great figures of history who through the ages had preceded us into this gateway to the huge river, the river of Egypt.

Our imaginations pictured Neolithic galleys bearing the first mercantile mariners on record. Egypt, like Crete, might easily have been peaceful through the centuries before the Phœnicians and Greeks went a-pirating, for deserts on each side of them, and only negroes to the south, isolated them from all dangerous enemies. By the irony of fate it was they themselves who blazed a trail for their foes by making repeated war expeditions to Palestine and Syria.

It was Greek seamen, however, whose shades rose most vividly to our minds as we peered shorewards. It was the Greeks under that gorgeous youth Alexander, who, while on his way back from the conquests of Persia and India, had licked up degenerate Egypt as a lizard would a fly. Here also the British under Sir Ralph Abercrombie in 1798 beat Napoleon's forces and captured Alexandria.

The city ahead of us had been many times the centre of the world's interest. There was built the first university; there the greatest library; there the largest temple in honour

of that composite god, Serapis. At that time it was the most important city in the world. Alas! the university had been productive of little for the education of the common people. Euclid, Eratosthenes, and Archimedes had worked there; conic sections had been invented there. Pedants and priests had been its main output, however, and so little practical had been their work that Alexandria waited for the fifteenth century after Christ for the Chinese to bring them the paper for their books. Thence also had come printing, though there is reason to suppose that Paleolithic man printed pictures on dried skins.

In mechanical progress, they appear to have failed to use what the Scotch call 'their powers of observation.' There is, however, evidence that in medicine they made a real attempt along lines of research, for they practiced vivisection on condemned criminals, which gave birth to the first 'anti' society of any kind recorded.

A couple of belated warships lay in the harbour, but the real impressions on our senses were those on our ears. The air became suddenly vibrant with screams and shouting, as if a veritable Babel had been let loose. Numberless small boats of every variety and size seemed to be pursuing us like a second edition of Pharaoh's army. They represented practically every travelling agency known to man, besides many other activities.

From the lofty perch on the upper deck it was exactly like looking into a bear pit as the meal-time approaches, and, while the variegated coverings of the animals were interesting and their energy inspiring, we felt as Moses and his host must have done when they climbed the bank on the far side of the Red Sea and saw the waters close in upon the enemy, devoutly thankful we were not down amongst them. What a contrast it all is to the day when the mighty Alexander was looking for a guide to carry him four hundred miles up country to the Temple of Ammon, in order to fool

himself into believing that his father was Ra, the Sun God, and not the great Philip of Macedon! Surely Thackeray should have crowned him 'King of Snobs.'

When will the world really become progressive and permit some of the energy displayed on 'fourteen points' to include a common medium of exchange of speech, of coinage, of weight, of measures, of laws, and all essentials that make the brotherhood of man possible? Is there not much snobbery in wanting to hamper our understanding of our fellow beings by our insistence, for means of communication, upon any particular sounds or symbols merely because at some special period in history our forbears conveyed ideas with the handicap of their kind of growl or cryptograph?

After emerging out of the vibrant chaos of landing, and with incredible quantities of luggage shoved in racks over our heads in the railway carriage, we were served an excellent dinner by angels in long white nightgowns with broad red sashes and fezzes, as we sped along over a well-ballasted track. We were in Egypt at last. The officials were courteous, if noisy, but the struggle with piastres, customs, and impedimenta of many kinds cost us so much daylight that we passed through the famous Delta, the richest part of the whole of Egypt, if not of the whole world, in the darkness. Thus we were naturally inclined to judge the country a little unfairly, since beyond Cairo there is nothing but desert with a fringe of irrigation on either side, a land described as 'This Green Line.'

Shepherd's Hotel is no better and much dearer than other possibilities in Cairo, but it has a fine position from which to see the people on the highroad. The day after we arrived, the King was returning to the city and processions were scheduled to pass along the gaily decorated street, though one felt grateful for the barrier that the gigantic guardsman of the hotel piazza afforded us from the inter-

minable mob of gorgeous guides and the scripturally importunate pedlars.

The life blood of progress is dwarfed by paternalism as by tyranny, and we were in sympathy with the growth of a national spirit. The streams of schoolboys, however, with silly banners, led by half-baked teachers who kept passing and repassing the large group of visitors on the veranda all day long, and yelling, 'We don't want any foreigners,' convinced one of the importance of a mean and the wisdom of Solomon's appreciation of the Rod.

At night in a native taxi, we drove around the city, and even a Paris confrère might have learned much from our driver. The desperadoes, who had thundered out murder to the amusement of the tourists, now fled like chickens from beneath the very wheels of our chariots, and even when we actually bumped into them at a crawl because the streets were too narrow for us both, they only crouched and ruefully rubbed the sore spots. On the bonnets of many cars were the same blue amulets that the camels wear to ward off the evil eye! A history of six thousand years of slavery leaves a mark that cannot be concealed by a 'course in democracy,' even in so ancient and honourable a university as Al Azar, the most important Mohammedan university in the world.

Baksheesh is still the national anthem from Alexandria to the Sudan, where it most noticeably disappears; which noise is a dominant feature of every unprotected visitor's experience in Egypt. The whole time that we were endeavouring to see the marvellous Pyramids, the immortal Sphinx, and most of the other sights of Egypt, our ears rang with the discordant yells of men and boys quarrelling in their endeavours to extract piastres, by telling fortunes, selling fake relics, and plain begging. Wherever we stopped along the Nile, we were fought for as being some one's special prey. The purveyors of donkeys needed bit and

bridle infinitely more than their sometimes most excellent burros. One really learns a fellow feeling for a shuttlecock, and to wonder if this plague has not been omitted from the category as being too nearly normal to be considered worthy of record. If Holy Writ is correct, one miracle that has not received the attention it merits is that so many visitors, especially if they were Semitic, should have ever left Egypt in possession of so many of their goods and chattels as it would have us believe. Even if the narrator did wish to conceal any hereditary tenacity of his race, at least he considered that feat worthy of space in the Scripture itself.

The sights of Cairo, however, far outweigh all lesser experiences. How can curiosity, the most powerful impulse of travellers, be better catered to than by digging up ancient dignitaries and labelling the treasure-trove in glass cases? The great museum of the city provides treasures of that kind to satisfy the most self-indulgent. Here are dead kings and queens, priests and politicians, in long, immense variety. You can choose and specialize to an unlimited extent. This all tends to emphasize the one great conviction of the Egyptians that is provided for in the Creed, namely, the resurrection of the body, and the consequent desirability of preserving all that you can of it, and if possible as much furniture and domestic equipment as may still be serviceable when the Day of Judgment arrives. Our own investigations convinced us that the success achieved has been perhaps more complete than one might hope for, but even so it left much to be desired, and the departure of determined egotists suggests that there must be some gap in their philosophy — which on the whole so incomplete a preparation in the face of such mighty expenditure really only emphasizes. However, time has increased the intense interest in man's past, recently stressed so vividly in Dayton, while the opportunity enlarges with the lapse of years, and with a growing margin of wealth to expend on less

utilitarian and purely barbaric hobbies. On the other hand there seemed to be little to encourage the ardent evolutionist with regard to the real things that count in life. We still can match a great many of the undesirable features of the life of those days if one's daily papers are to be a gauge of our twentieth-century civilization. There are many in high political circles closer home than Thebes, who would be a very poor rival to a man like Amenophet the Fourth, the father of King Tut; while there are few ladies to-day in a category with Queen Hatesu.

The Al Azar, the central Mohammedan university of the world and the oldest, with ten thousand students, two thousand of whom are residents, illustrates other practical points. It has a most beautiful portico and fine old buildings, but in their age lies their chief attraction. The new nationalism here was exhibiting itself in a students' strike when we arrived at its portals. So the authorities very wisely had decided to keep all the gates closed. Curious but perfectly courteous locked-out students, in petticoats and fezzes, thronged around our car like flies around treacle. The campus was packed full of them. Fortunately, the lock-out lasted only a very short while, and next day we were permitted to wander around at will. There are no classrooms proper, and practically no furniture. Every one sits on the floor, on the mat. Some students have teachers; some seem not to enjoy that privilege, for they just sat swaying to and fro from the hips with eyes closed, in front of a wall or pillar, as if surprised while doing their daily dozen. They are of all ages and are learning the Koran by heart and that takes quite a number of years. The university is very rich and quite free. Teachers are paid little or nothing beyond their keep. One cannot pose as any authority on the education afforded by the university. The language and ancient literature departments we assumed to be their strongest line. Science, the equipment for the teaching of which consisted

of one old glass cupboard with a few sealed and labelled bottles of chemicals, such as bluestone and bichromate of potash, can therefore scarcely be considered to afford any claim to efficiency as represented at the Al Azar.

The fact is, many students are so dissatisfied that they are taking their courses at the New American University in Cairo under the able direction of Dr. Watson, whose two hundred students should be and soon will be two thousand. They will unquestionably count for more in the national economy than all their orthodox brothers over the way. No better demonstration of the folly of placing education in the hands of organized religious bodies could be imagined than the Al Azar University of to-day.

In the museum kept specially for copies of the Koran, we enjoyed the marvellous engraving works it had taken the lifetime of their producers to complete. But there was no life about it all, and it also suggested that not to be reactionary all religions must be courageous enough to be modernist. The most widely recognized gods have disappeared. Thus Dagon was highly respected in his time. Moloch had many devotees who laid down their lives and all they loved best for him. Bel Marduk of Babylon was more important at one time than Diana of the Ephesians. Many of the gods in departing have only been fused into subsequent presentations of the same ideas, for they are but the answers to the human hearts and minds which are increasingly distant from cave man and his fetich. Thor and Odin, like Jupiter and Zeus, faded into other religious conceptions, or disappeared because they no longer were able to enslave the expanding intelligence of men. So it will be with Christianity in spite of its apparent immortality, if it fails to rise above those exhibitions of it which carry its label but are entirely unworthy of it. Christ and His interpretation of the human love of God, faith that is but reason grown courageous, will endure; but a religion labelled Christianity that talks

loudly to the East of universal brotherhood and God's universal fatherhood, and then refuses, for purely racial reasons, to admit into their own country on any terms those same 'brothers,' should realize this. We may not forget that the Christ we so loudly proclaim was Himself an Asiatic and would consequently be ineligible in a quota. In the Al Azar, an American visitor heard a professor teaching his class that the earth was flat. Asking an explanation, he was told that the matter would be settled on the Day of Judgment. There it is inculcated that a child should not be washed until it is forty days old, a teaching which often results in trachoma, loss of eyesight, and even of life itself. In Egypt infant mortality is terrible, twenty-five per cent dying before one year of age. Only six women in every thousand and six men in every hundred even now get any real education. How can such a nation be ready to direct wisely the growth of the new baby of Self-Government? Fortunately, King Fuad, before he was King, was actually on the Council of the New American University in Cairo, and still maintains his interest in an institution whose untold value to his people he is well able to understand.

The bazaars of Cairo are fascinating. They are a great collection of shops carrying every conceivable variety of handicraft work of every queer Eastern design and material. Gold jewelry shops are so especially numerous, one would at first suppose that the people were almost indecently wealthy, especially as one sees so many veiled women, and always unaccompanied, haggling over purchases. The fact is a husband has only to say to his wife, 'You are divorced,' and the marriage is annulled. He need show no reason unless her relatives are powerful enough to make him. The law, in order to protect these poor women a little, allows them to take with them their personal jewelry. The Government guarantees the value of the gold, so into that go all a wife's little savings. Of course, money so hoarded

is idle and produces nothing for those who so sorely need every piastre, but the custom is old and seems still to act as a soporific on their needed courage to fight for better justice. Mohammed forbade usury, and many of his followers still take no interest in their bank accounts and cannot risk shares in companies however important the object.

The beaten brass and copper work, the beautiful gold, silver, and copper inlaid work, the wood and ivory inlay are marvels of meticulous craftsmanship. We saw tiny boys of seven and eight years producing exquisite results, while we saw many barefooted craftsmen working on similar articles with their fingers and toes, especially weavers. We found that the Government Exchange was far the easiest place for a stranger to do his shopping; it is provided for his protection and so furthers the interests of the town.

Mosques of all kinds, ages, and architecture occupied many interesting hours. A small fee will overcome most of the fast-loosening prejudices and religious customs; one mosque in the capital, nine hundred years old, we enjoyed especially. The view from the garden wall showed us how Napoleon had been able to dominate the whole city with only a small equipment. Indeed a cannon ball that hit squarely the wall of a mosque below failed to penetrate it and is still there.

A mosque is a far better asset for propaganda than the average Gothic cathedral. From its high pulpit, with a perpendicular backing, and its open courtyard it has almost the advantages of a Greek theatre as an auditorium. In the Greek theatre at Berkeley in California every one of the twenty thousand people can hear the speaker without loud-speakers. In this one way, Egypt is as practical as America or England. A high stand for the choir surprised me; that I had considered as one of the diagnostic signs of Non-conformist houses of worship.

The old city of Cairo, too, has many points of interest especially to the Christian antiquarian pilgrim. The ancient Coptic church is certainly of great age, but its claim that the cave below is the spot where Mary and Jesus stayed while in Egypt makes one shudder and hope that it was at any rate very different in those days. The cult of religious sites and relics is bred of materialism, fostered by commercialism, leads to so much stupefying superstition, perpetuates such falsehoods, and is so foreign to the spirit of the Master that one has a natural abhorrence for such falsely asserted identifications. The satisfaction of the priest with the paltry piastres that he expected in return for the poor show which he had to offer was terribly pathetic from every viewpoint.

The gate of the old city is just such another call for pity. In the archway over it, and behind two high towers, a saint is said to dwell who especially helps women. He is reincarnated in a beggar below, who receives millièmes from pathetic pilgrims and passers-by. They nail up dirty bits of clothing, filthy and germ-laden, which move restlessly in the draught of air like the legs of innumerable centipedes. Yet one sees women stand and stroke them and then rub their hands over their faces, or stooping, kiss the rags with zealous fervour.

Interesting side-lights of home life in Cairo are suggested by a visit to the four-hundred-year-old 'House of a Merchant.' The architecture leaves one for the first time in Cairo with a sense of being able to breathe freely, giving a feeling of escape from convention as if one began with a shelter from the rain, and then added a kitchen, a bedroom, or any other of the concessions to modern convenience that from time to time occurred to the owners. Unfortunately, evolution had ceased before the degenerate days of plumbing and bathrooms. Rooms budded out from one another at any level and in any direction, like branches from the

stem of a neglected apple tree. It was constructed in the true spirit of Chesterton's 'Man Alive' and presented a very riot of revolt against tradition and custom. The 'Ant-Heap' or 'Rabbit-Warren' school of architecture would best describe it.

It appears that the ladies have full run of these catacombs during the absence of their lords, on whose return they are 'shooed' like chickens into the latticed places of confinement, whence they may peep down at the nobler sex being fed or peer up outside anywhere above the horizon. The lattices toward the street are often cleverly contrived so that you can only look up when you look out. The house meanwhile is an intricate labyrinth of nooks and corners and affords a perfect paradise for hide-and-seek or domestic intrigues.

Among the endless enthralling conundrums of Cairo are, 'Why do boys playing football in a hot country continue to handicap themselves by wearing petticoats?' or, 'Why do long-suffering mortals wear a heavy, hot, bright-red felt hat with no protection from the sun, in the streets and houses, nearly under the Equator?'

Of course, the greatest antiquarian attractions of Cairo are the pyramids and the monolithic column at Heliopolis. Compared with them the tree under the shade of which Joseph and Mary are locally claimed to have rested is modern, anyhow. They alone are ample apology for a visit to Cairo. We loved them best when we saw them under the auspices of Dr. Reisner, of Harvard, from his camp at Gizireh near by. He had been fourteen years at work, and to us was the inspiration which the optimist always is. In Labrador I have myself been inspected by tourists many times, and I know the courage it takes to show them around. From the howling antiquarian vendors who surrounded our camels two nights before our visit, we had been forced into buying, for only fifty cents apiece, far better-looking

'genuine' specimens of scarabs than Dr. Reisner was able to show us.

Only a few weeks later, and once more we were guests at the Doctor's camp. It sounded like a fish story, but he had discovered unopened tombs at the very foot of the pyramids, and Cheops's steward and secretary, if not the great Cheops himself, after some six thousand years in his grave, had been safely landed once more on the bank of the Nile. The Sakkarah pyramids were also intensely interesting, as were the tombs of the prophets at the site of Old Memphis far out in the desert, tombs built in the Sixth Dynasty, away back before history begins, and thirty centuries before the great Rameses of Moses' day, whose colossal statue we also visited, saw the daylight. The Sphinx was recently restored and further discoveries made about it. The rock was imperfect and Cheops would not use it for his pyramid, so he abandoned it. His son Chephuen saw its possibilities and worked it up into a Sphinx, with a red body, a white hood, and a natural-colored face and eyes. The people worshipped at an altar between its front paws. Thothmes IV was asleep between the paws once, and dreamed that it complained of the weight of sand that was upon it, so he had it restored. The head has been unsafe, as sand and weather had nearly cut off the neck. Now it has been repaired, except the face, which it seemed impious or inartistic to meddle with.

It was interesting to learn that the building of the great pyramids had exhausted the resources of Egypt as much as the longest wars. They occupied a hundred thousand men for a lifetime. The Cheops Pyramid alone is said to weigh five million tons, all hauled to the spot by the contractions of human muscle cells.

The Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria was a remarkable occasion; but Rameses the Second reigned seventy-seven years, and Pepys the First, no less than ninety!! — another pill for us evolutionists!



AT SAKKARAH



WE THREE

The narrow and antediluvian mud track that still serves so ancient a civilization for a highway for motor cars, and which has to run all along the Nile bank for some twenty-five miles to Sakkarah, is also a sorry argument for natural evolution, and suggests strongly that some higher guiding power has come into Europe that can alone account for its progress during the nineteen hundred years.

The conditions in the villages through which we passed were even worse advocates for the unaided theory of advancement. They seemed to us best characterized by the adjective 'frightful'! Egypt has had great rulers in the sense of great warriors possessed of untold force who should have made their country far from what it is to-day. What is lacking? Is it possible to impose a New Jerusalem, a new reign of God on earth from without, or was Christ right, and even by the side of these pyramids, these monoliths, the accomplishments of age-long human rule by these iron men, must we realize that peace and progress come from within and Love is ever the greatest thing in the world?

Among many interesting living personalities with whom we had the honour of coming in contact in Cairo were Lord Allenby, on whom no comment by me is necessary, and Russell Pasha, so long head of the Egyptian police, a man whose memoirs, if ever published, would do more to enable the world to understand the real problem of this awakening nation than anything I can imagine, unless the stones learn to cry out; Dr. Watson, head of the American University, Hassanein Bey, and others. Egypt is fortunate to have such men at difficult times like these. Bishop Gwynne, the Bishop of 'Lower and Upper Egypt,' is certainly worthy of some spiritual double headpiece, such as the one that adorned the head of every ruler of the 'Two Kingdoms.' As seen on practically every Pharaoh, it is somewhat like a Christian mitre and high priest's horns, and well symbol-

izes the breadth of the love and sacrificial service being given to humanity through this friend of all the world.

Over the seething *pot-pourri* of Egyptian politics of these days, Lord Allenby was presiding. He was gracious enough to welcome us at his home, and the impressions we formed of his special abilities to fill his vitally important position at such a time were no small comfort during the events that followed when we were away up the Nile. Sir Lee Stack, the popular Governor of the Sudan, also paid us a visit with a most kindly invitation to be his guests at Khartoum. On embarking on the steamer for our journey up the Nile, we found a large basket of pears labelled 'Special, from Mount Sinai.' They were from Lord and Lady Allenby, one result of my remarking at luncheon that their Egyptian pears reminded me of the Petrowski or Alaska turnips, a remark for which I had been 'called down' by the only person I am unable to contradict, but which now bore 'good fruit.'

CHAPTER II

UP THE NILE

THE earliest Egyptians are said to have been a pastoral people. Most people in warm climates were. As the same authority tells us that it was their custom to eat parts of their dead, either to show respect to them or in the hope of imbibing their spirit and abilities, we are led to suppose that they were not vegetarians.

Cook's steamers up the Nile are very comfortable always, but as ours was the first trip and only comparatively few passengers were aboard, it was especially luxurious. The Nile was high, and from the decks we could see over the banks, enjoying the view of the whole breadth, if not the length, of Egypt.

Among our delightful fellow travellers were two archæologists who added greatly to our enjoyment; one young professor from Belgium could read fluently the old inscriptions on the walls and endless columns of tombs and temples. He pointed out the records most likely to be of interest to us, such as the picture of Jeroboam, King of Judah, among the captives of Shishek being dragged in chains; and incidentally, when our accommodating professional guide filled up gaps in his repertoire by drawing on his acutely developed imagination, this friend would warn us against undue greediness in swallowing such information.

We had heard Egypt called 'the green ribbon with the yellow border, with the Delta as a green tassel,' but we were utterly unprepared to see, practically all the way from an armchair on deck, the whole width of the country from east to west. As we thought of the turbulent conditions of the country lower down, it gave us an uneasy feeling, as if the

weight of the Delta and Cairo would prove too heavy, like a large sticky band of molasses candy which goes on elongating till it breaks. In the middle of the cruise an official telegram warned us all that Sir Lee Stack had been murdered in the open street in Cairo and the immediate and probably permanent severing of Lower from Upper Egypt might result.

The Sudanese have never wanted Egyptian rulers and have every whit as much right to self-government as the entirely different people of the lower Nile, who for centuries enslaved Nubian people and raided their homes. Only once did they really get back at them, conquering Lower Egypt and putting for two hundred years a Nubian Pharaoh on the throne. As we journeyed south, we passed trains loaded with Egyptian officers and officials whose services south of the Sudan border had from then on been dispensed with.

If the strength of a country lies in its agriculture, Egypt can be a mighty country and her future lies in her own hands. Irrigation is the answer to her great problem. The Delta, the Fayoum, and the great Cassel estate near Assuan watered by enormous hydraulic pumps, show what can be done; while Heliopolis, the new fashionable suburb of Cairo, with its beautiful trees and gardens, puts beyond doubt the fact that it is only water which the desert needs to make it blossom like the rose. It was a Hebrew, Joseph, who built the first great canal, a canal which functions to this day, still serving as the source of life for endless people. The annual opening of its gates is a function of supreme importance.

The English have been responsible for the dams at Assuan, at Assiut, and the largest of all across the Blue Nile, five hundred miles above Khartoum, the great Sennar Dam. Personal friends who have been working on this for many years stated that it will make the Sudan an agricultural paradise and will increase rather than diminish the water



THE LIBYAN DESERT



AT ASSUAN

available lower down the river. The fanatical opposition which has been stirred up against this undertaking, claiming it to be a religious racial effort to starve the people of the country, suggests that it is unlikely that any such beneficial measure would ever have blessed the Sudanese if Egypt had continued to rule there. From such facts as we were able to gather, we judged that the Sudan is not yet ready for democracy, but does not want Egyptian overlordship.

Far the most striking thing as one ascends the Nile is the endless emphasis on water. All day long, all the way along, one sees naked men toiling at pumps like sailors on a sinking ship. The creaking of the picturesque *shadoof*, 'the common round' of the camel as he endlessly circumnavigates the bucket chain of the *sakeeyeh*, are as much part of the scenery as the river and the desert beyond. The apologists say the one is the *par excellence* rôle of the camel, and that the fellah would die of ennui without the other. That may be so, but it is also the best plea for proper scientific handling of the total available water supply by those who have the poor people's interests most deeply at heart.

It was interesting to hear the Egyptians say *in camera*, that while they dare not openly oppose their young European-trained lawyer crowd who were at the bottom of the self-government movement, they believed that the killing of a great Englishman might possibly have been caused by the desire to keep the English longer in the country, so that their excellent preservation of justice and administration of finances might be longer saved for the service of Egypt. A country of ninety per cent uneducated people is not ready for successful democracy. Discipline is actually more valuable than sentiment at nursery mental age, and here in Egypt men have been chosen for the service by their character rather than mere brains, as every lover of truth and of Egypt admits; men like

Gordon, Kitchener, Stack, Willcocks, and a host of others like them. With the Sudan at least, 'Govern or get out,' is still the sound maxim.

We had had the good fortune in England to fall in with the famous Hassanein Bey, who has done such splendid exploration work in the Libyan Desert. When we were in Cairo he courteously and most rightly insisted on our visiting the Fayoum, if we were to get a fair idea of the capacity Egypt has for expansion. He confided us to the care of his friends, Seddik Bey, Mudir or Governor of the Province, and Zakki Wissa Bey, a real patriot and a progressive Egyptian, with large views, wide education, and ample resources to enable him to carry out many enterprises, including his two-thousand-acre farm in the Fayoum, his wonderful estate and gardens at Assiut, and his search for oil in the banks of the Red Sea.

He only visits the Fayoum farm once a year, but was good enough to make his visit synchronize with ours and to entertain us with true Oriental hospitality. Guards went around with us always, not an unwise precaution in the light of subsequent events. The rich lands of his farm stretch to the shores of Lake Moeris, a fresh-water lake, though below the level of the Mediterranean. A beautiful picture in its Oriental setting, the Fayoum might be Irish, it is so green. Maize, cotton, rice, oranges, figs, sweet lemons, guavas, dates, tomatoes, eggplants, prickly pears, bananas, cabbage, all flourish luxuriantly, while white Fayoum chickens are the pride of the royal chefs, their only rivals being Fayoum turkeys. Eucalyptus, palms, olives, and grapes are also prolific.

When Zakki Bey had finished interviewing endless tenants and officials, he motored us down to the shore of this historic water, where the Governor had most kindly put his launch at our service. The lake is about the size of the Sea of Galilee. It is frequented by many ducks and full of fish of

the same varieties as are found in the Nile, though its waters are blocked in parts with much weed. It is of unusual historical interest. The fishermen use the old cast nets and lines such as Peter and his friends used in Galilee, and in their crude ancient boats are girt around only with a fisherman's mantle. No one could help thinking of the days when the Master went afishing on a body of water very like Lake Moeris. To cap the resemblance, we were carried out on men's backs through the mud to a boat of shallow draught and in that rowed to the launch riding at anchor away offshore. There is nothing so modern at Lake Moeris as a 'jetty.' Having crossed the lake, we inspected the ruins of the ancient seaport of Menai, now high up over the Libyan Desert. We saw nothing that suggests more vividly the antiquity of this country. For the dry air has preserved things that anywhere else must have been through a dozen metamorphoses. The ancient quay is now high up out of water, and old anchors, hooks, nets, etc., remain intact, which would probably long ago have been used over again for parts of Ptolemies or Cæsars or Bill Sikes under other conditions.

We had seldom before enjoyed Oriental hospitality, but the menu laid out for us for lunch in that launch would have gone a long way toward feeding one of our Lord's great audiences without much occasion for a miracle. We thought of the boy with his two small fishes. As our host was a Coptic Christian, a descendant of the old original Egyptians, the family features suggest the characteristics portrayed of the old kings. His house is a very large one, set in a beautiful garden surrounded by a high wall.

His Excellency Seddik Bey was also good enough to entertain us. He is a delightfully human personage and we enjoyed every minute with him. He is a Mohammedan, and a most progressive one, and took us, after the usual formalities at luncheon, to see many of his enterprises for

the advancement of his people. These included a shoe factory, cabinet-making, a technical school, a foundry, and rudimentary academics suited for the needs of the locality. A mock fire alarm and fire drill was also staged for us. Even Egyptian mules showed by their speed that the hated 'foreign influence' had had its effect. It was good to see many of the women of the country unveiled and emancipated to some extent, and to see the farmers thin, hard, and looking fit. If Egypt is to prosper under home rule, it must yet be the paternalism of men like this Governor who alone can bring it to success. The Governor's wife happened to be ill at the time, and he graciously included me in the tea party at his home, on the plea that I was a Doctor of Medicine.

Exercise and rational interests in the life of her fellow creatures is what every woman needs, but what is, alas! still denied the high-class Egyptian by religion. No country can ever take its rightful place in the world until it treats men and women alike. I honestly believe that the motive which keeps back this desirable end is fear, the same emotion which everywhere stunts man's growth, however much it is veiled. Our visit to the Fayoum was all too short; a long time could be spent there with great pleasure and profit.

Back aboard the steamer we found all too few hours in each day, as we basked on deck in the glorious sunshine. The Gods seem to have arranged the Nile Valley sights so that the traveller can read Baedeker's illuminating description of the next place on the programme in plenty of time to appear intelligent and profit by the visit, and also to appreciate the joyous donkey ride to and from some grave or shrine, without even hurrying over a meal.

Egypt has become the first materialized movie film on record, where the audience does the moving, conscious only of gratifications of the senses that are 'new every morning



ONE OF THE COLOSSI AT THEBES

and every uprising.' At dawn, with the chilly ones among us wrapped in good warm coats, we could just distinguish the statuesque, dignified native, the color of the river-bank, taking his morning dip in some tiny backwash of the river, and thereby risking the worm that kills,¹ before saying his prayers Meccawards at the summons of the muezzin. All day long endless exquisitely picturesque dahabeeyahs pass to and fro carrying every conceivable kind of cargo, and generally loaded so high up the masts that only because of their lateen sails could they possibly be worked at all. Sometimes two vessels lashed together went by, and, dropping down stream under sail with an entire straw stack on deck, they looked much like a small ambulatory farm-yard. Others passed with huge outriggers on both sides, on which nets had been strung, in which clay water pots had been stored in such huge numbers that a collision, one would think, might well block the Nile. The river bottom is rising anyhow, about sixteen hundredths of a metre per hundred years; Labrador is rising about one foot in fifty years; and already the bottoms of the largest of many Chinese rivers are above the level of the land. Here this would be the millennium, for it would obviate the endless raising of water. In places the river is flanked by high hills, many stone implements testifying to the fact that æons ago a race of men lived up there, where now not even the maniac of Gadara could find a shelter.

The main part of the day's work on the Nile is to visit ancient relics, to fend off sellers of fake ones, and to try to live again in imagination in the famous days when Cheops built pyramids, and Rameses and the Ptolemies built temples and statues in their own honour, when Arabs, Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Britons in turn came, saw, and conquered by force of arms the right of way in this land which now all the world and his wife 'does' in between

¹ The dreaded Bilharzia.

meals. Each of these side trips is enlivened by the presence of men in their gaudy petticoats and sashes, with glorious turbans and gay gowns, and the general Oriental setting, by the sense of antiquity mixed with the up-to-date arrangements, especially the donkeys, and by the endless paintings in the tombs, still vivid with colour. One has been helped to conjure up the old scenes by a study in the museums of marvellous models recovered from secret chambers which preserved in effigy the farms, cattle, houses and boats, slaves, craftsmen, and belongings of those days. If these are not a sufficiently graphic representation the actual furniture, instruments, clothing, and people themselves are preserved and presented to view. An electric light in the coffin shows one Pharaoh who has been dead a thousand years, the pathetic corpses of his servants alongside killed at the time of his death to go with him to heaven. Still further, written in plain writing, are stories that make one's dream figures live just as really as telephones, radio, and television to-day make real, living, but absent friends.

Thus at Esnâ, Ptolemy dancing before his god was easy to visualize, if difficult to understand the reason for the performance. Possibly he rivalled Pavlova, the picture was so realistic. At Denderah, the picture of the prisoners who had to feed the king's lions with their own right arms would start the imagination of the most self-centred.

At Debara, the pillars which have been proclaiming the information inscribed on them four thousand two hundred years, and are still as sharp and perfect as the day they were made, should give modern publicity men food for reflection.

At Assuan, even Job would writhe with remorse at his impatience if he saw the work accomplished with round stones in excavating a monolith of granite ninety-five feet long by eleven feet wide, out of a solid granite cliff. The workmen apparently were surprised by an enemy while at

their job, and just threw down their tools and fled. The newcomers were not attracted by the round stone implements used for the task, and they are there to this day. After hammering with one on the partially excavated rock for five minutes, we had made no impression whatever — not even a scratch could we see. Yet so deep was the groove on both sides, and so cleverly cut also was the side upon which this small mountain lay, that standing on the top side some of our modern heroes did not care to peer into the big trough. Dry wood wedges soaked with water were used to finish the last break when the cuts in which they were to be placed had already been made.

Among the 'sights' that cater for the tourist also are some few Christian ones. Cairo at the time of Christ had already a great Jewish population said to amount to a million people, remnants of those not carried away to Assyria or Babylon, blue-eyed and light-haired folk. Already at that time the Roman temples, that had replaced or converted Egyptian and Greek temples for the use of Jupiter and Venus, were ancient and possibly already serving for synagogues.

It is therefore possible that the Holy Family did rest somewhere near the old city; but that the cave in which they slept is really the spot shown, or the pool where their Baby's clothing was washed, stimulates reflection.

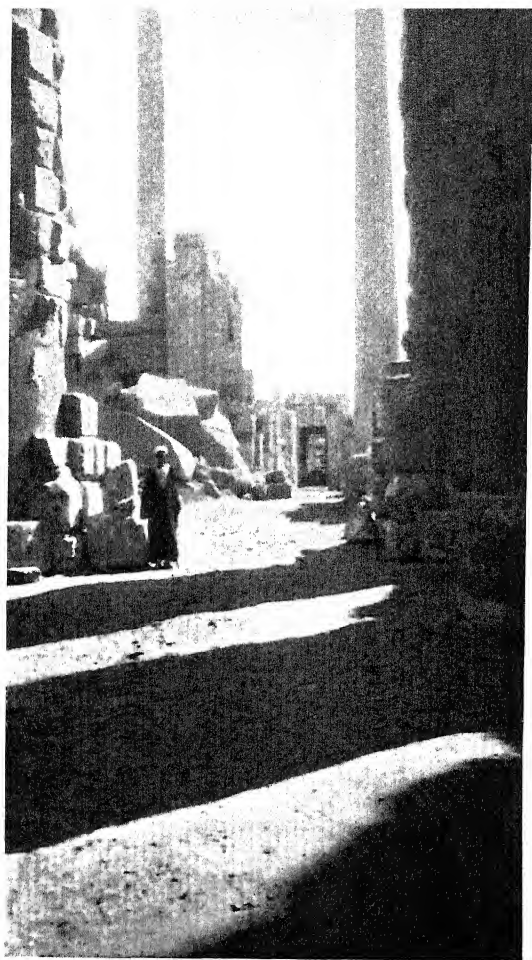
An acacia tree, still living, under which they assert that the Holy Family rested, with a handy water supply, serves to seduce piastres from tourists' pockets for the support of a modern church. This also begets unsavoury reactions in one's mind, for round this tree were nailed up the same dirty bits of rag to obtain cures for sick Mohammedan women that we had seen on the old city gate. However, the goats certainly benefit by them occasionally.

A pillar in a mosque that is called Solomon's Pillar, and which you touch for healing, and the posts between which

only the good can squeeze, help one to understand the universal appeal of superstitions that still pass for religion as well as for medicine. There are those of our own profession who still utilize the element of superstition when they lack accurate knowledge. One is sometimes obliged to treat a fool according to his folly, even in enlightened England or America.

In some tombs are pictures of a king killing his prisoners with a club, or of the departed shooting his fellows with arrows or beating his servants. One would suppose that these actions would only commend the departed soul to a very Bolshevistic god. In others the king is seen receiving 'baksheesh' from long lines of visitors. Their descendants from highest to lowest have preserved if not improved upon this characteristic. In honour of the cat-headed god in one tomb is a picture of a man being roasted alive for killing a cat. We were forced to the conclusion that even we — a crowd of all sizes and shapes, red-faced and perspiring, draped in white outfits, solar topee, and all the Tartarin equipment, racing back each day for afternoon tea, shouting and protesting and struggling with modern Egyptians were an advance on the old civilization of the Nile.

An inscription on a tomb at Beni Hassan interested us. He was hereditary Governor of the Nome of Sah, a soldier, and he died when only thirty-four years of age, yet he writes: 'I was full of goodness, of a gentle character, a ruler who loved his town. The hungry did not exist in my day, even when there were years of famine. For behold, I ploughed all the fields of Sah, to its frontiers both North and South. Thus I found food for the people and gave them whatever it produced. There were no hungry people in it. I gave equally to the widow as to the married woman, and did not prefer a great personage to a humble man when I gave away. And when the inundations of the Nile



OBELISKS OF THOTHMES I AT KARNAK

were great, he who sowed was master of his crop. I kept back nothing from the revenue of the field.' On the other hand, he believed in discipline, and among the pictures are boys, men, and even women, who were idle, being well bastinadoed. It shows there have always been differences of opinion at all times as to what pleases God.

Another inscription shows Arabians bringing boxes of eye cosmetics to the above gentleman's grandson, when he had assumed the comfortable rulership of the 'Nome of Sah.' Beauty parlours can be no newer than anything else under the sun, for this was nearly five thousand years ago, long before Abraham was even thought of, and even before horses were introduced into Egypt. In another, a beautiful goddess of the name of Pasht is described as 'Our Lady of the Excavation.' How easily this might become 'Our Lady of the Annunciation,' just as so many pagan shrines in Brittany and elsewhere have just passed on into Christian ones, by a change of name.

Assiut, the seat of the Governor of Upper Egypt, is the largest town in it, but its streets are narrow and unpaved and most of its houses we should call hovels. However, the town has a fine canal and some beautiful gardens. One of these, about twenty-five acres and mostly rose bowers and vines, belonged to our friend Zakki Wissa Bey, and his carriage and horses awaited us on landing. The rose garden is a paradise of beauty and we returned laden with fruit and flowers. There are some splendid public baths in the town, but they are modern, dating from and having had to wait for their erection until the conquest of Egypt by the Arabs, who drove out the Romans in 640 A.D. A famous ascetic called John lived in a hut here about 400 A.D. He built a cell on the mountain and never came out of it during fifty years; never saw a woman and never ate cooked food. Theodosius sent his favourite eunuch all the way from Constantinople for this religious man's opinion as to his chances of victory.

Assiut is rich in a vast variety of tombs and graves, and some temples and monasteries. Any place built so long ago, in a climate in which it is almost impossible to disintegrate, would have a similar collection of antiquities to show. If there were no bacteria, nobody ever would disintegrate. The English hospital and the American University interested us most. There Zakki Bey's grandfather became an active Christian, with the result that the family ever since has been interested in their fellow men and especially in providing schools and other activities for men's betterment.

On the wall of the university main building is a photograph of a typical Egyptian youth. 'Why that unathletic-looking figure?' I asked. 'That boy was son of our Mayor and a Mohammedan. He came to the college as a student a few years ago,' said the President. 'One day while walking on the dam he saw a beggar woman carrying a baby girl. After they passed him he heard a cry of distress. It seems that the exhausted mother had put the baby in its basket on the parapet while she rested. The baby had rolled over and fallen thirty feet into the boiling cataract below. The young Egyptian instantly ran back, tore off his coat and fez, leapt onto the parapet, and dived to his death in his attempt to save the girl baby of the despised beggar class. He would have succeeded, as they saw him grab the child, but they were both entangled in some large fishing hooks and lines set in the river below.' They showed me his notebook, and in it he had written, 'Jesus said we must lay down our lives for others.' We hope to see a statue of Sir Galahad grace the quadrangle in honour of that courageous young man with the same words under it that are engraved on a similar memorial in Ottawa: 'If I save my life, I lose it' — for to us his deed evidenced the real Christianity.

As late as 1919, the Christians in this town of Assiut were murdered and their houses looted by a fanatical mob of Moslems. As they were on their way to the university, a

young Moslem student climbed to a position of advantage in front of the crowd, and, baring his arm, showed a cross upon it, to show that he had become a Christian. 'These men,' he said, 'have given their lives to help us, and have never done harm to one of us. Kill me if you wish, but do not deny to your children the advantages of education that these men have given to many of us.' Strange as it seems, that appeal saved the university. To-day the townspeople have forgotten the courage of that boy, but they are thankful that the university still stands to benefit their sons.

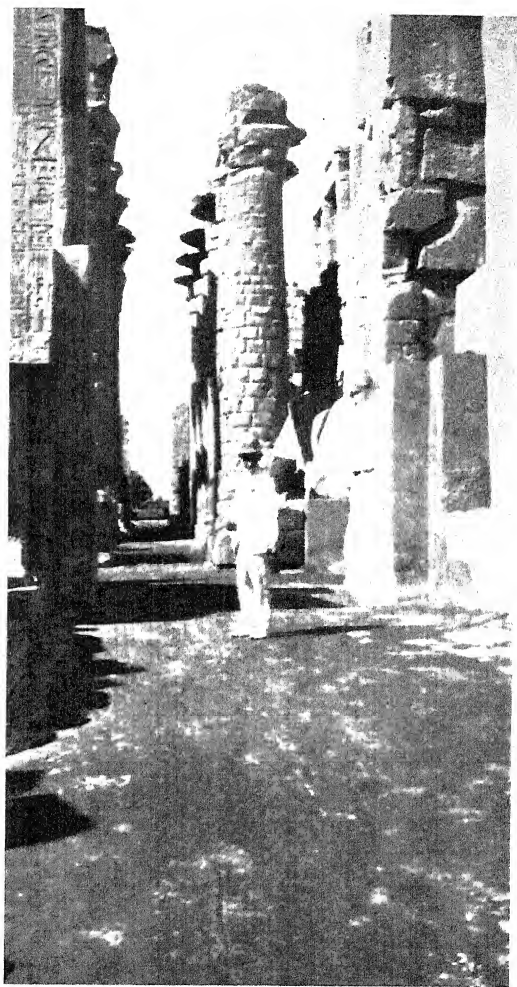
Abydos is famous for its huge temples and immense stone gods, and especially the tablet giving a list of over seventy successive Kings of Egypt. A picture of a god helping Rameses to catch birds is interesting. Evidently that god was interested in everyday events.

At Denderah, the Governor of Kenh had most kindly come over to meet us, driving two beautiful Arab horses. Those horses were more interesting than many mummies. The temple here has a roof on, is in far better repair than most, and is comparatively modern. It dates from about the time of Tiberius and Caligula to Nero. Its great interest lies in the huge contemporary picture on the temple wall of Cleopatra and Cæsarion, her son by Julius Cæsar. It is said to disprove the idea that she was negroid. That the results of a meteor like Alexander should last so long through his generals, called Ptolemies, interested us. It was the eleventh Ptolemy who began this temple.

The morals of the people here seem to have left room for improvement. They were called Tentyrites, and, hating crocodiles, they hunted and ate them. Their neighbours, Ombites, who worshipped crocodiles, not unnaturally objected to their gods being devoured. War was declared, and, according to tradition, ended in a victory for the Tentyrites, who celebrated it truly 'saturnally' by a big banquet at which they dined off cooked Ombites.

To visit Thebes, oldest and greatest of cities of Egypt, is still like a day in London for interest. It has a history of five thousand years, and many splendid works have been written about it. With its temples, the finest in the world, it is a place for the dreamer of dreams. Here dwelt the god Amen Ra, the Jupiter of Egypt. There Alexander came to be pronounced son of Amen, so as to make things easier with the people whom he had conquered. It proved a really diplomatic move.

Mut has a temple here. Oddly enough she is the goddess of truth, which is recognized by a feather in her hat. There is no mention of Jeff. Thebes dwindled away when the capital moved nearer the mouth of the Nile, and eventually went to Alexandria. The Temple of Luxor is another monument to the whims of men of long ago. With our new methods of building, we run up skyscrapers while they would be putting up one pillar. Records left in the buildings do but little to make us realize the awful cost in human life of these places, while their pictures, showing great kings, so called, clubbing miserable fellow beings to death in honour of blood-lustful gods, make one half sorry they have not anyhow all been forgotten long ago. The desire to revel even in pictures of these horrors seems morbid and reactionary, and except for the research student the real interest is purely historical. This is best seen by the way the visitors hurry through them and then spend hours at things they really enjoy. The revolting picture of some fifteen thousand arms and tongues torn from unfortunate neighbours' bodies should have been outlawed ages ago. Even they were offered to the god, whom the chief butcher, with some show of propriety, claimed as being his own natural father. Salacious pictures are not, however, half so common as in our modern publications — indeed they are conspicuously absent. These mural paintings are safer for children than many movie shows.



LUXOR

Far the most interesting to us, however, was the story of King Ahknaton, who revolted against the degrading materialism of the priests and their villainously harmful conventions. Apparently, the teachings of his mother, a foreigner, inspired him to this. He strove to have his people worship not Amen Ra, the sun, but Aton Ra, the power that gives life to earth and shines in love upon all the world through the sun. He was a pacifist, and the gory pastimes of his predecessors sickened him as much as they do us. He managed to move his court from Thebes and build up a new capital at Tel el Amarna. That is where we found most pleasure, dreaming over what might have been the fate of Egypt if only the Egyptians had followed this great man, the 'heretic king,' or 'the lunatic king,' as many call him. His city and court were built on the usual magnificent scale, much as Akbar built the city of Fatipur Sikri, which like Tel el Amarna was deserted on his death. For though the young king, weakening in health, held out bravely to the end, the priestcraft, as it is well named, ultimately triumphed, and not only on his untimely death were the priests able to move his young son and everything pertaining to the court back to Thebes, but soon were able also to get rid of him altogether and assume the regal power themselves. This son was the famous Tut-ankh-amen.

Weigall's book on Ahknaton is worthy any one's time to read, even if there is some doubt as to the real motive that actuated that monarch. There is doubt about the motive of every human action, and a little optimism helps the world a great deal more than any amount of pessimism. Read in the spirit of the writer, one puts down the book and feels the same sympathy for this man that no one that thinks can help feeling for Christ as a man. This story was the one redeeming feature in all these records of atrocities perpetrated by the Pharaohs — to be able to think that one of them laid down his own life as a lover of his fellow men.

His refusal to maintain by force of arms undesired governors over helpless small nations and cities is sneered at as 'wrecking the empire,' but we are learning now to know better even if only as one result of the Great War.

There are, alas, other causes of rotten government besides superstition. Thus, only fifty years ago, owing simply to the sheer wasteful extravagances of a Turkish Khedive, Ismail Pasha, taxation caused endless misery and actual starvation among the fellaheen, and reduced them to degradation and actual slavery. Had not the British Government come to the rescue, many thousands more would have perished. As it was the bondholders came in for much just criticism, by encouraging debt and at the same time exacting high usury which they were confident a country so rich as Egypt would never repudiate. They were in reality partners in the responsibility for the crimes.

One of the huge colossi erected by Rameses II in modest memory of himself is said to be vocal. The legend is that every morning it makes a sighing sound complaining to its Mother Dawn of the brutalities inflicted by Cambyse the Persian.

At Esnâ an old temple is being slowly dug out in the middle of the town. Only the portico, however, is as yet visible, for a natural land boom followed the discovery, and the people whose present houses are built on land that overlies the roof refuse to sell except at such prices as antiquarians cannot pay. Endless huge bats clung inside the roof of this old building, and the noise they made was like that of a large chicken house. Close by is the temple of Ed-fû, the most perfect in Egypt. It is one hundred and fifty yards long and the propylon wall is one hundred and fifteen high. We climbed onto the roof and got a perfect view of the town and country around it. There is a fine marsh here for hunting geese. Good hunting can be had in many places in Egypt, not so much on account of the protection of game



RAMESSEUM

through the ages as owing to the destruction of the people who hunt the perfect peace and quiet resulting not from law or love but Bolshevism.

On the wall of the temple at Komombos are the carvings of some surgical instruments, scales, spatulas, lancets, forceps — quite an outlay for nearly two hundred years before Christ. Here also were some dried-up crocodiles, sacred in this part of the country at that time. In fact, animal life was apparently regarded by many as more sacred than human life; dogs, rams, cows, birds, lions, wolves, jackals, beetles, all kinds that somehow some one took a fancy to seemed good enough for a time to worship.

At Luxor an attempt to take a walk around the town unprotected ended in a kind of battle with endless would-be 'guides.' We retired eventually quite exhausted and disappointed. At Assuan it seemed like heaven; not a beggar or guide worried us. We had secured beforehand for our actual needs a big man called Boghdadi whose uncle had been my cousin's servant when he was first Sirdar of Egypt before Kitchener. He protected us — in fact regarded us as his own preserve during all our stay.

Egyptology has been in the family, and this cousin had, at great cost, excavated some interesting tombs across the river, which, going under the name of the Grenfell Tombs, we had christened the 'family vault.' Another cousin had confined his energies to digging up old papyri in the ancient dust heaps of a city called Oxyrrhynchus out in the desert. These he collected in winter and translated in summer at Oxford, giving, in 'the logos,' or 'sayings of Christ,' that he discovered and published, more to the world than if he had dug up another dozen kings. Two incumbents of the 'family vaults' greatly interested us. The name of one was Sabna. Over five thousand five hundred years ago, his father went a long journey up into the Sudan, where he apparently was murdered. On finding that he did not re-

turn, Sabna set out with all he owned, one hundred asses, honey, sheets of linen, oils, and many other things, just as the wife of Shimei went to meet David when her husband's life was at stake. After many perils and labour he actually brought his father's body back with him for burial. When the Pharaoh heard of this filial spirit, he created this poor man a military governor of the district. There he was faithful, loyal, and brave, and was eventually accorded a royal burial. Incidentally as soon as he was able he sent and punished the people responsible for his father's death. An excellent picture of him is preserved in the inner chamber. His title was 'Lord of the South,' 3225 B.C. He reversed things, went into the Sudan in search of adventure, and came back with a live pygmy, who so interested every one that he sent him as a present to the Pharaoh. For this he was greatly thanked and richly rewarded. The picture of the pygmy is preserved in his tomb, with his own, so Stanley did not discover them after all.

Assuan has seen many strange sights — endless fights between blacks and whites; Nubians through all the ages endeavouring and sometimes succeeding in throwing off the Egyptian yoke, and again being overthrown and enslaved. What a sight it must have been to see Queen Candace herself leading thirty thousand troops along these very banks and driving out the Romans under Olius Gallus, the friend of old Strabo!

As we steamed up past where the rushing current has cut away the Nile banks so that only steep rocky cliffs remain along the face, where only a goat could walk, we pictured his avenger, Gaius Petronius, and his ten thousand legionaries, slowly, remorselessly, day after day forging their way up in the heat and dust. They had eight hundred horses also to convey their ships, to be hauled up by ropes. How we should like to have seen just how they did it! — these men of iron, with the grit that made Rome! How did they

camp and cook, and look after their sick, and yet keep their weapons sharp?

Assuan had peace victories also. Here the Athenian mathematician, two hundred and fifty years before Christ, came while he was working at the new university of Alexandria. He noticed that here the sun fell right into a well at midday and left no shadow, while at the same time, at Alexandria, the shadow of the gnome of the upright pointer equalled one fiftieth part of a meridian circle. Therefore he argued that the distance between the two places was one fiftieth of the circumference of the earth. His 'Theory of Shadows' was the result, and this is still used to this day. Meanwhile all the labour of the millions of armed men has proved but vanity of vanities. Many Christians, fleeing from persecution, took refuge here. Alas, they had no Cook's steamer to carry them all these weary miles! Well may Juvenal, when banished here from Rome merely for criticizing a favourite actor, have spent his time writing satires. Surely here no lack of human material or experience handicapped his facile pen. Nor did we wonder that Nekhebit, greatest goddess of Upper Egypt, was incarnate here in a Vulture.

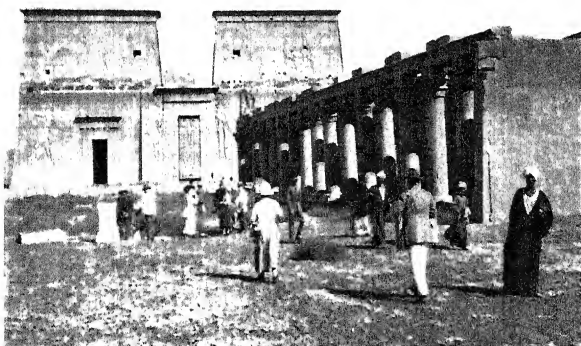
Nowhere have we seen such a motley jumble as the results of man's varied ways of regarding or interpreting things as in the Elephantine Islands opposite Thebes. Man's mind is the most ambitious machine conceivable. Any attempt to imagine what the mechanism of memory must demand helps us to realize that no material which we can conceive of as existing could react with mathematical accuracy to the million impulses that memory, emotions, conscious thought, intelligent comprehension require of it. Yet we condemn at once the poor creature whose reactions are not ours or whose machine produces other results than ours. Can the present-day fellaheen advantageously rule themselves? What can be expected of a race of helots ninety-

five per cent uneducated? If some one must direct affairs of communal interest, should it be the fellaheen? As we visited this patchwork quilt of end results called Elephantine Islands, we chuckled over the name.

An ex-Egyptian diplomat, whose book is commended by the King of Egypt because his long experience on the spot makes his opinion valuable, ends his treatise on 'Modern Egypt' with a story of a banquet given to him by an Egyptian grandee with true Oriental splendour. It is suggestive that a carriage was even sent five hundred miles to fetch the writer of the treatise as a guest. Some time previously, he had sent, as a present to this grandee, a dozen bottles of American clam juice saying it was for 'headache,' a joke, because he had enjoyed the taste. The bottles were considered medicine and apparently treated as such. In one of the salons, the diplomat was amazed to see some of these very bottles, their American labels still proclaiming their contents. The grandee explained: 'I like everything American. In that country all things are marvellous and magnificent. Nothing can be more wonderful than this medicine. Last Baram, my honoured friend sent me this from Cairo as a present, and now I have no fear of headache. When I detect the symptoms, I apply this beneficent lotion to my head and temples, rubbing it well in. In two minutes I am well. I mean to buy a hundred bottles of it.'

Our guide to-day showed us his ring which had been to Mecca and had a bit of the Koran on it; also a charm which he always wears — it is a piece of the Koran sewn up in leather. The worship of the letter of any book at any time is just as silly. Omar burned the priceless literature of his own capital with over seven hundred thousand volumes and parchments, because the Koran contained everything any one need know. 'Christians' still quarrel violently over the verbal inspiration of their Bible.

Every one goes to Philæ to see the beautiful architecture



PHILÆ

of the temples, still very perfect and little hurt by being periodically under water. The basin was empty and we had a fine view of the islands, but by the time one reaches here one is so gorged by temples and tombs and mummies and kings that any of the more modern temples especially lose much of their power to enthrall. Close to Philæ is an interesting temple at Dakkah, built by the Ethiopian kings who conquered Egypt and ruled for some two hundred years in the tenth century B.C. The interest to us lay in their King Arq-Amen, whose protest against religious intolerance showed no mean courage. It was the prerogative of the priests to proclaim the will of the gods, and, when any king failed to satisfy them, they sent him a note from the gods that he must do 'harakiri.' This was usually done, but King Arq-Amen proved contumacious. He simply gathered a lot of his men together, went up to the priests' headquarters, and cut the throats of every one of them. After this he appears to have reigned with full faith in the gods, as his tomb testifies. Had Ahknaton felt justified in a similar course of action, the history of Egypt might have been changed. But that is not the Christian way, unless it were just punishment for crimes committed or a legal preventive measure for the future.

We were anxious to have all the experiences that come to a tourist in Egypt, and, as we should have a day to wait for the train to Wadi Halfa in any case, we took a day's ride on camels to the ancient Coptic convent of Saint Simon, ending the day at Shellal, the port for the steamer that starts above the cataract above Assuan, and carries you to Wadi Halfa, where one takes the train for Khartoum.

The saddles on our camels were very high and had no stirrups. We found only a kind of tableland where you perched on an ancient sheepskin which we trusted the sunshine had aseptitized. Two small pommels fore and aft were the only visible means of support. A sailor is proverbially

not an adept at riding, as I had found in Iceland after a three days' journey on pony-back to the big geysers. The ponies had apparently been fed on lava, which seemed to stick out under the skin and left us unable to take a seat comfortably for many days thereafter. If your camel walks, as he generally does, you are hurled violently back and forth, scraping the skin off one portion of your anatomy going forward, and, to be impartial, off another area coming back. Trotting bounces one up and down like a piston in a cylinder, with the off chance of being shot off at any time onto the burning sand some fathoms below. The sun grew hotter and hotter as we got into the desert, until not a sign of life was visible, only tracks of wandering jackals. What they find to eat is hard to guess; we presumed they seek their meat from God or some distant native chicken yard. Rest and supper after the camel ride were worth the experience, and when at last we had fought our last battle with the porters and with Boghdadi over unexpected charges heaped upon us, even the little steamer seemed not only comfortable but luxurious. We passed all night steaming amidst rocks and islands and through rapid water. How we did it is difficult to understand. But we knew none of it that night.

When Kitchener rapidly laid light railway lines to run his train across the desert in his attempt to save Gordon, the Arabs were mystified at a steamer that could crawl across the land with blazing eyes at night and emit smoke and fire from its mouth; and they sought to appease it as if it were an unknown god.

We had now left the boundary of Lower Egypt and had entered what by every proper gauge is the Sudan. The boat was full of passengers — Greek and Syrian merchants, engineers for the big Sennar Dam, Egyptians, and various travellers. The scenery, instead of being less interesting than farther down the river, was far more so. The desert on

each side had given place to high rocky hills, dark brown in color with the peaks like pyramids in shape. The sand was more brilliant orange, the sky a perfect blue, and the water a light purple. On the banks were groups of date palm trees and brilliant green patches of sugar cane, corn, beans, and castor-oil plants. The villages looked cleaner and tidier, and more goats dotted the shore-line. Moreover, except for Thebes and the pyramids, there is nothing finer than the temples of Abu Simbel, which are right on the bank. One temple is to the goddess Hathor, represented as a cow. Six other gods, especially those of the upper cataracts, are also represented in this huge hole in the cliff ninety feet long. But the second temple or cave is a hundred feet high and a hundred feet wide, and one passes in between four huge almost perfectly preserved colossi, that sit up and stare at you. Their size can be guessed by the fact that the ear measures three and a half feet long, the forefinger three feet. Scribbled by soldiers on the shin of one there is a Greek inscription telling of how Pharaoh had sent them in about 650 B.C. against two hundred and forty thousand native deserters who had left his service because they were badly neglected and favouritism shown to the Greeks. It does not say what he did to them. So old is the writing that the letters 'E' and 'O' are written differently from even our classical Greek. So deeply, however, was this immense monument and cliff buried in sand that it was not cleared until 1869.

At Abu Simbel we landed in the middle of the night, and, having hitched electric lights to the temples from the dynamo of the steamer, we inspected the gods with good mazda illumination. They did not even blink! — they just sat on, as they have for a thousand years. The fellah of to-day emulates him, and most successfully. So, when the slightest opportunity offers, does the water buffalo. But it has a right to, for it works hard and gives excellent milk.

To show what they can do in the line of sitting, a local saint, Suleiman, recently sat for fifty-three years on the edge of the Nile, only advancing and retiring as the river did. His brother now rows off to every boat unfortunate enough to pass within range, and exacts a fee or bad luck will follow.

At Wadi Halfa the Governor met us with word to go on to Khartoum, as things were quieting down. All the Egyptian officers who had been ordered out of the Sudan after the murder of the Sirdar were leaving quietly. They had at first made trouble, but an airplane despatched by the Egyptian Minister of War had confirmed the order. The ultimatum given by Lord Allenby to Egypt was none too strict.

It was thought everywhere that no reward would tempt informers to give evidence against the assassins. The grovelling spirit displayed by the cowardly assassins when discovered also had a sobering effect on the country. Some propagandists tried to use the order to proceed with the dam on the Blue Nile to stir up fanatical feeling. 'The English wanted to starve the Nationalists,' they said, but even that cry failed. Our impression all the way up the Nile had been that the farmers only want to be left alone under any government that gives them peace, prosperity, and freedom from such terrible exactions as they remembered that their own kings had laid on their backs, starving many of them to death as a result. In 1800 the people were degraded into hopeless poverty and misery by the voluptuous luxury and extortions of their masters. Even fifty years ago, the country was insolvent. To-day it is rich and prosperous.

As we sat on the deck of the little steamer bound for Wadi Halfa, and thought of the voyage from Cairo to Assuan, we came to the conclusion that Egypt is the Nile, and without that great river there could be no Egypt. It is second in length only to the Mississippi River, its total distance being

four thousand and sixty-two miles; the Blue Nile, the Black Nile (or Atbara) bringing rich and torrential floods every year from the high mountains of Abyssinia, and the White Nile, which reaps the overflow from the great equatorial lakes which form the great river. The floods last only three months or so, beginning in September, and the river is back in its own bed by the end of January. So essential is every foot of land that directly the flood recedes the edge of the stream is followed up by people planting their crops.

Although there is little rain in Egypt, the increased moisture and vegetation due to irrigation has overturned the character of the air and is helping the sand to wash away the Sphinx. For all that, there will be folk driving out from Cairo in the full of the moon to see the Sphinx smile for many a long day yet.

There is always corn in Egypt, and in the ages past it was the country's chief staple, though now its most valuable crop is the cotton which carries such a long fibre that even America has to import it. Moreover, it is produced more cheaply here than anywhere else, because the Delta region is so rich that it grows twice as much to the acre, and labour is very inexpensive. The second staple commodity is now sugar cane, which is said to be the best in the world, owing again to the rainless climate. It takes four hundred tons of water for every crop, and every drop has to be raised, though modern dams are making gravitation do more work than formerly.

When Ismail built the first dam just below Cairo, he employed two hundred and fifty thousand men, and neither fed nor paid them, so that thirty thousand died during the work of construction. This type of venture on the part of the ancient rulers, the old lust for conquest, fearful child mortality, and bitter religious superstitions have all helped to keep down the population. The fear of the evil eye prevents parents from wishing their children to look attractive;

and therefore they do not wash their faces. One sees endless flies crawling over the eyes and faces of the children. This causes much blindness. On the other hand, a blind man is a kind of sacred being, and it is a duty to give him money just as if he were a saint.

To-day that which has done more for Egypt than all the pyramids, tombs, conquests, has remade the Delta, is the great barrage construction put through by Sir William Willcocks. The great dam at Assuan, which holds up a lake three times the size of Geneva and provides the necessities of life and happiness daily for millions of people, met opposition from the few 'religious' who still held that the Nile flood was caused by Isis weeping yearly over the tomb of Osiris, and also by certain archæologists who preferred the preservation of a comparatively modern ruin, like Philæ, to any amount of living, human welfare. The dam is a mile and a quarter long, one hundred and thirty-one feet high, eighty feet thick at the bottom, and twenty-three feet at the top. It contains about a billion tons of water, and opens through one hundred and eighty sluices, running on easily opened rollers cleverly placed on the bottom, so that the rich mud brought down by the floods can go as heretofore, to bless and feed mankind. Egypt is certainly on her feet once more under the British supervision. Sweeping reductions in the price of salt and government monopolies have only increased her revenue and her prosperity. The cotton output has been doubled, dishonesty in high prices stopped, and by increasing the cultivatable area and the development of industry Egypt to-day might be almost unhealthily wealthy. British justice is beginning to enable the poor fellah, in his mud house along the river-bank, to enjoy at least some slight share of the blessings of his land.

As we thought of the stories of Arab justice and of the injustice and barbarities of the men who climbed to wealth and position by the misery and sorrow of their fellow men

until their victims worshipped them as gods, and they were actually insane enough and foolish enough to claim to be divine, we came to the conclusion that the civilization of the race, told in the records of the rocks of the Nile Valley, is the story of the Hunting of the Snark, the Chasing of the Will-o'-the-Wisp, which justified a Solomon in concluding that 'all is vanity on the earth.'

CHAPTER III

TO KHARTOUM AND BACK TO CAIRO

CROSSING the desert by train from Wadi Halfa to Khartoum is a hot journey, though the train is a very comfortable one. At Atbara, one of the stations on the journey, we had a telegram from the Acting Governor, asking us to the Residence. We waited at Atbara for about three quarters of an hour for the train coming in from Port Sudan, and on its arrival put on three extra carriages and continued with our train crowded with British civil and military officials. We also saw the Norfolk regiment bound for Khartoum, very hot and tired-looking 'Tommies' they were, too. At North Khartoum we were held up for a long time by a trainload of Egyptian horses and officers passing through, and we saw the Egyptian regiment drilling in the near-by barracks. Finally we moved on over the great bridge across the Nile, which we found guarded by barbed-wire entanglements, and many British soldiers with rifles ready and fixed bayonets.

At the station at Khartoum we were met by Mr. Harper, the most genial and hospitable clergyman in charge of the Cathedral of the city. He told us that the Governor's palace was full of foreign residents, all of whom had been ordered in there for safety. It seems that, during the journey from Wadi Halfa to Khartoum, part of the Sudanese regiment, under the command of Egyptian officers, had mutinied, and attempted to join the Egyptian regiment across the river who were being dismissed owing to the recent terrible murder of the Sirdar. Three officers and about twelve men had been killed, one English doctor and two Syrian doctors being murdered in the hospital. We arrived just as they were burying two British lads who had been shot down. The

storm in a teacup, however, was over, and all that remained of the mutineers were dug out of a large house, the Egyptian Club, in which they had taken refuge, and which building the Lesters and Argyles had cleverly knocked to pieces without hurting a soul outside or in the houses adjoining it on either side. We went down to see a few of the prisoners, who sat nonchalantly on the ground under guard of some of their own Sudanese commanders.

Of the British residents whom we met in Khartoum and of Mr. Harper, our host at the clergy house, we learned that the Sudanese absolutely have realized that they had been the dupes of resentful departing Egyptian officers. Many of the men appeared not to have known what they were doing, except that they were obeying orders. One lady told my wife that she asked a group of Sudanese soldiers who came into her garden what they were doing, and, as they told her they did not know, she supposed that they must have been sent as a corporal's guard for her home, and thanked them very cordially! The Sudanese mutineers claimed that they had been told that the British had been turned out of Egypt, and that no officers could come up the river to take the Sudan. They did not even know about the new harbour on the Red Sea and the railroad running out to it. There was no attempt at looting on the part of any of the Sudanese, and every Sudanese servant in every house of the three hundred British residents at Khartoum had been absolutely loyal.

It was believed that some of the mutineers who had escaped had come across the river to Omdurman, and were in hiding there, so that there was still considerable unrest in that city. However, we were very anxious to see a monument erected to the memory of a cousin who had been killed in the battle of Omdurman, in the cavalry charge while he was serving with Kitchener.

Every one seemed a little surprised to see us tourists as

we landed from the ferryboat. For two days there had been some mutineering going on in the town; looting of the native shops, Christian women had been placed under police protection, and the men were parading with fixed bayonets. Our visit to Omdurman was well worth the venture, however. It is an entirely old and native city. We visited the markets and inspected their wonderful handicraft, the making of fine ivory work, embroideries, daggers, and spears. My wife's presence, walking about the market streets, our host felt was of value in inspiring confidence in the minds of the local people that the British had not been turned out, and that things were beginning to return to normal, since we must be the harbingers of the ever-welcome tourists. That night we slept in true Oriental fashion on the roof of Dr. Loyd's house in the hospital compound. It was very beautiful, but all the stars were in the wrong position. When we awoke at three in the morning, the Big Dipper had just appeared over the horizon. All night long we could see the searchlight in Khartoum playing over the avenues every few minutes. The night was less peaceful than it might have been, because of the howling of endless dogs, and, as soon as the faintest brightness lit up the sky, cockerels innumerable began to greet the dawn, while all the dogs again in the town joined in to complete the bedlam of sound. As soon as the first rays of the ardent sun appeared over the horizon, we were obliged to take up our beds and seek shelter in the house below.

In the operating room the next day, as one watched Dr. Loyd and the nurses at work, one forgot longitude and latitude and the reactions of eye and ear and nose made one feel very much at home. Modern surgery is becoming a universal language, thank God.

The Governor had most kindly sent his launch over to Omdurman to convey us up the river to the scene of the battle. As we embarked on the bank and mounted our

donkeys to ride to the battle-fields, we found that these beasts were by no means as reliable as those farther down the Nile. My own stumbled twice while I was going at full speed, and each time I fell incontinently right over his head. The rest of the party greatly admired the performance, but whether on my part or the donkey's I am at a loss to know.

One day we had the great pleasure of having afternoon tea in a native brick house with the widow of an old school friend, who was the first missionary doctor to come out here after the defeat of the Mahdi. As we talked together we seemed to wander back to our homes in old England, where her husband and I had been playmates together. As her husband had died and she had no children, she had adopted all the native children whom she could see, and at the time of our visit her household was made up of some forty of them. Some were little slave girls whom she had rescued from the Arabs, who had carried them off from their villages to sell them as slaves in that Holy City, called Mecca. Her girls were much sought in marriage, as they grew up, for they were fatter, jollier, and healthier than the wretched little creatures whom we had met in the streets. Their bright eyes and smiling faces, as they sang some hymns in Arabic in good tune and rhythm, quite captured our hearts.

The new medical college at Khartoum is doing wonderful work. It has an unsurpassed field for biological research. The museum at Khartoum is a thrilling place, because of its beautiful collection of native birds with their gorgeous plumage. Khartoum as the capital of a new nation should have a great future before it, particularly with the Sennar Dam above it to make the land blossom like the proverbial rose. We visited the beautiful palace gardens, whose splendid trees and gorgeous flowering shrubs showed what can be done when enlightened man puts his shoulder to the wheel. From the roof of the house, we saw the

junction of the Blue and White Niles, North Khartoum, the blue hills around the battle-fields of Omdurman, and the great yellow desert beyond. Inside the palace we read the tablet over the old stairway on which General Gordon was murdered, and Mr. Sterry, the Acting Governor, presented my wife with a rose from Gordon's rosebush, so called because he had planted it himself.

Another day we visited the fine Church Missionary Society School with its promising group of Greek, Syrian, Arabian, Egyptian, and Sudanese scholars, and were astonished at the grade of work which they were able to accomplish with this associated group of 'Near-Easterners.' All around the world we saw many of these schools, and in each case we were impressed with the work which they were doing. Yet many people say that missions are no good, and many do not seem to appreciate how fully these schools move individuals, and that through individuals God moves the world. It should be remembered that Booker Washington, himself a coloured man, and the great lover and helper of his own people in the United States of America, was convinced that it was a mistake to try and educate the black race on exactly the same lines as American or English public school boys. If that fact is true of American negroes, it certainly holds even more so here; but all agree that along agricultural and mechanical lines, with some necessary simple classical education and enough mathematics to keep accurate accounts, these men and women will not be left a prey to dangerous superstitions.

We were told a story which illustrates the old order of things among them. Two natives were living together, one of whom had refused some education and who fell very ill. As he was too sick to take the journey himself, he sent his comrade a long distance to consult the mission doctor for him. The doctor gave the messenger some castor oil and told him to have the sick man come to see him personally

the next day so that he would be able to tell what the matter was. As he was still too ill to come, he again sent his brother for advice. 'But you are not the sick man!' 'I know, but as he could not come, I drank the castor oil for him, so now you will be able to tell me what the matter is with him.'

On the train for the long journey north into Egypt, we found a friend who had travelled up with us, an engineer bound for the Sennar Dam, where he had been at work, but who had been recalled by telegram to Egypt owing to the political trouble. He told us that the reason why the searchlight had been playing for some time on a building across the river was because it was the civil prison. The prisoners had mutinied and seized the jail, as the plan had been for the mutineers of the Sudanese regiment to cross the bridge, free the prisoners in the jail, and all together join the Egyptian regiment in their neighbouring camp. The prison was now completely surrounded with British troops and entanglements of heavy barbed wire. The prisoners had forged weapons for themselves, and had taken all the surgical instruments in the prison hospital for the same purpose. The Lesters and Argyles had planned simply to 'sit tight' and starve them out.

The journey across the desert was even more interesting than we had found it on coming to Khartoum, and we saw the most marvellous mirage that it has ever been our lot to witness. The hills, which were a few miles back in the desert, seemed to rise from a lake of clear blue water, while on the shore near us shimmering white waves were breaking. In the immediate foreground the sand was wet and reflected the dazzling sunshine. The tops of the hills, also, we could have sworn were capped with snow. Men landing boats appeared and disappeared, and now and then a flock of white birds flashed by. The scene lasted for many miles, and the lake appeared to be coming, now nearer the train,

and now receding and appearing like a wide river. Had we been wandering thirsty in that desert and seen that mirage, we should most certainly have followed it, the illusion was so intensely real. One wishes that one could discover a silicate which one could dissolve in the great Nile, and let a flood of it over this earthless sand, turning it into a fertile plain. One feels almost like asking for an Industrial Fellowship of the Mellon Institute of Pittsburgh to work on this problem. Perhaps the world's best progress in the next century will be along the lines of industrial chemistry.

To the mind of the fanatic and the sage, the presence of the foreigner in his country is due either to the desire for gain or for religious propaganda. They can understand the missionary who says, 'I am here to give you my religion.' They may think him a fool for his pains, but at least he is honest. The official, however, who claims, 'I have no motive but your good,' is to them nothing but a knave.

Many Egyptian officers were aboard the little steamer. They sat about the deck and talked and laughed uproariously, but their womenfolk were all shut into hermetically sealed staterooms, and one never saw them. They came aboard completely covered with black clothing, and so heavily veiled that they kept tripping as they walked. There was the usual constant Babel of sound, though the moon shining over the river and the distant hills and the dark palms made up a scene which one will not soon forget. One can appreciate beauty more in the cool of the day, for one's senses, used to our northern invigorating climate, are dulled when the tropical sun begins.

The noise and confusion of our arrival at Shellal beggars description. The plethora of porters and sellers on the boat, joined with the regiment of returning Egyptian soldiers and several parrots, a cage of paroquets, a large crate of monkeys, and three sadly bored donkeys added to the general uproar. We were over finally on the train, however,

and the Egyptian officers had their womenfolk all safely sealed in airtight carriages for the day.

The time which we spent at Cairo before finally leaving for the Holy Land was made memorable by the hospitality of Bishop Gwynne, the Protestant Bishop of Egypt and the Sudan, who did such fine work during the Great War, and whose fine character and lovable personality have been such a leavening influence in the country.

The time for our exodus from the Land of Egypt having arrived, we took tickets for Jerusalem by train, a journey which accomplishes, 'while you sleep,' a distance which took Moses and the children of Israel over forty years. My own farewell to Cairo was a match with squash rackets in a modern court, in which I could fancy the shades of Pharaohs, Alexanders, and the Ptolemies sitting solemnly in the gallery, with possibly Antony and Cleopatra chatting together over the degeneracy of an age which positively prefers killing time to killing people.

Nowadays the crossing of the strip of water which divides Egypt from Palestine calls for no special account. The excitement of feeling that an oncoming host is following closely behind is denied you, unless it be that commanded by Thomas Cook, but if ever there has been romance it was certainly to be found in the achievement of this marvellous canal. It may register a high-water mark of robbery within the law, and yet it has proved an infinite boon to mankind. Work was known to have been begun on the canal by Seti the First about 1500 B.C. Pharaohs galore were interested in it. The Pharaoh Nebo of the Bible spent one hundred and twenty thousand men's lives on it, and then only gave up the project because the oracles claimed that it would endanger the State by allowing the Barbarians access. Napoleon did considerable survey work upon it, but even his engineers failed to find out what a young Englishman later proved to be the case —

that there is only thirty feet distance in level between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. The great canal was finally opened in 1869. Egypt, in fact, paid for it, though she has never owned it. It bankrupted her at one time and destroyed the traffic at Alexandria and Suez. It obliterated thousands of her people and ruined thousands more, but, on the other hand, it has paid immense dividends. It saves ten thousand eight hundred and sixty miles by sea between London and Bombay. The man mainly responsible for the final success of its construction died broken and practically unrequited, and the man who paid for it went bankrupt and died in exile.

The full moon shone brightly as we disembarked at Kantara. Not a breath of wind rippled the surface of the water. It was like a crystal sea with the picture painted in a monochrome of silver with two great black ships, brilliantly lit up by a thousand portholes, gliding like noiseless phantoms along on their voyage between the deserts.

CHAPTER IV

FIRST DAYS IN PALESTINE

ONE outcome of the War has been the opening of Palestine to the outsider. The travelling world has realized that it is really the Near East and that it can easily be reached, as the same waters bathe its shores as those of Italy and Greece.

No one should visit Palestine with a passion for sacred sites. He will only meet disillusionment. Jerusalem has been sacked, burnt, and destroyed, and risen out of the ashes and ruins twenty times, until the present level is about forty feet above that of the time of our Lord.

Palestine can be regarded as belonging to the desert. The desert is the former home of its people, and the effect of it shows in their thought and language — 'the shadow of a rock' — the 'water springs' — are to them terms of affection. The land seemed to us a strip of the desert that has been reclaimed by the river Jordan.

Much of the land of Palestine, however, consists of rocky hills. Its people are highlanders, who have to wrest their living from a hard environment — to them a city naturally possesses great importance, and to their way of thinking God lived in a city.

The recent story of Palestine, or the country of the Philistines, is the story of what bad government can do with any country, even a Land of Promise. Ironically it was named, for though no people called Philistines ever owned half of it, it owed to men to whom the world now applies that term as a synonym for 'Turk,' men who have ruled, not governed it, its piteous state of misery and degradation; until the great day came when once again a Christian

general broke the cruel yoke of its oppressors, let us pray to God this time forever.

To our generation, reared on the Bible, every spot in this country has all the sentimental and sacred interest of places near one's own home. Jerusalem was a spiritual, not a material, creation.

We disembarked from the train from Cairo at Lydda, the ancient Lud, where Saint George is said to have slain the dragon. Some tourists might be thinking only, 'Ugh! Miserably cold compared with Egypt! Awfully hungry! Hope there's a good hotel!' In fact our host, the Governor of Ramleh, did begin by giving us a meal characteristic of the 'Land of Promise,' of milk and honey and fruit. But we had not got over the excitement of being in the 'Old Country,' for it seemed to us we must have been there before, and we were mentally looking around for Peter, who, when he came down to this spot to see 'the Centurion,' incidentally fell in with an old fellow called Æneas, paralyzed eight years, and is said to have healed him, saying, 'Æneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole. Get up.' We were seeing the astonished crowd that came flocking over from Lydda and Sharon to congratulate Æneas and the big 'revival' that followed in this little town so long ago.

Our next hours were occupied in driving over to Jaffa, going by the old Jerusalem road along which Solomon hauled the cedars of Lebanon to build his temple, and down which marched the Roman corporal's guard, two men-servants, and a soldier to look for Peter. Their colonel had summoned them in the morning and told them he had had a dream. One could fancy their eyes popping out of their heads as they stood to attention and heard his amazing account: how the Lord had heard what a good man he was to every one and also heard his prayers, and how he was to send to a fisherman in certain lodgings at Joppa to 'hear words of him.' It was a good walk for those servants. We

did the same journey at thirty miles an hour in a modern touring car. But the story of their visit will continue to influence the world's great men, long after every trace of our existence has vanished. At Joppa is the rock to which legend claims Andromeda was chained by Poseidon, god of the sea, because her mother boasted overmuch. Here, also, Jonah embarked for Nineveh, though the bones of his whale are reported to lie at Tyre. We attended the Governor of Jaffa's court to see how proceedings compared with a Labrador one, and we found there a high functionary who had served as a volunteer on the Labrador with us in the late nineties.

The illiterate, passionate Moslem easily becomes a dangerous criminal, but all over Palestine, in spite of the suspicion and fear caused amongst them by the creation of 'a National home for the Jews,' the people have already learned to trust the impartial and impeccable British officials and British justice, even if the Arabs do still refuse to be represented in their government. Where Arabs do not preponderate, crime is remarkably scarce, but the difficulties seem rapidly smoothing out under fair, unselfish, and really sympathetic government. The police of Palestine is an exceedingly efficient body. The mounted gendarmerie contains Arabs, Jews, and Circassians, and indeed all creeds. There are only about five hundred British mounted police and they are mostly Irish, something like the famous North-West Mounted Police. It is remarkable that the civil administration of this difficult country has so far cost the mandatory British practically nothing. Religious difficulties, as in the time of Pilate, are left to each creed to settle. British judges form the Supreme Court, and appeal can be had from them to the Privy Council. The Turks used to farm out the agricultural taxes. Now this practice has been abolished and corrupt office-holders dismissed, while expert treasury officials have introduced a system in

so important a field, one which is of incalculable value to the remaking of this country. Already a balance of income over expenditure has been achieved.

Joppa being now a fishing village, we motored off to see in what way the Asiatic congeners of our Labrador folk worked. On the long, hot, yellow sandy beach, the blue waters of the Mediterranean rippled up with sparkling white nightcaps; on this beach Napoleon murdered in cold blood two thousand prisoners whom he could not take along with him. To-day a crowd of practically naked brown figures were sitting like swallows in a line along both banks of a small estuary leading into the sea. Their unkempt mops of black hair, their bright waistbands and bare shiny skins made them very unlike our fishermen of the North, and still more so did their absolute stillness. Suddenly they all rose as one man, and each cast into the sea a big bell net, with long fringes, throwing them so skilfully as to make them fall flat on the surface of the water. Then they pulled them to shore; and one out of the dozen had one, or possibly two, fish. When they had periodically repeated this for nearly an hour, I begged the Governor, who spoke Arabic, to ask them if I might show them how one of our men in the North would catch in one haul all the fish they had all taken in an hour. The idea pleased them, and soon I was the centre of a crowd, drawing pictures on the level, hard sand of a trap net, a seine, a gill net, and a trawl. The lecture over, they thanked me profoundly, and the wiseacres discussed the idea. It was turned down flat. If they caught all the fish in one day, what would they do on the next? One saw the point; I realized there was something in it — much as the Hatter did on looking into the teapot after he had pushed in the Dormouse.

Jaffa, as in Jonah's day, the only large seaport for arrivals from sea, is so bad a harbour that Haifa is bidding to supersede it. Sir Frederick Treves, describing passengers for

Palestine disembarking here at Jaffa, says the only thing to do is 'to commit your soul to God and your body to Thomas Cook and Son.' Thousands have been drowned by vessels driving ashore here and by not anchoring far enough off-shore. There is no fishing in Palestine that is comparable to that of our Northern seas. Indeed so far some ninety per cent of all edible fish are caught between forty and sixty degrees north latitude.

The great feature about our experiences this day, as compared with Egypt, was that here not one beggar or importunate pedlar attacked us. This used not to be so before England took hold. The feeling of relief was as in Labrador when the mosquitoes have retired to winter quarters.

The Sheik Ali Karzone of Lydda gave us a most enjoyable Arab collation in the evening. He is a very interesting man, and claims to be a connection of Lord Curzon, their mutual ancestor having left a son in Palestine at the time of the Crusades from whom the Sheik claims descent. The handsome Crusaders' Tower close by, where three hundred Crusaders were imprisoned, and their church, now beneath the ground at Ramleh, lent some colour to his story. Moreover, all around that country, one notices many blue-eyed people who claim also to come of Crusaders' stock.

The next day we witnessed the settling of a boundary dispute. The land here is all owned commonly by the various villages, and a fierce feud had been waged for years over a piece of hilltops, practically barren, and which seemed to us of no value whatever to anybody. However, it was enough to fight over, for men will fight or bet about anything. There was no road or any hedges or ditches to mark the way, so we motored for some miles over the fields to the debatable area, where the respective chiefs were to meet the Governor. There were no deeds or records. Memory was the record always relied on; honesty is taken for granted; it is a heinous offence to move your neighbour's landmark.

There were no lawyers. One of the villages having had the good fortune to unearth an 'oldest inhabitant,' about ninety-five years old and still in good mental trim, naturally had a great advantage under the circumstances. A crowd had collected, all members of which wanted to be heard. So the Governor, to economize time and not to interfere with what was evidently their usual innocuous custom, permitted them graciously all to speak at once. This battle of words lasted some twenty minutes, and was found to be perfectly satisfactory to every one; and then the aged warrior, mounted on a white donkey and followed by two men with spades and one with a maul, rode around the boundary as he remembered it before any one else present was born, and before most of their grandfathers could say 'Boo!' Stakes were duly driven in, and they all grinned, and chatted and bowed, and went away happy.

The entire absence of fences was such a fine testimony to the neighbourly qualities of these people that I recalled the dilemma of the schoolboy who was asked in an examination on Old Testament history why 'the Canaanites dwelt in fenced cities,' and who thoughtfully replied, 'In order to keep out the milk and honey,' commodities with which Scripture in those days described this country as 'flowing.' Ambassador Bryce, commenting on this apparent misnomer, remarks, 'This is easily understood, for nothing but bees or goats can flourish on its soil, which is only notable for rocks.' To-day a prosaic Department of Agriculture teaches the Palestinians how to produce honey, to use manures, to grow fruit and chickens profitably, to destroy field mice, scale, and locusts, and helps them to procure up-to-date farm tools. It sounded strange, this 'Little Cultivator's Friend' published in the Land of Promise. The villages of the Jewish colonies are excellent examples of the work of this department. Now that the Turkish monopoly on growing tobacco has gone, its culti-

vation has become quite profitable. The latest research on the effects of tobacco-smoking shows it to have a seriously deleterious effect on mental efficiency, yet it seems that shortly we shall have a special 'Holy Land' brand.

This day we were entertained by yet another Sheik, in the customary most hospitable manner, at his home in a marvellous Jaffa orange grove of five thousand acres, off which he volunteered that he and his sons were 'able to live without hardship.' As a matter of fact, the oranges pay exceedingly well.

No woman, not even his wife, was permitted to be visible, and also as a special mark of favour, our host waited on us himself, and only when we had finished innumerable courses, sat down to have his own meal. We could not help noticing, however, numerous women peeking through the crack of the door at my wife, who was sitting with us at the table.

Every country has some especially famous love story, such as of Antony and Cleopatra in Egypt, and the next day, on our journey to Jerusalem, we passed through the Vale of Sorek, where Samson was betrayed into the hands of his enemies the Philistines by his lady-love called Delilah. They put out his eyes and tortured him, but were repaid in their own coin, for their prisoner threw down their huge temple by casually pulling down the main pillars when they were gathered to gloat over his misery, and so killed more at his death than in all his life.

Kirjath-Jearim is a name that a boy does not forget easily, and, as we passed the village, the picture of the Gibeonite chiefs, dressed up as long-distance travellers, and fooling Joshua into making a peace treaty because he thought they lived far away, came vividly to mind. Also, one remembered the subsequent row because the Benjamites were not allowed to slaughter them. Then the Gibeonites were made slaves and lived to reestablish the

balance of justice by doing infinite damage to Israel by 'peaceful penetration.' Here also the Ark of God remained twenty years in 'the house of Aminadab by the hill.' There were God-fearing cattle, as well as people, at Kirjath-Jearim in those days. The Philistines had stolen the Ark and been punished for doing so by plagues. So they had made golden models of mice as trespass offerings, and put the Ark in a cart drawn by a couple of oxen, who without drivers carried it straight back to the Israelites. On the way it stopped at a village. The curious people looked into it, and the records say that fifty thousand threescore and ten in that village were smitten of the Lord as the result. As one looked at the country, that seemed a probable overestimate numerically of their punishment.

We were surprised to find how many new roads there are in Palestine. The people, not pauperized by the Government, have in slack times turned to and built them freely for their own villages to the main artery. One result has been that there are now hundreds of motor cars for every one previously, the fees of which, together with petrol taxes, maintain and improve all the main thoroughfares of Palestine.

At Jerusalem we were guests of the remarkable American Colony, 'outside the city wall,' beyond the Damascus Gate. A piece of Pontius Pilate's aqueduct is in the back yard. The narrow streets, the dirt, and smells are lessening in Jerusalem since the British conquest, though the native bazaar, formerly the hospice of the Knights of Saint John, is still covered with old stone arches, while many of the streets are more like rabbit holes than thoroughfares for human beings. Jerusalem has been completely destroyed at least five times, and the ruins of the original city are buried from thirty to a hundred feet at least below the ground, thank God. We came to feel that it was His plan to prevent more intolerable deceits being perpetrated in the



SUNSET OVER JERUSALEM

name of religion on a superstitious people than even now exist in spite of it. That at least one street should be called the 'Via Dolorosa' is not to be wondered at. One could appropriately name a dozen such. But to believe that a large indentation in the rock wall of a comparatively modern house in any Jerusalem street to-day should have been made by Jesus having fallen at that spot and having struck His Cross against it, is a trifle too indigestible. Yet that myth added twelve hundred dollars to the salable value of the house, which is now the fourth Station of the Cross. Religious sites and sights are the Palestinian counterparts of the Egyptian baksheesh. On the other hand, David's Tower, at least its foundation, was standing in our Lord's day. It is close to the Jaffa Gate, through which Lord Allenby and his men quietly entered the city on foot, and close also to the great hole especially made through the ancient wall in order that the Kaiser William might make a triumphant entrance. Whether this or the mosaic of the same man in the roof of the German church on the top of the Mount of Olives, sitting with God, Moses, and Solomon, is more typical of his sanity, is hard to say. Old Rameses in Egypt did much the same things, but he had more excuse, for he did the fighting himself and the world of his day was largely responsible for his representing himself as divine.

From the walls of his capital King David could see his enemies the Moabites, twenty-five miles to the eastward, and twenty-five miles north the Philistines. The Amalekites held the territory as close as Hebron to the south, and close on the west was the ocean. It was a small, if a famous, kingdom that this capital dominated.

The meaning conveyed by 'Go to Jericho' is exactly what one would expect. Jericho can hardly be said to be there when you arrive. The ruins of an old brick barn would be just as satisfactory. The drive along the rocky, barren hills of which the Judean plateau consists is well

worth while, however. The present motor road and the same highway doubtless as that traversed by the Good Samaritan leads by the brook Cherith, where, for lack of an aeroplane, one can well imagine why ravens had to carry food to Elijah. Moreover, it is the one and only pilgrim route to Jerusalem, and our Lord must have come along it often. The drop to the Dead Sea from Jerusalem is four thousand feet. This is hard to believe, but it is quite true, as the Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet below the ocean level, though no one until recently guessed that fact. The Bible well describes the road as leading 'down to Jericho.' The most weird abode of anchorites we saw anywhere was halfway up a perpendicular cliff, on one side of the precipitous gorge of the brook Kedron just as the road descends into the Jordan Valley. The monks in the Montserrat cliffs near Barcelona had much the same outlook, or those in the stone beehives on the rocky top of the Skelligs off the Irish coast. Although these anchorites went through great hardships, privations, and exposures, yet many of them lived to a great age. One Saint Saba, born a rich youth, but who built and lived in this cliff dwelling, in his ninety-first year practically walked all the way to Constantinople in order to plead with the Emperor Justinian to remit the taxes for the year, as the Samaritans had completely fleeced all the country folk, ravaging the whole countryside. In this mission he was successful, and returned to live till he was ninety-four in this terrible eyrie, and at last to die there in peace. Incidentally, when eighty years of age, he went on a foot trip to the Gulf of Akaba to visit his old chief, by name Euthymus, who like himself had been a lifelong belligerent theologian, but had been banished for his pains. The healthy long lives of these abstemious people is the best protest against the overeating and overemphasis of food in these days that can possibly be advanced. The old saint seemed to be peering out at us across the ravine as we passed.

The oppression of Turkish rule is nowhere more evident than in the Jordan Valley. It is a desolate waste now, about sixty-five miles long and from three to twelve wide, with a rich soil for the most part and a subtropical climate, and well watered. Once fruit and corn flourished here, while flax, maize, and rice were also plentiful. Here the Roman Government farmed balsam trees; wheat once grew as high as the stirrups of the horsemen. Drainage and irrigation could bring those days back. The remains of some ancient sugar mills worked by the Crusaders inspire the hope of yet another industry for Zion; namely, sugar from the Land of Honey. Possibly this would have a special value as an advertisement. One sees occasional jackals as one drives along, but these and pariah dogs are being done away with, as they are a cause of rabies. Preventive medicine and public health all over the country are being intensively taught, while the malaria, formerly almost as prevalent as in Panama, is being rapidly wiped out.

Bathing in the Dead Sea is quite an experience, especially if you dive in without holding your nose — a precaution I unfortunately omitted. I was amazed to find that it was so salt that lying on my back I could comfortably eat an apple and read a book without the slightest movement on my part to keep afloat. The Arabs call it the Sea of Lot. The twigs and bits of wood on the landwash are deeply encrusted in salt.

The soil of the Jordan is surprisingly fertile. We motored across its miles of flats to the celebrated spot where Elijah struck the river with his mantle, where Christ was said to have been baptized, and where the Israelites under Joshua passed over. We followed its banks and looked across into Gilead, but we saw none of the trees that yielded the precious balm which the Midianites were carrying to Egypt, when they bought Joseph, and which tradition says the Queen of Sheba originally brought to Solomon and intro-

duced into Palestine. The legend of Saint Christopher and the Christ Child is also ascribed to this ford of the Jordan, and we are told that here Naaman washed, and was healed of his leprosy.

We are accustomed to big rivers, rapid ones, and heavy waterfalls, and were disappointed in the Jordan. Its stormy waters and rolling waves, so graphically described in hymns, were conspicuously absent. To us it seemed strange that any one should require any miracle to get across it. The Jordan is the most famous river in the world's history, but Palestine has no other. The Kedron is only a row of pools in summer; and the brooks Jabbok and Yarmuk lie in Transjordan.

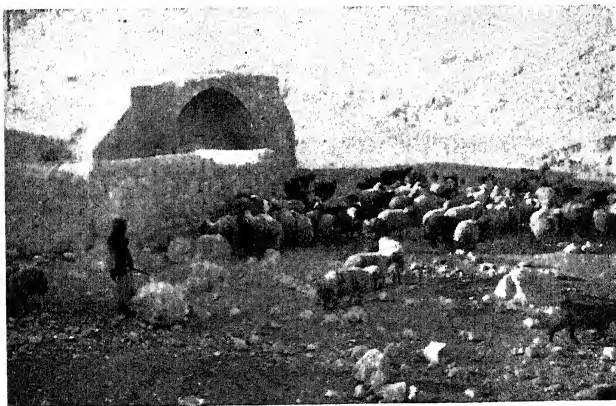
In another way, however, the river Jordan will yet probably give new life to Palestine. For a Russian electrical engineer, who, by erecting power stations near Jaffa, and now at Haifa and Tiberias, has already induced the establishment of many industries so essential for every country, has also secured charters to permit the production of huge quantities of electric power through hydro-electric stations in the upper Jordan waters. The establishment of over one hundred and fifty industries since the War has already been achieved in this way.

On the Jericho Road is a spring, the only one along the way until you get to Bethany. The spring is called the Apostles' Fountain, because very probably amongst thousands of other pilgrims they got water there. Traveling in motor cars makes you forget these things. It is so easy now to wait for another twenty miles until you reach Jerusalem, and anyhow it is so much safer to carry sterilized water in a thermos bottle. Indeed, one of the troubles we felt most in the East was the risk involved in eating any uncooked foods. As you pass through Bethany, for a trifle you can see the tomb of Lazarus!

In contrast to the efforts of old Egypt, Greece, and Rome,



THE SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA



THE APOSTLES' FOUNTAIN

and modern Europe and America, the Bible seems to have purposely avoided any emphasis on tombs, as if it wished to forget the material body and centre the reader's interest on the living spirit. It distinctly states that no man knew where Moses was buried. But the Moslems have a tomb for Moses all the same, a very sacred spot on the Jerusalem side of the Dead Sea, and there is said to be another and rival tomb elsewhere. Christ's tomb is also a subject of fierce debate.

Not one single letter or inscription has ever been found in any tomb in Palestine. Traditional tombs abound, however. Noah lies buried in the Valley of Lebanon; Jonah has a grave in Judea, in Nineveh, and in Phœnicia — like a country and town seat. The fact is that neither Israelites nor early Christians cared to preserve tombs.

The most likely spot to be correctly located as a tomb is the Cave of Machpelah in Hebron, in which Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob and their wives are almost certainly buried. We visited the mosque built over the cave and saw the monuments of those patriarchs, but they failed to carry much interest to our minds, for the patriarchs were buried in the cave and not in the mosque above it. Dean Stanley says that, when he visited the Holy Land many years ago, he was allowed to enter the tomb of Abraham and Jacob, but not Isaac's, or the women's tombs. The explanation was that Abraham was so good-natured that he even tried to get God to forgive Sodom, but Isaac was a jealous fellow and, when Ibrahim Pasha conquered Palestine and entered the tomb, something knocked him down, presumably Isaac. We saw the stone on the floor of the mosque which the Crusaders pried up in order to enter the cave beneath, and the iron bands with which they strapped it down again. Six steps up the outer stairway is a hole in the wall of the mosque, where Jews may come up and insert prayers to Abraham. They, the Jews, are not allowed any farther.

The foundation of the mosque probably dates from the time of Herod, but the superstructure is modern.

Legends, though used to mislead the superstitious, have great interest for most of us. As we went to Hebron, we passed the 'Field of Peas.' The Virgin Mary, when on her way to Bethlehem to be taxed, is said to have asked the owners for a few peas. She was told that it was only a field of stones; and to this day it has remained one. We saw it for ourselves. It must be confessed that it looked exactly like most of the other fields in Palestine.

On the way to Hebron we picnicked on the hill on which is shown Abraham's oak. The tree is apparently about three hundred years old. We greatly enjoyed lunch under the shadow of this old veteran. The old town of Hebron we thought a fascinating place. About 1048 B.C. David used it as a base for an army assembled from all the tribes of Israel, preparatory to his attack on Jerusalem. Here he reigned over seven years, and somewhere near was the spot where Joab, the lawless commander-in-chief of David's men, in cold blood murdered Abner, the commander-in-chief of the Israelites. Soon after that event, two young lieutenants arrived in this old town carrying a king's head with them. It was Saul's grandson, king of Israel. It also happened to be the son of David's dearest friend, Jonathan. As David had done to the man who only pretended to have slain King Saul, he at once killed them both, and, having cut off their hands and feet, he hung them up over one of the two forts, possibly the nearer one of the two that we were looking at. Oddly enough no one tried to show them to us.

A very odd fight had taken place at Gibeon close by, a little while before. One can easily picture a spot where the two armies met, and as the Bible says 'sat down' on opposite sides. General Abner proposed a gladiatorial fight by young men. A dozen volunteers on each side at once got up and 'played together.' Rough play it proved. For each

caught his opponent by the hair and buried his sword in the other's side. This led to a general mêlée, ending in Abner's men running away as hard as they could go. Indeed, so fast did they run that Asahel, who was a prize sprinter, 'fleet of foot as a young roe,' had not time to waste one moment on any one else. Racing along over these same dusty trails he then only overtook the Generalissimo, after he was evidently 'played out.' For Abner coolly turned round and said, 'If you don't leave off I shall be obliged to kill you,' and, as Asahel took no notice, he proceeded to do so with 'the butt end of his spear.' Those battles were real personal affairs.

Very wisely under British rule an International Board of Archæology has been formed and the real importance of historical events and localities publicly recognized. A Pro-Jerusalem Society protects also from vulgarities that great magnet of the world. No disfiguring advertisements are allowed, gambling and houses of ill-fame have been abolished. A Palestine Women's Council seeks to protect the welfare of the women of the country. There are fifty women's societies. The Government of Palestine strikes one as having changed from one of the worst in the world to the most suitable possible for that land, and suggests strongly that for small uneducated countries a benevolent autocracy seems preferable to a democracy. However, that hurts our sentimental talk of nationalism, which is nevertheless exceedingly poor patriotism.

Goats, locusts, cankerworm, and Turks have been hard on the trees of the Holy Land, and the latter during the War destroyed nearly every remaining tree of every kind in Palestine. As no reforestation had been carried on before the twentieth century, the absolute bareness and the lack of the traditional roses, of which we saw none anywhere, can scarcely be wondered at. In spring, olives, peaches, and plums make the valleys beautiful, and a botanist of the

American Colony shows one hundred kinds of timber trees, successfully cultivated in the country. The present Government had planted already four million fruit trees, and a real attempt at reforestation had begun. For all that, the Japanese are still leading the world in their emphasis on trees in their possessions.

A Government department loans small sums now to encourage the cultivation of fields, and most of these are repaid. Public instruction is also given freely as to how best to redeem and use the land, as the farmers here were in extremities of poverty. New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont, in the United States, are to-day losing their farming populations, but only because farming no longer supplies the farmer's present demands: cars, radios, and college educations. In India, starvation of cultivators is common, and it took benevolence through such channels as the Reverend Sam P. Higginbottom's agricultural schools at Allahabad to start the ball rolling for better agriculture. By obtaining permission to switch the drains of the great city of Allahabad through pipes across the Ganges, instead of into it, he has shown that he can grow corn twelve feet high, where once it would not grow at all, and has increased the value of his patches some forty fold. Feeding the hungry thus is surely one of the truest Christian messages of love.

CHAPTER V

JERUSALEM AND GALILEE

THIS is no place to catalogue relics and holy spots, but some are curious enough to hold even a sceptic's interest. The extraordinary building known as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with its quarrelling shareholders, may one day cease to be a scandal in the name of Christianity. In the church, however, is an authentic tomb, that of the tutor of King Henry III's family, a certain Sir Philip D'Aubigny, who must have moved heaven and earth to get there. When one remembers the difficulties most of us have in getting to Jerusalem even now, his persistence is encouraging. Probably no one will ever dig him up. This reflection seemed to offer some antidote to the discouragement caused by seeing the failure of the utmost efforts of the earth's mightiest conquerors in Egypt in their struggle with death. Here in a simple grave was just the restfulness of sleep for a tired mortal who had achieved his end. Here was 'the sailor home from the sea, and the hunter home from the hill.' It was such a contrast to the sham of the Angel's Chapel under the rotunda, with its 'stone which the angels rolled away from the mouth of Christ's tomb,' a stone stolen anyhow by Armenians from the ante-chapel; and worse still, with its central altar with the two holes in the side, from which it is still pretended that sacred fire direct from heaven issues every Easter, to light pilgrims' candles that are carried all over the East; or finally with its 'tomb of Christ' which is five feet long. It is said, and by some believed, that under that marble slab is the rock tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa. Another chapel is called the chapel of the 'Apparition.' On the spot that this chapel covers they say Christ met Mary

Magdalene. Behind an altar is a latticed niche in the wall, through which one can poke a stick and touch 'the pillar of the scourging.' A little farther are Godfrey de Bouillon's spurs and sword. In yet another chapel is 'the centre of the earth.' In another you can see where 'Saint Helena sat when they were digging for the true Cross.' They found here also the crosses of the two thieves, the crown of thorns, the nails, and Pilate's inscription. Later, we saw the cleft in the rock and the socket where the cross stood. Then we saw the Chapel of Adam below the Chapel of the Nailing to the Cross. An old legend says that our Lord's blood ran down from the cross through a cleft in the rock into Adam's skull and restored him to life.

By that time we had had enough of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and went to see the Ecce Homo Arch where Christ was pointed out by Pilate to the crowds, and the triple arch He passed under after being condemned to be crucified. The Ecce Homo Arch is partly in the street and partly in the Chapel of the Sisters of Zion Convent. The kindly Sisters showed us the actual old pavement many feet below the present level of the street, and said to have been the floor of Pilate's seat of judgment, the Gabbatha. Deeply grooved in the worn flagstones were the lines for the games of the Roman soldiers. The ancient arch and the worn and uneven pavement, protected in the quiet convent and shut away from the din of a modern Jerusalem street outside, were impressive and satisfactory.

An antiquarian friend from the American colony was so generous as to come everywhere with us. When he showed us a fake that was palpable, and we objected, he merely repeated: 'My people love to have it so.' 'Men love darkness rather than light.' Dr. Thomson in his book takes the view that the fact that people have 'in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre expressed their faith and love in and for the great events that without doubt changed the world, and on

which so many pin all their hopes for eternity and their solace in this world, should beget in visitors reverence and sympathy with this most interesting half-acre in the world.' Dean Stanley, after referring to some of the pitched battles between the sects that own various bits of this great communal religious beehive, regretting that the mediæval churches by force or fraud strove to enrich themselves in chapels and relics at the expense of their neighbours, and recognized their common enemy the Turk as dearer than rival Christians, says truly: 'Ecclesiastical history has not been all dissension, nor is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at all times and in all places a mere battleground of its several occupants. The average traveller sees all nations, kindreds, and languages, each with its own rites, and worshipping in one spot. That is the unique sight through the ages, and once they all believed it was the site of the tomb of their common Lord.' We felt how small our own sacrifices in life for Christ have been, compared with those of these countless thousands, who through the ages have made pilgrimages to this spot, to say nothing of rich men like Godfrey and Baldwin, heroic knights, who left everything, and chose to be buried here at the foot of Calvary.

Somehow, though, it is so entirely different from anything that has actuated our own lives that, if we must tell the truth, we went away with a feeling that, if Christ came to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to-day, He would, as of old, sweep out all these shams, swindles, and palpable falsehoods, as making His house into a den of thieves rather than a house of prayer. To give offence hurts every one, and these words will, I fear, offend some readers. I must ask them to remember that we realize our own shortcomings, while we respect every man's real faith, if it is one that is evidenced by its fruit. In our work we never ask a man what he believes or how he gets his inspiration. Jews, Catholics, and Protestants — Trinitarians, Unitarians, and

men like Thomas of old, men with no faith at all — all work together in Labrador without ever a quarrel about 'beliefs.' We know we believe differently, and love one another none the less for it. Our Lord gave the bread, sopped in the wine, as the last token of His great love to Judas Iscariot, even though He knew Judas had no belief in Him at the moment. Moreover, He worked with Judas. It is expressly stated that He sent him out 'to heal the sick and preach the gospel.' There would be no use in this record of our attempt to learn more about the coming of the Kingdom of Righteousness if we did not chronicle truly our own reactions to these 'religious centres.' We can only hope that our deductions place no stumbling-block in the way of others. For at bottom we hold one common faith, and our apparent differences are as nothing in comparison with our one great hope. Moreover, the Holy Land is at least itself holy to us. Jerusalem and Bethlehem are where they were, and so are the Sea of Galilee and the river of Jordan. Above all, there one can understand the Bible better. The symbolism that our Lord made use of is at least plain to us in Palestine, and in the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley, the fig trees, and the olive, the vine and its branches, the shepherd going before his sheep, we seem to hear Him plainer, so far as our five senses go.

This generation does not know its Bible like the last. An American whom our archæological friend was piloting around Jerusalem suddenly said: 'If I had known that this country had so much to do with the Bible, I would have brought one.' A knowledge of the Bible, it has been said — and there is much truth in it — is a better education without a college course than a college education without a knowledge of the Bible.

Jerusalem is a city set on hills, far more than Rome ever was. There were four, though, as a safeguard against besiegers, they were divided at times against each other, es-

pecially when Titus was besieging the city. The Temple was on a peak by itself, and was the most sacred spot, ever since David and Solomon put their temple on it. On the top of it the Bible relates that Abraham prepared to offer up Isaac as a sacrifice. Solomon's Temple lasted four hundred years, then the Babylonians destroyed it, and it lay in waste one hundred years. It was then rebuilt by returning exiles. Four hundred years later the Romans plundered the Temple, and Herod rebuilt it once more just before Christ was born, and finally with the rest of Jerusalem it was utterly demolished by the Romans in 70 A.D.

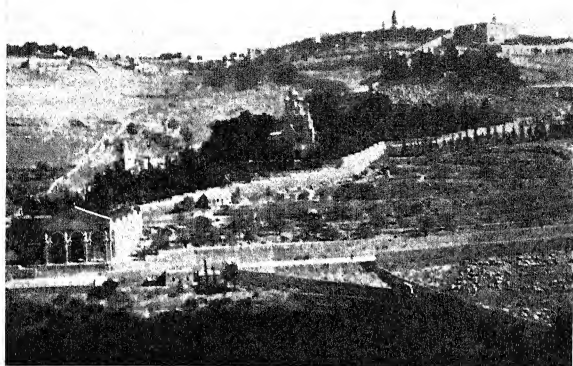
The deep valleys on each side of the city are the Valley of Hell Fire on one side and the Valley of Judgment on the other. The third valley has vanished, being filled up with rubbish. The early Christians, says Stanley, considered the rock top, which is now exactly under the wonderful 'Dome of the Rock' in the Mosque of Omar, to be the Moslem 'Holy of Holies' — so it is said they did all they could to defile it, but the Crusaders built a fine church over the rock. The Mohammedans made it second only to Mecca in sacredness, because the rock, they supposed, was Jacob's pillar at Bethel. It was the 'rock of prophecy,' and they said prophecy ceased with Mohammed's advent. When Mohammed left to fly up to heaven, he trod last on this rock, and it would have flown away with him had not the Angel Gabriel held it down. We saw the place of Mohammed's last footprint and the finger marks where Gabriel held the rock down! When the Crusaders took it, they claimed the footmark was where the Prophet last trod when he ran away from the Jews. They claimed also that Christ was circumcised here, and that here the angel appeared to Zacharias.

Any one can get a pass now to enter the Mosque of Omar. We were taken down under the rock into a cave, the middle of the floor of which is covered by a marble slab over a hol-

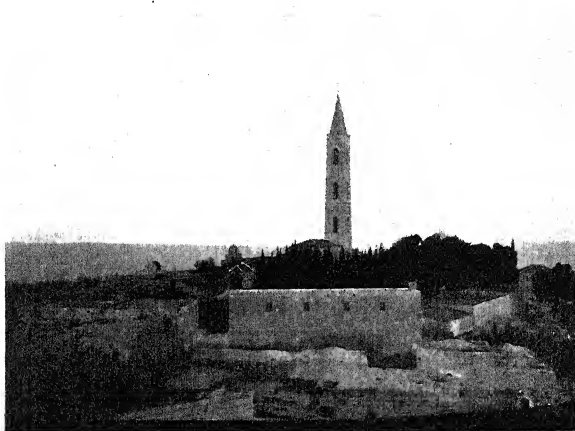
low, probably a well. This was said to be the place where the souls dwelt between earth and heaven, and here you could come to talk to the dead about any problem that they could help out with. One day, however, a mother was so excited at hearing her boy's voice that she jumped into the cavern, and so, for safety's sake, it was covered as it is to-day. Moreover, the reports which the people brought back into the town of what the dead had told them caused so much trouble that it would have had to be closed anyhow! The cave is about seven feet high. In the rock of the roof is a very considerable hole which Mohammed made when he bumped his head getting up from prayer! Here the Angel of Death, when he was engaged in killing people in Jerusalem because of David's sins, appeared to a man called Araunah, and stopped the plague. As the sacrifices were offered on the slab of stone above, the cave was really a drain for blood and other remains of animals.

At the top of the north flight of terrace steps is the Dome of Saint George, the site of Solomon's tormenting the demons — Moslem legend claims that when he completed his temple he invited all the monarchs of the earth to come to the dedication, including the King of the Genii. All the others sent him valuable gifts. When asked why he had not done so, the King of the Genii replied: 'Mine is the most precious and imperishable of all. My subjects may do harm even to your temple, but they dare not pass a hackberry tree, so I am putting a belt of them around all the temple.' One of these trees still remains, and its wood is a potent charm against evil spirits.

Just beyond the wonderfully carved cedar pulpit in the mosque are two niches, one dedicated to Christ, whose footprint is shown, and the other to Moses. Directly inside the entrance of the mosque is a spot called 'Tomb of the Sons of Aaron.' It is said that here is the last resting-place of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, who made a pilgrimage of



GETHSEMANE AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES



THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

penance to Jerusalem. The Well of the Leaf is near by with the invariable legend connected with it. A companion of Omar dropped his jug into the well, went after it, passed through a door into an orchard, and picked a leaf which never faded. So he knew that he had visited Paradise. In the substructure at the south side we saw the vestibule of the Double Gate or Huldah Portal of the Talmud. Christ must have passed through this gate often, coming up into the Temple enclosure.

In one of the chapels the cradle of the Infant Jesus is shown. This is commonly reported to have been Simeon's room, and the local guides inform the tourist that, after the Presentation, the Virgin spent some days here. Mohammedan tradition has it that on the Judgment Day a bridge of horsehair (Sirat) will be drawn across the Valley of Olivet, and Christ will sit on a column in the Haram Wall, with Mohammed opposite on Olivet. All men must then try to walk across the vale on the slender line, the good succeeding and the wicked falling into hell beneath.

As we passed out through Solomon's Porch, thousands of fanatical religionists were pouring in to prayer. Some still looked askance and bitterly at the infidel walking in their sacred place. The sight of that crowd made one realize the marvellous courage of a lonely Galilean Carpenter, who dared single-handed to upset the tables of the money-changers of the great men of the city and equally fanatical religionists of His day, and calmly to take the consequences. That courage, at least, no man has ever improved upon.

At lunch, our delightful host, Bishop MacInness, of Saint George's Cathedral, showed us a real memento; the table on which the last surrender of Jerusalem was signed. The fine Cathedral Church is near the old third wall of the city, and probably therefore very near the real site of Calvary.

The view on the road to Bethel is beautiful. At the spot where Jacob had his vision of the ladder reaching to heaven,

the hill is a series of natural steps or rock terraces. There is still no lack of stone for pillars. Near by is a pillar he put up to mark the grave of Rachel.

We visited the Moravian Leper Hospital and the American schools this day. Lepers are getting well now. Like dysentery and smallpox leprosy is understood better, and an oil, a specific in many cases, has been found to cure it. At dinner that night from the Governor of Palestine, Sir Herbert, and Lady Samuels, we learned a good deal of modern efforts of every kind to build up a new Palestine. He is himself a Jew, and the Arabs, harping on the promise Earl Balfour made to the Zionists on behalf of England, were very suspicious of him. Although he had been wonderfully successful, he was leaving. He said he felt 'it was time a Christian had a try at it.' Both he and Sir Ronald Storrs, Governor of Jerusalem, are popular and efficient men, commanding the people's confidence, which is the one thing needful. It is a sense of insecurity over six hundred years that has killed Palestine.

Some amusing stories about American tourists were told us, and were as credible as most of the other stories in which the country abounds. One man who was 'doing' Palestine in two and a half days, on leaving asked the hostess whether Nazareth was a place or a person. Our antiquarian friend was asked if the Sea of Galilee was inside or outside the walls of Jerusalem; and another man of an inquiring mind, looking at a picture labelled 'the Fourteenth Station of the Cross,' asked, 'What does a town like Jerusalem want with fourteen stations?'

Climbing down into the Valley of Kedron one day, my friend pointed out what probably is really a remnant of the Tower of Siloam, that 'fell down and killed eighteen men.' We came back by the Valley of Hinnom, that became Gehenna, 'the Worst Place.' It is not any worse than any other valley, but fires to destroy dead bodies and waste

offal were always kept burning in it — and so our term 'hell' was derived.

Below is the Virgin's Fountain, a long low cave in the rock, into which you descend twenty-five feet by rough stone steps. The people are always coming in and out, as they go down to get water. A subterranean passage connects this fountain with the Pool of Siloam, the water passing completely through the lofty, wedge-shaped cliff above by a channel one third of a mile long. One of the most creepy bits of exploration of which I have read was done here. Dr. Robinson and Dr. Smith, two famous English explorers, crawled right through it, and out the other side. The passage has some forty turns in it, and becomes so small — only eighteen inches in places — that they had to crawl flat on their stomachs. At one point the water suddenly rose and left only four inches of air space below the rocky roof, and only by twisting their necks as they lay could they breathe. They had not expected this sudden rise of water, but it apparently is a periodic occurrence, and at the Pool of Siloam at the other end was called 'the troubling of the waters.' That was attributed to an angel, and the first man to jump in got cured of any sickness from which he was suffering. Apparently, it is partially used as a drain, and a shaft leads down into it from the Temple, which is directly above. It is said that that shaft was cut by King Hezekiah so that when he was besieged the enemy could not, from outside the walls, cut him off from a water supply. I started to walk up it from the Pool of Siloam side, but when a little way along I was halted by loud shrieks of women's voices, and hastily retired, for my guide realized that a number of girls were taking their periodical tub in its most disappointing waters.

We visited a Moslem school and were courteously entertained by the head master. It was a great improvement on the Al Azhar University of Cairo. As we sat at coffee on the

porch, a crowd of pilgrims led by some monks marched unceremoniously into the courtyard. Immediately all knelt down and said some prayers, and as incontinently disappeared again. We were told that this was the First Station of the Cross. Our host, the Mohammedan teacher, told us that some of his boys, Boy Scouts, had that morning picked up a woman who had been run over, and, breaking school rules, had taken her to the hospital. On their return to school, they told their story to him and he expunged the black mark for unpunctuality.

The Jews' Wailing Place is rather pathetic — symbolic of a nation without a home, or rather in sight of its home but not allowed to enter. A legend says that one morning Mohammed came along and prayed to get into the Temple. He kept walking around it, but David was trying to keep him out. Suddenly the wall gave way, Mohammed slipped in, and David was left out. The Jews have wailed there ever since. This is as true as most other legends. The fact is the Jews there 'water with their tears the soil which many thousands of their forefathers watered with their blood.' The Temple gone, and the Jews forbidden to enter it by the Emperor Hadrian, those who were left and had any patriotism must have often wept. Once a year only, on the anniversary of its destruction, were they allowed to enter their sacred Temple precincts and wail over its destruction, and they had to pay Roman soldiers highly even for that sorry privilege.

The journey from Galilee to Jerusalem was a serious undertaking in Christ's time. It is a pleasant drive to-day, for the roads are quite good and safe, and the distance only about one hundred and fifty miles. A lack of good hotels may hold back some of the valuable tourist traffic, as the lack of surveys and the difficulty of obtaining valid titles impede the cultivation of the land. A good hydropathic hotel would probably develop the hot springs of Tiberias.

As we passed near Samaria, at a curve in the road our friend pointed out the spot where, six or eight months previously, three automobiles had been stopped and robbed. The Governor had ordered the two nearest villages to maintain at their own expense a strong guard there until the robbers were captured, with very happy results.

Many places of interest are passed on the way. Jacob's well came first, the spot where Christ spoke with the woman of Samaria. It still has good water in it, as we can testify since we went down into it and drank some. After all, reckoned in geological time, a couple of thousand years is nothing. The sequence of events soon passes from memory, but crowded into this one drive was Nob, where David lied to the priests in order to get food and weapons, when he was escaping from Saul. As a result, Saul sent and killed the whole eighty-five priests, and every man, woman, child, and beast in this village. We passed Gibeah also — Saul's home — where Scripture says a hundred thousand people perished in a week's fighting, caused by a gross outrage committed on a traveller passing through the country. In addition, the cities and villages and cattle around were all destroyed, and the tribe of Benjamin nearly wiped out, because each tribe swore never again to let its men marry the daughters of Benjamin. To save the tribe, a city across the Jordan, that had not helped in the battles, was brutally sacrificed, all except four hundred wives being put to the sword. As that did not yield wives enough, a raid on yet another town was authorized, and all their daughters carried off. The story ends by saying, rather cynically: 'There was no king in those days. Every man did that which was right in his own eyes.'

Ramah, where Deborah dwelt, the woman warrior who drove out their Midianite conquerors under Sisera, interested us greatly. She was, besides being an Amazon, no mean poetess, leaving a fine song of victory that has come

down to us through the ages. Samuel, the greatest of the Judges, also lived and was buried there. Even Stratford-on-Avon gave nothing more valuable to the world than did this village. Shechem, the national capital of the country, lies on the fertile slope of the mountain range, and once ruled as far as east of the Jordan. The stories of this city, as recounted, are so weird and so detailed that to-day they sound like tales of prehistoric savages rather than of a 'chosen people.' Crime, brutality, slaughter fill up the tales. One story begins with the murder of his 'seventy brothers' by a man called Abimelech, who was at once proclaimed king. It reminded us of the pathetic group of little graves in the sultan's tombs in Constantinople, each with a little red fez on the top, grouped all around their father's tomb, each of them having been killed at his death, so that only one son might be left and no civil warfare ensue. Abimelech's untimely end came when 'a woman threw a millstone' at him and fractured his skull. Surely a mean death for a king!

Bethel cheered us up a little. For although Jacob, who named it, was a most unattractive character to a modern Anglo-Saxon, at least he recognized something outside of himself, and named it 'the house of God.' Later, one of its people betrayed the whole place to save his own life. Here also King Jeroboam, whose picture we saw in Egypt where he was being dragged about in chains by Pharaoh, set up a golden calf for worship and 'made Israel to sin.' Subsequently, King Josiah came down and cleaned up the town, and even dug up all the prophets' bones and 'defiled them,' except those of the man who had prophesied long before that he would come and do this. This man, Amos, a common small farmer, stood up against both the king and the chief priest, and his fine book of prophecies is well worth study. He assured them all that, for their idolatries, 'Bethel shall come to naught'; and, as we looked at it, we felt he had been thoroughly justified.

After lunch came Dothan, where Joseph carried food and supplies to his brothers who were herding cattle there. Here they threw him into a pit, sold him into slavery, and pretended to their father that some kind of wild beast had destroyed him. It was the same Joseph, the man whose canal in Egypt we saw still giving food and life to thousands. To-day to prevent recurrence of famines such as drove old Jacob to the land of Egypt, irrigation loans by the Palestine Government are being made. Also, two fine schools have been established to give practical technical education — one teaching in Hebrew and one in Arabic — and both paid for by a millionaire Jew living in China!

A furious downpour set in as we passed Gilboa, famous for the last stand of King Saul with his son Jonathan and his brothers against the Philistines, and on the top of which hill, after their defeat, they all in turn fell on their swords and perished. Here the enemy found the bodies, cut off the king's head, and fastened his body to the wall of the temple of the Moon God, 'publishing the fact in the house of their idols.' But a few brave men from Jabesh, just as Sabna did in Egypt, made a sudden descent on the temple and carried off the king's body and burned it. The Lament of David over Saul is one of the most beautiful things David did, and is an epic to-day.

The next place — Jezreel — will probably still be famous when New York is forgotten. There the worst king of Israel lived, and the worst queen, if history is correct; Ahab and Jezebel. There was poor Naboth's vineyard, the one ewe lamb which the rich scoundrels stole, after murdering him by stoning him on evidence of false witnesses, whom they themselves suborned. For all ages this will stand out as a symbol of the lowest kind of brutality, 'for there was none like to Ahab, he sold himself to do wickedness.' The grim justice that overtook these partners was also unique. For a queen to be thrown out of a window and eaten, still

living, by dogs is not a common form of retribution, the king sharing the same fate, though he had the luck to be shot by a stray arrow first. The association, too, of this bloodthirsty tyrant with one of the finest, and bravest and most humble characters in history, adds eternal interest to Jezreel. It was here that Elijah the Tishbite, rugged and simple and alone, faced that royal couple and told them to their faces: 'Dogs shall lick up thy blood in this place, where they licked the blood of Naboth.'

In my own memory as a boy, Jezreel stands out far more for the still more exciting story of Jehu. It always thrilled me, like that of Sister Anne in Bluebeard's house rushing up and down into the tower to see if help was coming to save her sister from murder, and then seeing the cloud of dust and the avenger drawing nearer. Across the gently sloping plain of Esdraelon, that now lay spread out at our feet, Jehu drove, as I should love to have done, 'furiously,' with his brave heart full of righteous horror and anger, and his courageous answer to the king, who called out: 'Is it peace, O Jehu?' I often wished I had been there to have given that answer myself: 'What peace so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel and her witchcrafts are so many?' And then, still going, like Buffalo Bill, he drew his big bow 'with his full strength,' and the arrow drove clean through the king's heart, and 'he sunk down in his chariot.' It is a brave story and I loved it, especially when the hero got out of the chariot and looked at the villain, and then said to Bidkar his captain (how often I have wished I had been even Bidkar!), 'Take up and cast him in the portion of the field of Naboth the Jezreelite.' As the Lord said: 'Surely I have seen yesterday the blood of Naboth and the blood of his sons, and I will requite thee in this plot.' We tried to picture a speeding chariot tearing along the road across the plain that we were now crossing. If only we could have loaned him our car! One of the pieces of the Bible I liked least was

the prophecy of Hosea, who was pessimistic from the first about this man Jehu, who did so many other courageous things, even if he did make an awful mess of it at the end.

Passing on, we came to Shunem, where the Philistines drew up their army before the last fight with Saul. Here once lived a very poor woman who laid out a tiny room with a couch and a candle for a prophet, Elisha. He used to come in and sleep as he passed through the village. When he offered to get her husband promotion in the king's service, she said simply, 'I dwell among mine own people.' The prophet's man, like him, was a wide-awake fellow, and suggested she had no son, so Elisha told her she would have one, just as Sarah and Elizabeth were told beforehand, when they also were quite old. Years later this child was out playing in the field and got sunstroke. The prophet was away, but the mother ran at once all the way to Mount Carmel (not more than an hour or two in our car), found him, and insisted on his coming immediately. Elisha could not go fast enough, so he sent on his servant 'to lay his staff' on the child's face, which the hurrying Gehazi did, only to meet his master and the mother with 'The child is not yet awakened.' Elisha went into the chamber, prayed, stretched himself on the child, and it 'woke' again. After all, had they had cars, the whole story would have been spoilt!

The valley of Esdraelon and the plain of Jezreel are the parts of Palestine that are the hope of the Zionists for a self-supporting home for the Jewish nation and on which they count most. It, and the plain south of it, across Carmel, are the richest and most level parts of Palestine. There are one hundred or more of these Jewish agricultural colonies established by immigration, and some in this very valley. Slowly they are making good. They are on different bases — in some they have all things in common; in others they share proportionately, owning only the land communally. In spite of the fact that agriculture is not considered a Jew-

ish specialty, there is a spirit of idealism and unselfishness that is a good augury for the permanent success of these attempts. So far, the settlements run on private ownership are most successful. The communists are being eliminated as they proved failures. There are also many private farms. The coöperative settlements we saw round Vienna, established by the help of the Society of Friends and others after the War, displayed this same communal spirit, and were a wonderful inspiration as to what can be accomplished if selfishness can only be eliminated. The river Kedron, 'that ancient river,' flows through this valley into the sea.

Still driving north, we passed Mount Tabor, down which Gideon crept with his ten thousand men, of whom he had to dismiss nine thousand seven hundred before he attacked the Midianites, and slew, with the help of the rest (so the record states), one hundred and twenty-five thousand men with their swords, or about four hundred men each. Besides this no inconsiderable feat, on the way back he caught and punished the men of Succoth who would not help him with food when he and his men were in a condition described as 'faint yet pursuing.'

On the sides — or terraces rather — of these mountains there is enough scrub growth to show that cultivation would easily reforest them, and that the hillsides of Galilee could support a population which was willing to work, if only security were guaranteed to them and to their property. The same is true of the country as far south as the dry lands beyond Beersheba, where oases could be formed if only it were made worth sinking wells by pledging safety to the owners. The countless signs of former towns and villages prove this, for at one period, as history shows, the Romans exported much produce from this district.

It was lunch-time when we at last reached Nazareth. A good, clean, small hotel entertained us. This traditional Nazareth is a prosperous place on a beautiful but very real

hill, as unlike the village we had expected to find as could be. It is a very steep climb up to it. Later we visited the Scottish Missionary Hospital and the large camp for destitute Armenian orphans, splendidly run by the Near-East Relief workers. Their work was everywhere on really excellent lines. The children all worked, all lived simply, all learned useful trades, and all seemed healthy, happy, and developing body, soul, and spirit. We enjoyed immensely each of their stations that we visited. We also visited here a carpenter's shop, which they say is very much the same as the one Joseph probably ran when Christ was working with him here at his home. Judging by the trade conservatism displayed by the Joppa fishermen, and even the fittings of the shop, one can well believe it. Our visit to this country helped us greatly to visualize Christ's life, to understand many things previously wrongly interpreted, and to make it seem more natural and less thaumaturgical. It also drew out our affection for His personality, His bravery, simplicity, and infinitely marvellous wisdom.

Thence we drove on for tea to Tiberias, at the Scotch Hospital. Somehow, the Lake or Sea of Galilee held much more of a thrill for us than the places we had passed. Here at least the main features were much the same. Here were the mountains Christ trod, the waters He cruised over. The journey had taken us past Mount Carmel, where the scene of the great story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal is located, then through Cana of Galilee, where Christ went to the wedding feast. Cana is a humble little place, and somehow suited one's idea of our Lord's first miracle. The comrade who would invite a laborer's son to his wedding would probably be a humble man, and probably a poor man, judging by the fact that his wine supply ran out so soon and apparently his credit also. Still, a ruler or a nobleman lived there also, a man of unusual faith in Christ's power, through which faith Jesus was able later to heal his sick son. He may

have got his faith in Christ at that very village wedding feast. Here also Nathaniel lived, of whom it is specially recorded that he was 'an Israelite without guile.' Fig trees, such as he sat under, still flourish. Alas, there is another Cana near by in these days, also claiming to be the old site. One of the most wonderful things about Palestine to us was the precaution that seems to have been taken by the Almighty that the New Testament sites should not be a cause of temptation to mankind to make religion a cult of material things. Dean Stanley says: 'The Old Testament is the history of a race, but the New Testament an address to the inner life of the whole world. One is concrete, the other abstract. One actual, the other ideal.' Yet many seem to be always striving to make some things and some places holier than others, and to exchange the vital religion of Christ, which was a 'way of living,' for dry doctrines and creeds.

The Hill of Beatitudes, which we passed next, is said to be the same on which Saladin won his victory over the Crusaders in 1187. It stands less than one hundred feet high above this plain of Esdraelon, but has a broad space on the top, and is the only likely place near about that could conveniently be used from which to make a great throng of people hear. It was a strange event that was staged on this hill that July morning nearly seven hundred and fifty years ago. Both opposing armies were Crusaders. Along the top was the Christian Crusaders' host, making its last stand of a long struggle. All around the foot was Saladin's army. He was a Kurd, became ruler of Egypt, and, being a fanatical Moslem, proclaimed a holy war against the Christians. Jerusalem had already fallen before him, and the hope of Christendom was fought for on this ridge that day. Saladin's men stormed the hill; and so ended the crusade in miserable defeat. If the Founder of our faith really did lay down the precepts for His followers on this spot, was it not an appropriate place for them to realize that their ways were not His

ways, and that really they were defeated before the battle began?

Bethsaida, where Andrew, Philip, and Peter lived and fished, means 'the house of fisheries.' Here Christ made His home when He was rejected by His own people, and here He met the crowds of people who lived, and traded, and came for pleasure on the shore of the beautiful lake. For the Lake of Gennesaret is tropical compared with the high hills of Judea, owing to its being nearly seven hundred feet below sea level. Once the country round was rich in the products of the fields. Palm trees, flowers, hot springs, and a great variety of abundant vegetables still make it a very attractive locality. Moreover, though the country is curiously volcanic in origin, the cliffs are not sheer and barren like the seacoast of Labrador, but grassy slopes are interspersed with steep hills, and a fine beach and good anchorages are to be found around most of it, especially near the north and south ends, where the Jordan enters and leaves. A veritable cloudburst poured down as we drove north from Tiberias along the lake to Tabagha, where we spent the night under the care of the genial Father Tepper at his hospital and charming little monastery.

I have purposely put into this chapter a great many interesting places seen in one day. Even then, by no means all are even hinted at. The reason for this is that it emphasizes our realization that Palestine is not the great big country we imagined in our youth, but just a little place crowded with endless associations of deep meaning and interest. It shows also, if you go there well-grounded in the old history, and have read also some of the latest reports of excavations and research, what an immense amount of pleasure and profit one can derive in one short day, and that without any great expenditure. These are some of the reasons we love Palestine, and why, if God spares us, we certainly intend to visit it again, in spite of all the trickery and imposture of the

so-called 'sacred sites,' which indeed deceive nobody after all.

Some say old Capernaum lay a little bit to the eastward of this monastery; others say west. To us the whole place was Capernaum with a hill or two on either side forming the frame of the picture. Rising at daybreak we went for a swim in this lake of lakes, and also watched some fishermen catch a 'school' of small fish in a net. Even a brass image under those circumstances would have slid back down the mental plane to the day when Christ showed Peter exactly whereabouts on this beach to lower his net. There is nothing very miraculous about that. I myself saw an old skipper doing it, and hauling a good catch. We bought some and had them cooked for our dinner. It took three of them to satisfy me.

On the strength derived from them, we rowed in a hired boat to the marble ruins of a temple or synagogue near an ancient landing, the place now officially called Tel Houm or Capernaum. About half a mile before we reached the landing, the condition of our boat, which leaked like the proverbial sieve, suggested why a storm in a lake of this size might be dangerous to poor fishermen like the Disciples. It was at Capernaum that Christ healed the centurion's servant who was 'grievously tormented with the palsy.' The cure was attributed to the centurion's faith. He journeyed all the way to this village in person for his servant's sake, and possibly landed in the very bay where we did. Here also another man with palsy was let down through a roof to be healed, lowered possibly over the portico into the central courtyard of the house. A man with a palsied hand was also healed here.

Inability to do things resulting from such diseases as palsy, blindness, and leprosy seemed to appeal to Christ as especially pathetic. The only class of people He consigned to hell, or the 'place prepared for the devil and his angels,' were those who did not do things to help other folk. He was no heresy hunter. He was neither Modernist nor Fundamen-



SUNSET ON THE SEA OF GALILEE



CAPERNAUM

talist. We are all apt to look on the man who differs from us as superstitious or wicked. The monotheistic Jew, Christian, and Moslem were all alike protests against anthropomorphic and polytheistic religion. Many Jews to-day still believe that their Messiah will rise one day in bodily form from this lake, just as many Christians believed He did appear near to it after His resurrection. In Jerusalem the Moslem shows you the footmark where the material Mohammed took off on his last leap for heaven. No one knows it all, as science has clearly demonstrated. Why, therefore, do men hate so the fellow who differs from themselves?

Father Tepper told us an amusing legend of a native of this region who married six times, and each time lost his wife at the birth of the first child. So to propitiate the death angel on the seventh occasion, he was solemnly married to a cow, which he killed, and then married the lady of his choice and had many children and lived happily ever after.

Papyrus is still grown here, though long extinct in Egypt, and we noticed that the people still whitewash the tombs. We thought of the 'whited sepulchres' which Christ used as a synonym for some bigoted religionists of His day. Here on the shores of this lake the first Disciples were called. Of those who answered, most were fishermen. Those who 'go down to the sea in ships' are still simple folk to-day. Even the naval man is different from any landsman. Seafarers are forced to realize, more than those who never 'do their business in great waters,' that man can well afford to follow the instincts of his heart, and trust in some one bigger than himself. In a gale of wind, his brain realizes how very finite are its horizons. It took a heap of pluck to follow Christ.

To this spot, Christ came back after the Resurrection to His home and friends. It does not seem as if that could have been a human idea, just because it is so human. An ordinary man would have walked back into Pilate's judgment hall, and an ordinary author would certainly have made his hero

do so. Those who knew Christ best never magnified His valuation of the miraculous. An impostor, moreover, inventing the story would probably have made the Ascension take place from the roof of the Temple in Jerusalem.

On the east side of the lake, opposite Tiberias, we saw the hills of Gadara, where pork-eating renegades kept pigs, just as the prodigal son did. Saint John wrote that one day the people noticed there was only one boat at Tiberias, and that the Disciples left to cross the lake in her without Jesus. The people wanted to see Him, but could not find Him, so next day a number of them sailed across and were astonished to find He was ahead of them. Coincidentally, three Evangelists say He walked across the water during the evening before.

Before we started to motor back to Jerusalem, Father Tepper gave us a final excellent picnic in his beautiful little gardens. We stopped again for tea with Dr. Torrence, of the Scotch Hospital at Tiberias. He is a very busy man, and in his clinic does many things daily that would pass for miracles even to-day, if they were described by local fishermen, such as the Evangelists were. Incidentally, a furious storm of wind and rain again overtook us on the way, but, as we looked at it, the lake did not seem dangerous to us accustomed to the North Atlantic breezes. We slept at Nazareth with Dr. Bathgate, and next day saw him accomplish more miracles of healing. If a qualified doctor of even fifty years ago could see what is done to cure sick people in Nazareth to-day, in Christ's Name, he would simply say, 'Miraculous!' The radio enabled us to 'listen in' to Jerusalem quite well, and in fancy we 'listened in' with the Nazareth folk of long ago to the secret council of the Sanhedrim that met in Jerusalem to get an inconvenient man put out of the way — One in whom even a Roman Governor could find no fault.

It rained all the way to Jerusalem without a moment's let-up, and we understood fully why Elijah told the king to

hustle when he heard 'the sound of abundance of rain' so that 'the rain stop thee not,' and why he himself girded his loins and ran faster than the horses and chariot. We dined that night with the Governor of Palestine. All stoves had been removed from Government House because they did not go well with the furniture. We were cold when we got there, and we had forgotten to prepare for an English house anyhow. But we were fully compensated by the more than generous hospitality, and learned much about Palestine from the viewpoint of a remarkable and unusually able man.

CHAPTER VI

PROBLEMS OF PALESTINE: BETHLEHEM, SYRIA, AND TRANSJORDANIA

As a country, Palestine was to us most like Greece, and in its problems not at all unlike our own in Newfoundland. Its exact boundaries were never defined; to-day it covers about one hundred and ten by fifty miles. It is small, and described as dry, stony, treeless, 'a parched land in which no water is.' Four trains have to carry up eighty thousand tons of Nile water to Jerusalem each day. It was prophesied that Jerusalem should never be finally taken till the Nile flowed into the city. Its waters are now piped to the plateau and carried up thence. The Lebanon and Hermon are in Syria, so Palestine has no marked scenic beauty. Its lakes cannot compare with the Italian, English, or American ones. Of late some oil has been discovered, but so far no mineral wealth. Its present output of grain, oil, wine, milk, or honey is practically nothing. It has no rivers except the Jordan and Kedron, which latter almost dries up in summer. It has singularly few wells. Its population has diminished a thousandfold through the centuries. The beauty of its wonderful wild flowers fades as the spring goes; its pastures are thin and scanty. It has very little arable land, but it is rich in rock tombs and caves, in the well-trodden paths of armies, in old battle sites and ruined homes. Set between the desert and the deep gorge on the east and the broad ocean on the west, with its north and south 'way by the sea' only partly barred by Mount Carmel and at Beirut by the Lebanon, and its way by the Jordan Valley forming the only channels between the two ancient civilizations of Egypt and Mesopotamia, its history presents a steady pageant of armies marching to and fro in search of world conquest, leaving ruin and

desolation in their track. But, like Greece, it has been so much talked of in religious lore and song and story that it has ever attracted folk filled with the impulse that finds in physical difficulties only new things to be overcome, the joys of new achievements to be tasted. Certainly one of its best assets is the constant challenge of the desert that tries to penetrate into it, as the increasing sand dunes creeping in along the shore before the southeast winds and steadily lessening the already too small fertile land of the maritime plain. The heat of Palestine at certain seasons has a modifying influence on its people's character, but perhaps this challenge also helps to make them a hardy people.

Palestine is really a narrow pathway between the two great cradles of the human race: the lofty Arabian Desert on one side backing the deep Jordan Valley, an ocean on the other; lofty mountains on the north, the desert of Sinai on the south.

At no time was Palestine ever but partly held by the Jews, and that portion they obtained by turning other people out. The Philistines, after whom it is named, never held half of it. Moslems have held the whole of it now for eight hundred years. It is not nearly big enough even for the eight to ten millions Jews that there are in Europe, as it is only ten thousand square miles. It is not intended to make the whole of it into a home for the Jewish Nation. The rights of its present owners are guaranteed both by the League of Nations and the British who are its mandatory. Even the idea of a national home for Jews in Palestine, under the name of the Palestinian Nation, was opposed at first by the Zionist organization itself, for fear the Jews of the world might lose their citizenship in other countries. There are now about one hundred and ten thousand Jews from all over the world in Palestine, one quarter of whom are in agricultural districts, as against half a million Arabs and seventy-five thousand Christians and Copts. The

Jews own about six per cent of the cultivated land; there is more in the market than they want to buy. The Arabs seem content with the 'status quo' — so long as it stays there. They have a special body who are appointed trustees of all their sacred spots. Splendid public health work has been done, and, with lessening mortality and new immigrants coming, the population has increased twenty per cent in five years. The national home for Jews has come to stay. Their colonies have every possibility of being successful; one between Nazareth and the sea has been established thirty-five years, and is 'still going strong.'

The fact that the original colonies have fallen into Bolshevik hands does not suggest to us permanence or constructive development for these particular ones. But there are colonies absolutely distinct under entirely different management which have every prospect of expansion within the limits of the country.

What Palestine needed to return to her former fertility was to get free from the devastating influence of Turkish rule. All great movements take time. It took thirty-five years to settle the question of slavery — almost as long to stop duels. Men condemned Prohibition before it began and have been doing so ever since — a generation of time will be needed to settle it. Many daily papers in England proved the folly and futility, and even imposition on the British taxpayer of the mandate for Palestine — the next generation only can satisfy the pessimist in any case. One London paper, lying on my desk, stated, 'The political freak called Palestine is little more than a Jewish Alms-house, with little prospect of ever being self-supporting — the British are being taxed to create a new German Colony.'

The people of Palestine are not Arabs. They are a mixture of many races, and Palestinians is their rightful name. Under that name it is hoped that the Moslems, Jews, and Christians will resurrect a country. Some day it is hoped

that, prepared for self-government by experience, the hand of a mandatory power will no longer be essential. To-day, they are utterly unable to unite. Moslems, though in proportion of five to one, do fear the coming back of the Jews. Neither Jew nor Christian would flourish under Moslem domination. Which people in the long run will dominate by 'peaceful penetration' is still open to question.

One thing, however, is beyond any doubt, if our powers of observation are not utterly incompetent — in the few years since England has given the value of her experience in world government to Palestine, that country has literally jumped ahead by leaps and bounds. The population nearly double, prosperity increasing, imports lessening and exports growing, withdrawal of soldiers and foreign police, introduction of industries, fine public health service, reforestation, irrigation, and vastly improved education have already come — come, largely, not artificially, but quite naturally — the result of the coming of the blessings that for hundreds of years Palestine has never known: — security of property, impartial justice, and officials that money cannot bribe.

Nowhere on earth can it be better shown that good government is the one essential for man to be able in any country in the world to build a prosperous civilization. In order that the Kingdom of God on earth may be established, as it is to be, through man, it must be founded on righteousness, not oil wells, or gold mines, or any other physical or material asset. There seems to be no royal road to obtain this fundamental righteousness. Democracies can be as corrupt and disastrous as even the Turkish autocracy. In the first republic of the world and the most progressive, America, the worst examples of political corruption and municipal governments have been and still are possible. Benevolent autocracy is unquestionably better for uneducated and primitive peoples, swayed either by unrestrained sentiments or uncontrolled individual greeds. The age of

dictatorship following the Great War suggested and illustrated how, even in more advanced civilizations, this may be only too true. In Palestine, it is obviously the case. Nowhere did it seem more difficult; nowhere also have we seen more unquestionable results and promise of success.

To see if we could catch any breath of inspiration that in our previous hasty visit to Nazareth we might have missed, it being supposedly the home of Christ, or at least somewhere near it, we stopped another night with our friend the Doctor. The little city is 'set upon a hill.' Round it rise no less than fourteen other hills. The houses, built of white limestone grouped in an amphitheatre, give all the more charming effect because of the background of barren hills littered with heavy moraines of rocks. At the end of every gap in the streets and before every unoccupied summit was spread a lovely vista of the plains beneath, with snowcapped Hermon on the east and the Valley of Jezreel spreading away to Carmel in the west. Nazareth was a great centre from which to reach the world of our Lord's day. Direct commerce kept it in touch with Rome and Greece; it lay on the highroad between Egypt and Mesopotamia. Christ's teaching was carried along the pathways both of commerce and of wars. By this enchanted road, says one writer, Christianity started on a journey that was destined to lead it to the ends of the earth.

Alas, the provisions for the poor, for the relief of the needy, and conditions for life generally, were still a sorry advertisement of the interpretation of His evangel of love, even in Nazareth 'its home town,' whereas emphasis on 'religious things' was still in no way lacking. In the crypt of one fine church which we visited, that of the Annunciation, we were shown 'the house of the Virgin Mary.' It is little more than a very ordinary cave, and like the place of the Annunciation, where the Angel Gabriel is said to have stood, it suggests, as other travellers have noticed, that the inhabi-

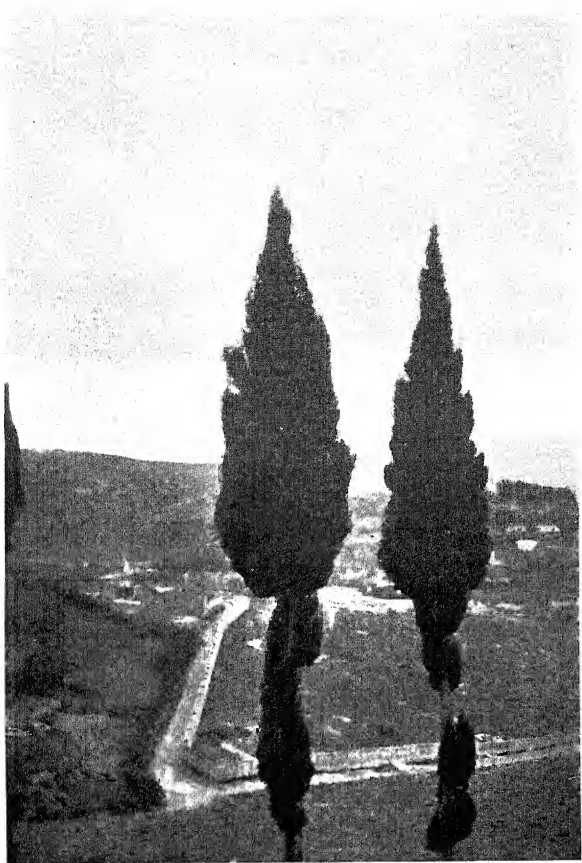
tants at the beginning of the Christian era were largely cave-dwellers. In the single room of the Palestinian house of the period, the floor space was divided by a platform some three feet high on which the family slept. The animals were accommodated on the bare ground of the other half, and troughs in the outer edge of the shelf served them as mangers. This was the kind of manger, probably, in which our Lord was placed at His birth. At the Virgin Mary's well, we found people promiscuously washing themselves and their vegetables, and others drinking the water. This, with collections of Standard Oil tins and Birmingham jugs, ruined any sense of sanctity it might have had otherwise. With proportionately less regret we left after lunch, arriving in Jerusalem easily by sundown.

We decided to spend Christmas Eve in Bethlehem. It is a clean, prosperous, and picturesque little city, also set on the top of a rolling hill. We were guests at a fine Church of England school for girls, who happened to be home for their holidays. The site of the inn where Christ was born is at the very end of the road overhanging the valley, and has been the seat of a khan or inn for unknown centuries. It is one of the very few sites of almost unquestioned authenticity, and it must at least be near the old Caravanseraï of which we are told in the Gospels. We watched a great procession, composed mostly of Latin Christians, come out from Jerusalem. The Greeks observe a later date for the Festival of the Nativity. Bethlehem was *en fête*, and the day warm and sunny. The boys swarming up the railings and lamp-posts to get good views, the children in gala dress batting toy balloons, and the women from various districts with their curious gay headdresses, made a brave and interesting show. All kinds of people made up the procession, thin and fat, lay and clerical, all ages and sects. Many countries were represented, and there was much noise and pomp of banners and bands. We spent our afternoon in the Shepherds' Fields,

climbing down the stony and precipitous path, the very one along which the wondering shepherds went 'up even unto Bethlehem.' There was no question among our ladies when we reclinbed it in the evening that the shepherds' phraseology had been correct. One of our party, as we climbed, noticed a shepherd driving his sheep into a large kind of cave with an open mouth. In reply to her question, he said: 'I am putting them away for the night to be safe from the jackals and dogs.' But she objected: 'There is no door to the cave.' He replied simply: 'I am the door.' It is the Eastern shepherd's custom to lie down across the doorway of such caves, and with his own life to protect the sheep. The incident took us back in thought nearer to the Master than all the glory of tinsel decoration of shrines erected to Him, or all the attempted exactness of locating the places where once He had been, but which now showed so little evidence of the presence of the Prince of Peace.

In the evening, just as in Boston on Christmas Eve, with lanterns mounted on poles, we joined a chance and motley company of people, who like ourselves had no rights in any part of the Church of the Nativity, and together we sang some of the familiar Christmas carols that transcend the range of things material and awake the deeper emotions that the Founder of our faith claimed as the real channels to help us make a better world. Suddenly the door of the Greek Church opened and a venerable prelate stood in the archway, beckoning to our leader, the English Bishop of Jerusalem, to bring us in out of the raw cold into his great edifice. Strangely enough, no lordly portal gave us entrance. On the contrary, we almost crawled in, scrambling one by one through a narrow hole in the wall of the church. It was constructed in this way because the Turks had an unpleasant habit of driving their cattle into the church for stabling.

Dean Stanley speaks of his constant satisfaction that the



BETHLEHEM ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

whole old city of the Jerusalem of Christ's day was buried at least thirty or forty feet below the Anglo-Oriental religious curiosity shops. Sir Frederic Treves, my old surgical chief and friend, held that 'even the environment of chicanery and falsehood did not lessen the true religious fervour, the profound worshipful homage, the ecstasy of devotion of unfeigned faith.' But he adds, 'There is consolation in the thought that somewhere in Jerusalem, buried fathoms deep beneath dust and stone, there lies in supreme peace the ineffable path actually trodden by the feet of Christ, and that "none shall pass through it forever and ever."' "

Sacred to us for another reason is one real site in Palestine; namely, the spot where a plain Englishman, called Smith, stayed and beat back the great Napoleon and his victorious army, and put a quietus forever on his dream of an Oriental empire. This journey took us again to Mount Carmel, where we were privileged to see rising from the sea 'a cloud as of a man's hand' such as preceded the rain when that grim and great prophet Elijah had slain on those heights the four hundred prophets of Baal. From the rugged old top, now being reforested with innumerable pines and firs, we pictured again a scene that will continue to inspire courage and self-effacing action through the ages, and suggest that the Kingdom of God on earth must come through self-sacrifice in action, and not through philosophies or dialectics. Haifa, just north of the Carmel ridge, is a potential seaport of infinite value to Palestine. The long drive along the increasing sand dunes to Tyre is a well worth-while experience.

The story of Tyre and Sidon would itself fill an interesting volume. The tale of the capture of Tyre by Alexander the Great, who built a long mole out to it from the land, is one of the great stories of history. But Acre meant by far the most to us. Its great walls, against which the waves of the Mediterranean have dashed in vain for so long, are still

wonderfully preserved. From them it is easy to picture all the thrilling scenes of that crisis in history, when attacked both by sea and by land those few English bulldogs just held on; and so wasted Napoleon's time that he had to fly back to Egypt at full speed, whipped in a way that he had never before experienced. Even then he reached there only in time to leave his army to perish, and eluding by good fortune in his single ship the English cruisers lying in wait for him to reach France, with a presage of what overtook him at the hand of the hated Anglo-Saxon every time he was to encounter them.

As we sped north along a fine motor road, the mountains rose as an impassable barrier in front of us, until just beyond Beirut, beside the Dog River, we were on the narrow shelf between the sea and those precipices which bear on their rocky faces, at the narrowest part of the gorge, the deep carved records of successive armies of conquerors of Palestine as they came and went, away back to the days of the Babylonian and Assyrian hosts. The graven records end with a modest tablet commemorative of the British capture of Palestine. The glory is shared generously with the few French troops that joined them in the final submission of the Turks in Syria.

Beirut is another sacred place to us, sacred because it has been the channel of so much blessing in the real education of leaders in all parts of the Near East. Beirut College is one of the triumphs of Christian altruistic enterprise, a monument to those who conceived it and carried it out. The name of Bliss, that of two of its great presidents, might honestly have been chosen as symbolic of the results of their labours, which were without prejudice or narrow credal insistence. Graduates in arts, medicine, and other departments of learning are to-day spread out as individual centres of infection for better things, stirring up discontent with inferiority, and setting a high standard of ability and ideal-

ism in the most needy corners of the earth in that best of possible ways: through renewed human lives. Dr. Bliss, a man with a fine saving sense of humour, told me once that he had been preaching in a church at home about his work in Syria. He was somewhat surprised that the first verse of the hymn given out after his sermon contained the pertinent sentiment:

‘From the best bliss that earth affords,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.’

Here at Beirut is another of the admirable stations belonging to the Near-East Relief for saving lives of Armenian refugee children. The grandeur of the mountains of the Lebanon was a great surprise, the road rising to seven thousand feet. The height of the few cedars still left in some of the gulches around which the mountains wind also astonished us. The Lebanon has been Christian for fifteen hundred years. Over seventy-five per cent, or three hundred and fifty thousand, of the inhabitants are so classified to-day, while there are fifty to sixty thousand Druses who have given them much trouble and no little fighting. For sixty years a Christian Governor under the European Powers has ruled the Lebanon. We passed the heights where British planes destroyed German tanks, and where Allenby's fliers caught a number of enemy planes in their aerodrome. He is a clever fellow, the Syrian of these mountains, and the fact is, I think, rightly attributed in part to his being better fed than the lowlander, as his farm on the high ledges is less likely to be raided or overtaxed than that of his neighbour on the plain below. Moreover, they have been freemen and not serfs for centuries. There is no question that the forests of the higher Lebanon can be restored by good Government supervision, and that the valley between the Lebanons, called the Beka, which is six or seven miles wide and has a temperate climate, could again

produce wheat, grapes, and other fruits. There is much pasture land in the region, and the cattle from here to the land of Gilead were always the envy of the Judeans, whose scrubby beasts made their owners cry out for the fat bulls of Bashan. The bottom of the valley is nearly four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is the watershed between the north and south. The slopes down to Galilee on the south are especially fertile. Here in these fastnesses many nomad families have settled down and risen from being robbers and common thieves to the higher plane of the agriculturist. One or two have descended again to become politicians. *Facilis est descensus Averni.*

Coming through a gorge in the Anti-Lebanon, we crossed the famous river Abana. Naaman the leper boasted of its superiority over all the rivers of Canaan, but we failed to perceive any present justification for his claim. The Abana leads down into Damascus. On our journey a sudden blizzard of snow burst upon us, and, as we motored along through the storm, a weird mass of buildings loomed up right ahead. We wondered if we had reached some new city, but it proved to be the unparalleled ruins of the great temple of Baalbek, used by the Romans finally as a fortress. The chapels of Venus, Bacchus, and Jove were marvellous even in their ruins. That of Bacchus is the finest in the world. With true catholicity one temple was dedicated 'for all gods,' so that none should be left out. One realized at once now the few indications of fertility and adaptability of this country for the use of men, which we had been increasingly noticing, were but ciphers to the civilization and prosperity that these now half-desolate regions must have formerly enjoyed. No pictures can suggest the true magnificence of Baalbek, this marvellous work of man. Never have I seen any ruins that stirred such depths in one's imagination as do these. We wandered over them until the last streak of daylight faded, forgetful of the snow and frost,

only realizing as we sat down to a great dinner at the inn how intensely welcome were two well-filled and blazing stoves. We were up before dawn to see the glories of a rising sun paint with ineffable contrast of colour the outlines of these mighty mementoes of man's transient greatness, while the inroads of the lapse of time were veiled in a matchless mantle of spotless snow.

Our two motors had been left trustfully outside the hotel entrance, and were frozen up that night and took a long while to thaw out. The heavy snow had literally filled up the streets of the city during the storm. It took sixteen men to dig us out when we were stalled in one of the deep drifts. Many of the band had no stockings, only wooden cleats strapped on their feet. Once outside the town and on the plain we managed better and had a sense of righteousness when, in spite of all advice, we ultimately kept our appointment at Damascus that night by forcing our way through the rigours of the storm.

Why should we be interested in Damascus, was the question uppermost in my mind as I looked at this, the oldest extant city of the world, a somewhat sordid-looking city, just as when first, at the age of twenty-five years, I gazed at Boston and wondered why we had never heard of it. True, from the tall minaret of the chief mosque of Damascus, two hundred and fifty feet high, the Moslems expect Jesus to descend when He comes to judgment, and under the same dome is the alleged head of John the Baptist, encased in a golden urn. As we looked at the walls of the city, built so solidly and designed to prevent encroachment from enemies, one thought of the meanness of the religious persecutions which the city had witnessed. First, there came to our memory the fanaticism of Saul, the religious emissary sent from the priests at Jerusalem to creep down on Damascus, standing with its gates wide open to let him through. One recalled jealous, sordid-minded religionists within the

city walls only awaiting his arrival to have a good time persecuting the non-resisting simple folk, their own neighbours and fellow citizens, for no other reason but that they were trying to follow the beautiful life of the Greatest of men. We know that Saul was literally breathing out threatenings and slaughter like a snorting war-horse going into battle. He had, so he tells us himself, 'worked hard in Jerusalem,' almost feeling himself a conqueror in a captured city. His religious zeal needed further fields to conquer, and, having obtained the sanction of the chief priests to act as inquisitor, like the 'militia Jesu Christi contra hæreticos,' he was commissioned to persecute the people of 'the Way' as Christians were called in those days. He had probably selected this city because the Roman Governor of Antioch and Ephesus and such places would have prevented any such activities, while the Arabic prince Hantha or Actas would have let his rich subjects settle their own religious differences any way they liked. The story of the light flashing down on him from the heavens and felling him to the ground had always seemed to me like the angel with the flaming sword who held up the false prophet going to curse God's people at Peor. We seemed to see the strange events that one's imagination in youth had pictured — the surprise both of friend and victim when the extraordinary change in the religious inquisitor became apparent, for Saul claimed that he had actually seen Christ on the way.

We passed through the wonderful ancient gateway. What a gamut of human emotions has filled the breasts of those who went through before us! We walked down the street still politely called 'Strait,' famous for being the supposed site of the house of one Ananias, where Paul was housed after the vision on the Damascus road. In spite of the attractions of the second-hand clothes bazaar, the silk bazaar, the coppersmiths, the leather-sellers, and others, we kept thinking of old Ananias, coming down this very street

to welcome a bloodthirsty fundamentalist whose conversion had been effected in probably the only way possible to the infallible. It was a sorry anticlimax in materialism to us next day after a long walk in the rain to be solemnly guided to a most intolerable mud heap outside a low wall of obviously Turkish construction, off which I could easily have dropped without doing myself the slightest harm, and be told that this was the exact spot on which the hero of our imagination had been lowered down in his basket. It was impossible not to think of him henceforth except as being well supplied with oilskins. Three years later he revisited this city and spent a fortnight with Peter, who was preaching here at that time.

The insensate brutality and cruelty that the emotion called religious fervour is capable of letting loose has perhaps nowhere been better illustrated than in this very city. Tamerlane, or Timur the Lame, absolutely destroyed Damascus in the fourteenth century, and again, in 1800, the Moslems murdered every living Christian, a massacre compared with which the ferocity of Bartholomew's Eve was child's play.

In the streets of Damascus every kind of merchandise is displayed, and to our joy we discovered even the gay red leather shoes of the genii of the Arabian Nights stories. It seemed to us the Damascan is the real 'man in the street,' for there he seemed to pursue every avocation of human life, even to squatting in the middle of it to drink his morning coffee from an itinerant vendor.

Since our visit to the Holy Land I have often been asked, 'What will be the fate of the land of Moab and Ammon "over Jordan"?' where once the tribes of Reuben, Shem, and half the tribe of Asshur settled. England accepted the mandate for it together with that of Palestine and Mesopotamia. It is a land that was partly put on the map during the War by the appearance, from nowhere, and subsequent

disappearance of a phenomenon called Lawrence. King Feisal, son of the ex-King of the Hedjaz, expected to be King of Syria, and this fringe of land across the Jordan did not satisfy the Arab hopes, so when Syria went to France — King Feisal was turned out. However, England agreed to have his brother, the Emir, act as an independent Governor, with his capital at Amman, a place only five hours' motor ride from Jerusalem, subject to his not preventing the British carrying out any of the terms of their mandate. The Emir was incapable of ruling and became so extravagant and irresponsible that he had to be called to order under the provisions stipulated by the League of Nations, namely, that the country was to be subject to a general supervision by the mandatory. A British Resident, therefore, was sent to be the real guide and foster-father of this young State. The British maintain, also, a tiny force of aeroplanes and half a dozen tanks. When ten thousand Wahabis decided to attack Amman, this air force swept down on them twelve miles from the city and utterly scattered them. Everything goes very smoothly now — but the possibility of expansion seems small and it is a difficult problem to see what future there is for it as a separate country.

Another great help to Transjordan has been the establishment of impartial courts that put justice within reach of all the people. The section of Transjordan between the river and the railway is only about the size of two average English counties. It grows good oranges, bananas, and cotton, and, in the north, wheat and barley, whereas east of the railway it is mostly desert. The railway is run as religious property, and was built primarily for the benefit of pilgrims to Mecca; half of it now lies in French Syria. The country has no seaport, and has so far been unable to balance its budget, so it would have been unfair to saddle solvent young Palestine with its debts. The present adminis-

tration is probably the best, and certainly the cheapest, method of developing it.

As we finally prepared to turn our faces eastward across the desert, reversing the direction of the pilgrimage which Abraham took under such different auspices so many centuries ago, we came to the conclusion, in summing up our experiences of the Holy Land, that Kelman was right when he wrote: 'The belief in miracles is always difficult: nowhere is it so difficult as on the traditional site. The earth is just earth there as elsewhere, and the sky seems almost farther above it, the rock is solid rock, the water, air, trees, hills are uncompromising terrestrial realities. It is wiser to abandon the attempt to force the supernatural to reveal itself and to turn to the human side of things, as the surest way of ultimately arriving at the divine. When that has been deliberately done, the reward is magnificent. An unexpected and overwhelming sense of reality comes upon the sacred narrative. These places and the Life that inhabited them are actualities, and not merely items in an ancient book or the poetic background of a religious experience.'

CHAPTER VII

IRAQ

THE ordinary tourist's perils of Oriental carpets and antiques paled before the pictures portrayed to us of the way people perished in crossing the Syrian Desert, when with three ladies we 'innocents abroad' were discussing making the journey by motor car. Some previous adventurers over the same route had been frozen to death during the bitter cold of the night on the five-hundred-mile journey to the nearest town, Baghdad in Mesopotamia; others' cars had been wrecked and subsequently engulfed in drifting sand; still other unfortunates had wandered around and finally perished of thirst under the burning noonday sun, when tires had burst from the heat and petrol tanks had exploded spontaneously. It sounded like a modern version of the Book of Revelation, or an Oriental rendering of the negro spiritual

'My Lord, what a morning
When the skies begin to fall!'

But the Nairn people told us it was as easy as 'tumbling off a log'; and so we started on a journey that took Abraham and the patriarchs weeks to accomplish and gave them international reputations as heroes. We were promised that we should not even have to camp on the way, and that Baghdad would be reached on the afternoon of the following day after leaving Damascus. One thing was certain, it would be as cold as Labrador in October, for snow was on the ground everywhere in and around Damascus. Moreover, we were on our way to the heat of India and Malay and had no heavy wraps. In the market-place, however, we found many tanned sheepskins with the wool left on, and soon we

had the regulation 'kossaks' and trousers of Labrador style in which we looked exactly like white woolly-bear caterpillars.

For the Syrian Desert a Cadillac car is ideal. Ours had a special body on an extra long chassis and came to be known among us as the 'Crystal Palace.' We thought even more highly of it when we passed a broken-down car of another make halfway across the desert, the crew of which, so our driver claimed, had all perished of thirst, having wandered in vain under the scorching sun in search of even a tiny oasis.

The desert was hard and level, and up to the point where the grass ceased we passed many Bedouins and their flocks. A stray jackal or two and one fox went by. For all that the traffic can hardly be said to have been congested, and we literally dashed ahead. After a couple of hundred miles we stopped for luncheon between two rocky humps that passed locally for hills. We must have looked exactly like an Alice-in-Wonderland tea party as we sat on the sand between the strips of snow of this absolutely flat land. There was a shotgun in our car, and as we went along we shot a few of the hundreds of sand grouse that darted up almost from beneath our wheels as we neared the Euphrates side of the desert. One wild turkey, out of a flock of twenty, also fell to this gun.

The sheepskin garments proved their worth during the day, but especially when night had fallen and we alighted and cooked a belated supper over a fire of sagebrush stalks on the open desert and under the gleaming stars, which seemed so close to us. We looked like substantial ghosts as we wandered about in the night, but we were entirely comfortable, and cast a unanimous vote for sheepskin clothing if we ever made the journey again.

With the exception of one or two little hills the desert is perfectly flat. Once or twice during the night we ran into

one of the curious lakes — a thin film of water spread out before us which was most misleading, as of course all evidences of a track are obliterated. For many miles during the latter part of the day we had noticed the deep furrow ploughed in the sand as a guide to the airplanes making their regular run between Cairo and Baghdad. Our own trail was more or less clearly marked by endless milestones of empty Standard Oil tins. Surely the Nairn Company has paved a new path for civilization. Moreover, no less than three thousand Moslem corpses already have been motored across to Kabela; while a stream of English officers serving in India is being diverted up the Persian Gulf and along this new channel as they make their way between England and India. It may yet be a valuable reserve string to the Suez Canal.

We stopped for a little less than three hours in the latter part of the night to give our driver a short sleep, but we arrived in Baghdad about three o'clock next afternoon, having followed the right bank of the Euphrates for many miles. The river was slow and deep, with muddy banks, with next to no verdure beyond some grass. There were many ducks swimming about in it, and we got out and shot a brace to carry on with the other game to Baghdad for our dinner. One duck fell away out in the stream and showed no signs of floating ashore. Fortunately, an Arab on the bank saw it, and, immediately divesting himself of his clothes, swam out and fetched it for us, with the utmost apparent indifference to the bitter cold and to the rapidity of the racing current. It made one feel a bit of a quitter, for even in the frigid waters of the polar current, I have many times swum for geese or ducks when I had left my dog at home. Here, somehow, it was all so extraordinary and so strange that the Euphrates seemed at first more a river to read about in a fairy story than a stream in which to swim for a duck.

Eventually we crossed over and were really in between 'the great rivers' in the garden of the human race, accord-

ing to Bible tradition. As soon as we reached the fringe of Mesopotamian civilization the endless mud and half-made roads were atrocious beyond description. Critics aver that the Air Force has charge of Iraq and naturally roads are beneath their notice. The dignity of the patriarchs here, even in their poverty — for they must be poor — is amusingly reflected in the camels which invariably plod along performing the most menial and laborious of duties with their heads so high one would suppose they were lords of creation. Arab tradition says that Allah has a hundred names. Ninety-nine of these are known to the Sheikhs, but only to the camel did Allah confide the hundredth. Hence his supercilious bearing. Another legend says the camel sees the humps on every other camel, but cannot see his own, so he goes about thinking he is the only animal without one: a quite modern and quite human 'parable from nature.' The bray of the donkey was accounted for by the fact that this self-sufficient creature refused persistently to come into the Ark when summoned. When, however, the water had reached the level of his stomach, he stood outside the door calling: 'No—ah!! No—ah!! No—ah!!' When safely inside, he gasped with relief, 'Hgh—hgh—hgh.'

The city of Baghdad is characterized chiefly by the extraordinary way in which it is littered up. There was not even one thoroughfare in it until the Germans carved one. Garbage and dirt everywhere fill the evil-smelling, mean streets. As yet the hotels in this, the chief city of the cradle of humanity, support Mr. Bryan's views of evolution. Sparrows flew about the dining-room and perched on the sugar bowls as they gorged themselves. It was still very cold, however, and open fires in braziers in our rooms redeemed many shortcomings. To those who love dirty, poky corners, mysterious and dark blind alleys, and constant suggestions to every sense of long bygone mediævalism, we heartily commend the city of Baghdad.

Sunday morning service at the Barracks Church was delightful, the band adding no small vim to the familiar hymns, and Tommy, the inimitable, and the familiar cockney humour were an amazing contrast to the humans we met in the afternoon in the Super-Sacro-Sanct city of the Shiites called Khardemain, filthy, primeval, and fanatical to the last degree. We motored over to see their sacred Mosque of the Golden Dome, with its four golden minarets, even the very sight of which is fiercely grudged to Christian eyes. Soon after we entered the gates of the fanatical city, a crowd of wild-looking men stopped our car, but, as we could see nothing but lofty walls, we got out and sought some vantage-point whence we could overlook the city and catch the desired glimpse of the forbidden mosque. Our guide could not speak a word of English, but indicated that we were to climb to the roof of a certain house. Being very eager to get a good view, and not understanding his frantic gesticulations, I climbed up a narrow staircase, nearly upsetting a bevy of veiled ladies, much to their consternation and mine. However, we got the view and returned to our car, now surrounded by every variety of character from the Arabian Nights, who succeeded in conveying to me that I most certainly ought to be murdered at once. Although we grinned and nodded, we were not sorry to leave these sacred spots to others. We were told afterwards that the fact that the inhabitants hold lunatics in special reverence may have been our greatest safeguard in so foolish an adventure. Khardemain is 'out of bounds' for all British troops.

The Shiites are the second of the two great Mohammedan sects. The Sumites, the other, hate them with all the bitterness of religious bigotry. As a demonstration of what this religious fervour in the ignorant can do, we would not have missed our forbidden excursion. The very fact that those men can live close to Baghdad even as it is to-day and can see the innumerable smart British and other foreigners, and

then go back to filth and inferiority in every single department of life and still really believe that they possess anything or, as they feel everything, that is pleasing to God, is simply beyond our powers to cerebrate, like the conception of 274° below zero, Centigrade.

Fortune favoured us again next day, for Major Gates, once on duty in Newfoundland, and Flight Commander Cooper called. They proved to be real archæologists of no mean accomplishments, and loaned us maps and books, as well as giving us introductions to friends of theirs exploring at Ur of the Chaldees, Babylon and Kish.

The two hundred thousand people who squeeze into the tiny space called Baghdad are a cosmopolitan crowd — Kurds, Arabs, Turks, Jews, Syrian Christians, Armenians, Persians, Chabaks, Yezdiens, Sabians, and Circassians, and so on. Arabic is the chief language.

We had the pleasure of meeting an English lady, Miss Gertrude Bell, who, like Miss Newton, of Mount Carmel, has lived in the country until she knows it from A to Z. Privately she is called the 'Queen of Mesopotamia,' and practically every one who wants to get at facts consults her. She is well known in Downing Street. Alas, since we left, her valuable life has come to a close.

Here we cancelled our trip down the Tigris to Bazra, the port for India, and secured two railway box cars, which we were to furnish and live in as long as we liked, taking our own servants. If this is possible to arrange, it is an ideal way to see the ancient ruins of Babylon, the Tower of Babel, Ur, and the still older city of Kish. Your cars are detached on any siding you desire, and you are only obliged to move on when you wish to seek a new field for your ramblings. Our departure from Baghdad was a memorable day for us, as we filled to their limit of capacity the only three motor cars procurable with our purchases and luggage preparatory to a week or two in the desert. When we left we had every

determination to return and join a party of Near-East workers in order to visit their stations in Russia, by way of Persia and the Black Sea. Subsequently, however, relations between our countries and Russia tightened so much that passports through Persia via Baku were rendered useless, and even permits to go by way of Aleppo and Constantinople to Batoum, which was open then, together with our arrangements made for our entire Russian journey, had later all to be cancelled.

Our first night in the cars was bitterly cold, as we had maintained no fire. But when at last the sun rose, we found ourselves at rest in the middle of a desert opposite a large iron hoarding on which was written, 'Capa City.' At breakfast my wife insisted that this was Hillah. But I was only convinced by climbing down and walking round the hoarding, which turned out to be a large cylindrical tank, on the other side of which was written 'sixty-four hundred gallons.' Why we had stopped opposite the miraculous tank was, however, none too clear. Some felt that Kish was in this vicinity, but others differed, and just as we had decided that the only solution was to broadcast the query 'Where is Kish?' as no map or guidebook, or even the Bible made mention of such a spot, a station-master came on board and explained that Kish had only been discovered two years ago, not long enough to claim a place on the modern map. With this good Englishman's assistance, we secured two of the now ubiquitous Ford cars, and after driving fifteen miles, mostly through a desert intersected with old canals, drains, and other impediments right in the centre of nowhere with a horizon of sand on every side, we found Professor Mackay, of Oxford, and a professor from Chicago busily engaged in digging up Kish, a city which preceded and rivalled Babylon and which was once five miles in length. One accepted the fact much as if we had stumbled on an ice-cream soda fountain or a statue of Kaiser Wilhelm.



THE OLDEST ARCH IN THE WORLD

The inequalities that had troubled us on the journey were probably the fault of Kish, though that city was at its zenith in about 4000 B.C. The excavations were quite immature, but the *ziggurat* or hill on which the ancient temple had stood had been located, and also the palace containing the oldest known stone staircase in the world. We saw a stone implement discovered by one of the diggers, and returned to our own box-car hotel with evidence in our pockets of a civilization here so old that it was lost before the Bible writers knew of it. It seems that only in ancient records of Babylon is the existence of Kish noted at all. All the palaces and buildings of this plain in those days were built of mud bricks. Apparently there was nothing else of which to build them. Many of these bricks were not even fired, being merely sun-dried, yet they have lasted in this marvellous atmosphere even to this day. There is an exhilaration in the effect of the desert which is much like that of the sea, and its people love it, much as the 'hill men desire their hills.' The explanation of these great artificial hills, called *ziggurats*, which exists in these ancient cities, is interesting. Apparently mountaineers are always hardier than men in the valleys and plains, as in India, where the great raiding leaders always come down through the passes of the Himalayas, or in Labrador, where the hardier and richer communities are invariably in the open and dangerous harbours as against those of the sunny and sheltered coves. Thus the Elamites descended on the plain and swept out previous occupants. Once there, however, they feared that their guardian gods could no longer hear them, for they were gods of the hills; which explains why the idolatries of Israel mentioned in the Bible were always practised in 'high places.' In fact, even the Psalmist says, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help' — possibly a relic of the conception of old pagan days. To counteract this deficiency of the desert, hills must be built and temples

placed on the top, much as the Tower of Babel was built to 'reach unto heaven.'

Our next move over these 'sands of time' was to the Tower of Babel. This remarkable relic stands away up on the top of the only hill anywhere in sight, a hill which we might easily believe was itself artificial. The lofty stump of the ancient circular tower reaches away up into the sky like a beacon, though in diameter it speaks but little for the conception of architects of that day if it was really the tower they expected to erect above the clouds. Around its base are evidences of ancient human habitations and rude streets. One strange feature of this relic of prehistoric times is that unquestionably it has been struck by lightning and the bituminous bricks composing it literally fused by fire from heaven. There is not and never has been any wood about it. Enormous blocks of fused masonry lie about the wreck like great piles of slack from the furnace of a titanic steel company. We climbed as high as we were able in order to obtain the magnificent view of the surrounding plain and desert, and then mounted our Ford cars once again and continued our journey to Babylon. Nebuchadnezzar's ancient capital has come to be a symbol through the ages for all that is evil, but possibly it was no worse than many another city, only perhaps a little more successful.

It does not demand much imagination, in spite of the awful destruction that has taken place here, to picture the glorious magnificence of its former days. The walls of the city alone suffice to stir one's wonder, for they were a hundred feet thick so that chariots with four horses could pass each other and turn freely on the top. The Ishtar Gate also suggests some little of the power which the city once represented, while the still extant baths, the fine carvings on the walls, and the one impressive standing statue of the lion, the city emblem, all carry one back to the great days of Nebuchadnezzar and the royal feasts pictured so dra-

matically in the Bible. For years the Turkish Government, like that of Belshazzar, raised a revenue by selling the bricks of the ancient city for the building of neighbouring towns. A short walk brings one to the river-bank now hidden in palm trees and verdure, where you can see the remains of large docks and quays. Here once the throbbing tide of traffic of the greatest capital of the world of that day ebbed and flowed.

All day long half-naked vociferous gamins pestered us with small curios dug from the ruins of the city, which were doubtless genuine, for few tourists yet pass this way.

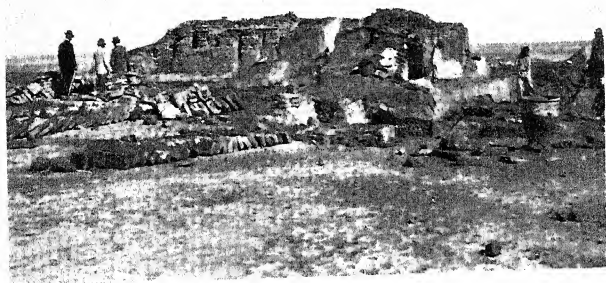
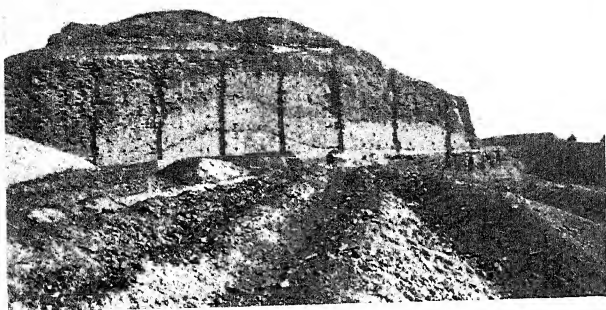
That night we continued our journey attached to a fast freight train bound for Bazrah, and we awoke next morning at Ur of the Chaldees. Nothing was to be seen on the chilly landscape but a few shivering boys in a land of mud and ice. Borrowing a hand car from the station-master we steered for a *tel* or tower on the distant horizon, whither we were propelled at no mean speed by some agile natives, until finally we brought up opposite a much more perfect *ziggurat* than that of Kish. Major Woolley, in charge of a joint expedition from Oxford and Pennsylvania, had for two seasons been excavating the whole of the old temple enclosure with its colonnade and great paved courtyard into which the surrounding farmers brought their tribute in the days of old. Out of the big court three wide stairways led to the summit of the *ziggurat* itself, up which triumphal processions used to mount to worship the moon god on the very summit. Once the colonnade was white, the *ziggurat* black with a red top, and that was crowned with a blue temple, the dome of which was doubtless golden.

This was an exciting time once more in Ur of the Chaldees, for under the floor of the Temple of Nabonidus they had discovered the old house of the archives. Its roof was flattened right down, but beneath were stores of clay tablets, records of every kind of transaction of that day. As

they were made of soft unbaked clay it was immensely difficult to get them out without injuring them, and only special Arab workers were permitted to attempt it. These lay prostrate on their faces, flat on the ground, using a small penknife, and, with their eyes screwed close down to their work, they looked like a crowd of myopic bookworms. Every now and then one would signify a trophy recovered, when the Pennsylvanian expert, Dr. Legrand, would carry it off and lay it gently on sand in a small tin can, to be baked immediately and deciphered at once.

The records included many receipts for tribute of wool, cheese, butter, and sheep. Some were monthly records of food allowances supplied to the weavers in the temple; others noted the different grades of cloth they turned in. Human nature, even in religious affairs, was much the same in those days as now. The records show that long after all real faith in the old religion had vanished priests still hung around the temple precincts and exacted tribute from the more ignorant and superstitious.

The city was founded about 2300 B.C. In those days palm trees covered the plain, and it was well cultivated with an irrigation system more perfect than that of Egypt. The fickle river Euphrates changed its course, however, and existence there became impossible. Nabonidus founded a monastery in Ur; and the ruins of a nunnery, also founded by him for his daughter in the gateway of the city, are still extant. He was a grandson of Nebuchadnezzar and a keen antiquarian, interested apparently in relics of former civilizations. His daughter, sister of King Belshazzar, seems to have inherited her father's tastes, for she founded the first museum known to history. In her convent is the first example of an arched window, with stones cut to form the arch. She also founded an infant school, and some of the tablets with their sums engraved on them have been found. A large green stone beautifully carved into a socket for a



UR OF THE CHALDEES

swing door augurs that there is much more yet to be discovered. This proved to be the case.

Abraham lived in Ur, and apparently carried on a transport business. Records of raids by Elamites from the mountain fastnesses above showed that they were no small element in making Ur anything but a health resort. Possibly their interference with Abraham's business helped to drive him north to Haran — another city of the moon god.

Attached to sixty-one freight cars, we bounced incontinently into Bazrah. This picturesque but unhealthy little city stands at the head of the Persian Gulf. Ever-increasing numbers of barbed-wire entanglements, piles of sand bags, and old dugouts on each side of the railway as we journeyed, marked the plain. Fighting in this treeless desert and under the burning sun must have been terrible beyond words.

Bazrah is a city of some sixty thousand. It is picturesquely intersected with canals, the banks of which are well wooded with palm trees. The endless boats, long and narrow, are made out of hollowed logs, and have great turned-up ends. They are propelled by cohorts of oarsmen and lend much character to the landscape. Bazrah is famous for liquorice root, dates, malaria, and malignant cholera — which distinguishing features are not difficult to understand.

A full moon, a crystal sky, and a beautifully appointed four-thousand-ton steamer, the S.S. Varela of the Mesopotamia Persia Corporation, the crew of which never apparently affect boots and stockings, closed our all too brief visit to a country that is already fast increasing both in interest and value, under the hand of the explorer and the guidance of British rule.

When, after the War, England accepted a mandate for Mesopotamia, it was no small problem that she undertook to solve. England does not accept opportunities of this kind solely for what she can get out of them, and already

most hopeful signs of order were emerging from the chaos of small tribal governments, all warring against one another. One thing is certain, sheer force without any higher impulse could not and never can do what already we saw accomplished in Iraq. Ignorant, fanatical, wild human beings, who do not understand Western civilization, and do not want it naturally, men whose attitude to life is still that of the Westerner of centuries ago, were already beginning to understand the value of impartial justice and security of tenure of life and of property. They felt, in spite of a most phenomenally bitter winter (1924), in which their cattle were devastated and a summer in which locusts ravaged their crops, that hope of better days was dawning than were ever possible under the Turkish régime.

The passage day after day down the Gulf was a dream of colour, in a setting at last truly Oriental. It included a glimpse of a section of the African coast very seldom visited, and a peep for a day at the buildings and gardens of Karachi. Dream pictures of boyhood days floated across the imagination as one watched the ungainly but picturesque seagoing dhows flit past on their long journey in search of gold, pearls, slaves, and peacocks, and other tropical riches away down the African coasts.

CHAPTER VIII

THE HISTORY OF INDIA

HISTORY should be what doctors call a record of end-results. Indian history cannot be that, for until Alexander burst into India three hundred years before Christ the poetic Indian mind recorded fancies and not facts. On the banks of the Indus, cuneiform tablets of 3000 B.C., only just discovered, record an earlier civilization. Who shall say what civilizations had come and gone before even that story began? Once again, about 1400 B.C., cuneiform tablets found at Tel-el-Amarna in Egypt tell us of the King of Mitani (North India) sending his daughter as wife for the Pharaoh of that day. Moreover, we know that there was a regular trade with Rome in the first and second centuries A.D., and that Buddhist teachers went regularly to China at the special request of the Emperor of that land.

About 2500 B.C. some one began telling stories of India, only little less imaginative than the Arabian Nights. About 800 B.C., when writing became known in the country, these were recorded in four books called 'Vedas,' or books of learning, one of which alone would occupy two thousand pages of print. They reveal much concerning the early conditions in India, especially about its religion, for which reason they are considered sacred books. No one factor influences more the progress of a nation than its religion. Like practically all other human beings the early Indians believed that man had supernatural relationships, and only later learned from Buddha to think that life is a hateful tragedy to be escaped from if in any way possible.

According to the ancient teaching, Brahma, the creator, lived in the central cup of a lotus flower that was the world. This was in a central valley of the even now unconquered

Himalayas, close to the great Kailasa Mountain and the never dry lake of Manasarowar, the highest in the world and the well of life. Out of this sacred lake flowed all the world's rivers of which those early folk knew, but especially the Indus, Sutlej, Ganges, the Jumna, and the Brahmaputra. Among the snow-capped tops lived hundreds of devas, or gods; so 'under the deodars' means under the trees of the gods. On the whole these gods were a kindly lot, who loved dancing and singing, and liked to join men in these occupations. These gods, however, seldom if ever did you a good turn without being paid for it first. All of them, like the fire spirit who gave warmth, the light-bearer who gave guidance, the gods of power, like Indra the Thunderer and Vayu the Wind — all alike had to be appeased. So the 'wise men' made hymns and sacrifices. Alas, these men endowed with the wisdom of the world soon discovered that more creed and ritual meant more power and so more money for them, and consequently a priesthood appeared which soon made the simple worship of Nature, or the powers behind Nature, a complicated affair. As in Egypt, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Italy, and elsewhere, the minds and souls of men were led into captivity through fear. This was little wonder, for when the Aryans were fighting their way south into India about 2000 B.C. and needed the help of the gods more than ever before, in the first books of priestcraft (called 'Brahmanas') appeared such statements as, 'Assuredly the sun would not rise if the priests did not make sacrifice'; or, 'He who hands over six hundred and nine animals to the priest for sacrifice [called "Asva Medha"] obtains all desires and atones for all sins.' These sacred books, called 'Purasas,' teach of thirty million gods; while those called 'Sutras' pile up aphorisms on every subject.

A few hundred years later came a revolt against both the polytheism and priestcraft of India. The books of this period were called 'philosophies' or 'Upanishads,' and

taught that Brahma was one soul pervading all men and all things. Therefore, since man was one with God he need not worry over sins or transgressions. All he had to do was to accept this mystic doctrine of oneness. It was a revolt similar to that of Mohammed against a degraded Christianity, but unlike his was not forced on converts by a sword held at their throats.

It is generally believed that the Aryans who first appeared on the pages of history were light-coloured, even if Adam does mean 'red.' 'Aryans' means 'men of noble birth.' Long before their time, some primitive men in India had wandered down to the sea and plains, and become traders and agriculturalists. These were called 'Dravidians.' The Aryans stuck to the mountains, pastured their cattle among the big trees on the ridges, and hunted amidst the hilltops. They became hardy, merry, self-reliant, resourceful folk — like the Vikings of the Northlands, who also like them had ice and snow to fight in winter.

The first great Aryan advantage over their neighbours came with their taming of the wild horse, the consequent invention of wheels, and so the making of roads — which have ever been the handmaids both of power and progress. The simple, well-off agriculturalists of the plains offered an irresistible bait to the increasingly crowded people of the mountains, exactly as they have done periodically ever since. Northern warriors like the Elamites, Greeks, Turks, Parthians, Huns, Bactrians, Persians, Afghans, Mongols, Chinese, Arabs, and others from time to time through the ages have swept down on the plainsfolk along the roads through the mountain passes, generally protesting religious fervour, but all practising plunder. Just so the Aryans attacked their Dravidian cousins, and, like many another since that day, eased their consciences by the discovery that 'these were not men. They did not believe in anything'; 'do not offer sacrifices,' and, worst of all, 'such rites as they

have are *different*.' Creed, sect, and religion came to the conclusion that these men 'were born to be cut in half.' It was the same story when the Elamite mountaineers wiped out Ur of the Chaldees, Kish, and the cities of the rich plains of Mesopotamia. It is interesting to note that all of these conquerors, when enfeebled by the lowlands and the heat, went back to Ghazni, to Kabul, and to their fastnesses to recuperate, just as we go to Simla, to Switzerland, or to Labrador.

As the need for expansion lessened, war appears to have given way to peaceful penetration, and the easy-going agriculturalists, recognizing the superiority of their new neighbours, generally intermarried with them; and except in the extreme south of India, the whole country became gradually Aryanized for the first time.

We know a little more of Indian civilizations during the two thousand years before Christ from two other books called the 'Mahabharata' and the 'Ramayana,' 'the wars' of the 'Victories of Rama,' fanciful pictures for the most part, but showing that in the last thousand years B.C., at least, India was crystallizing into a condition which in spite of all invasions from outside remained much the same, until the second road to progress and civilization, 'the highway of the sea,' opened. Once again this was in the hands of Aryans; then about 1700 A.D. there began the second Aryanization of India. The great inert agricultural people of India dreamed in the sunshine, and quickly absorbed all their conquerors. The story of those conquerors is so full of thrills that fiction falls flat beside it. Men of superb individuality came and went. Take, for example, Jaipal, King of Lahore, who, when beaten in battle by the raiding Moslem, Mahmud of Ghazni, went straight back to his capital, climbed on a huge funeral pyre in sight of all his people, and burned himself, declaring that he was unworthy to reign over them.

In this epic period of the thousand years before Christ, a philosopher, Kapila, had the pluck to revolt against the priests, and promulgate a system which sounds very like modern German philosophy. This, however, like its prototype, failed to reach men's hearts. The Vedanta philosophy, that every one and everything is nothing but a part of one supreme soul, had failed also to satisfy humanity, and about 600 B.C. came Buddha's teaching which spread to half the inhabitants of the earth. Following him appeared the great Mahavira, who taught asceticism and founded the Jain religion, which persists even until to-day. It was a rich age in many ways — almost a millennium, until suddenly the Greeks burst into the north of India, and fighters instead of thinkers held sway in the land.

From that time forward India's history is like an octagonal kaleidoscope, which lies on its side till some new great personality suddenly appears and turns it over, shuffling the bits of glass, which slowly resume the form of the old picture, until some one else once more gives it a turn.

Amongst these great figures we need not recall only warriors like the Moghuls, or great butchers like Timur the Turk and Nadir the Persian. We may be proud to remember that the greatest men, because they gave peaceful gifts to mankind instead of death and plunder for personal aggrandizement, were themselves Indians. For Indians are our blood cousins, and, moreover, their language and ours come from the same root stock, the Sanskrit. Those who love stories of warriors should read of Porus, a model of fearlessness, of magnificence, and of almost unique loyalty to high ideals; of Chandragupta, the Mauryan, who drove out Alexander's viceroy, built great roads, rest-houses for travellers like the *dak* bungalows of to-day, waterways, and maintained a civil service worthy to be the ancestor of the present splendid Indian Civil Service. They should read of Asoka, who unified North India once more, and blazed the

way for all time in humanitarian efforts. He was so heart-sore for the suffering which his victories had involved, that on rocks and pillars, some of which still endure to-day, he engraved public confessions of the wrongs of which he had been guilty. He was a man, like Ahknaton in Egypt, who dared to brave the priests and the gods by abolishing sacrifices, and gave law and justice to every man in his realm. They should learn of Harsha, king and warrior. Every five years at Allahabad he held a seventy-five-day feast for the distribution of alms. The first thirty days were devoted to endless processions of numbers of feudatory princes and to religious ceremonies, and the last forty-five to the distribution of gifts to all who were in need. He was so charitable that it is said he gave his last shirt away, and yet so devoted to art that he not only wrote books and plays, but rivalled Oscar Wilde in his artistic ardour. They should read of such kings as Prithvi-Raj; of the unparalleled courage of the Rajputs, who time and again preferred to perish to the last woman and child rather than accept slavery; of the wonderful freakish adventures of Siva-Ji, the great Mahratta national hero. The Mohammedan Moghuls afford us Babar the wanderer, athlete and great king; Shah Jehan, the greatest builder ever known; and above all Akbar, the most outstanding of all, whose life showed him to be almost unique in history.

In between these short periods of relief and progress, however, the story is marked by unmentionable atrocities, by vilest butcheries, and by nothing less than devilttries of lust, license, greed, and degeneracy — a very welter of crimes.

Prithvi-Raj, of the 'fire-born race,' was a chivalrous and noble King of Delhi and Ajmer. He was both the Lochinvar and Bayard of a Black Age. When only sixteen he was at war with his cousin, the Rajah of Kananj. The latter proclaimed that at a sacred feast his only daughter, the beauti-

ful Princess Fortunata, would choose her husband from among the guests. All the princes of India attended, except Prithvi. Of him an image of clay was made and set up as an 'untouchable' doorkeeper. When the Princess entered the glittering ballroom carrying the bridal garland, instead of putting it on a living prince she tripped to the doorway and hung it around the neck of the clay figure. History relates that close by was the young Flower of Chivalry himself, with a dozen lads to help him, who not only carried off the Princess, but maintained a five-days running fight all the way back to Delhi in which several of them were killed. But the Prince kept his prize and again endeared himself to all the high-spirited Rajputs. *Per contra* is a story of Nazir-ud-din, King of Delhi, a man of 'scandalous morality' who had only one wife and insisted on working so as not to be a burden on the State. A good scholar, his writing was one day criticized by an aged friend. He rubbed out the word, but put it in again directly the old man had gone. 'It was perfectly correct,' he remarked, 'but better spoil paper than the self-confidence of an old man.' But the best of all is the story of a nurse girl, a Rajput again, one Punnia, foster-mother to little Prince Udai Sinah. When the Moslem invader had broken into the palace and killed all the other royal children, she was awakened by the cries of the victims, and, with the absolute limit of human self-sacrifice, she placed her own baby under the royal coverlets in the crib, thrust opium into the baby prince's mouth with a few drops of milk, and, hiding him in a fruit basket, hurried him out by the hand of a faithful fellow servant, who hid him like Moses in the rushes in the river-bed till the heroic nurse could safely creep out and nurse him. When the murderers broke into the room, in reply to their demand for the King, she could not speak, but merely pointed to the tiny sleeper in the cradle. Then gathering strength from her sacrifice she carried the rescued child over trackless hills to the

mountain fortress at Komulmer, where she herself laid him on the Governor's knees. And so he actually lived to be king.

So it was that when in the eighteenth century the people of the West began the second Aryanization of India by that road of which they had made themselves the masters, the sea, they asked in amazement how it happened that, after two thousand years of so-called civilization had come and gone in the country, the level of living was no higher than that described in their own first story books. They found the country rich beyond dreams in gold and ornaments and jewelry; but no tables, chairs, china, or even soap and towels in the homes. It was much then as it is to-day in the home life of the people, where meals are taken in furnitureless rooms, sitting on the floor on reed mats, and eating with the fingers food spread upon a leaf. For even if they were not poor, every one tried to appear so for fear of ever-returning plunderers. Why, asked these Westerners, were slaves made of millions of their fellow men, why were revolting child marriages permitted, women kept in the servitude of purdah, and practices like suttee allowed? Fear, fear, constant fear has had its inevitable results on character, combined with the devitalizing influence of the climate.

Here in the East, every man who felt himself strong enough to prey on his neighbours did so, and in the course of time petty kingdoms grew up like mushrooms all over India, so that even to-day, when they occupy only one third of its territory, the rest being British, they number over seven hundred native states. The castes feared one another in social life, the women the men in domestic life, the laymen the priests in religious life, and every one his neighbour in political life. When West came East, so far as personal freedom went, we had every reason to sorrow for our kinsmen; but we had also, as we have seen, every reason to be proud of the connection in the realm of philosophy and

mental attainments. If half their accomplishments in those lines were known to the world the promise for Indians and British united in partnership would be fraught with splendid possibilities for mankind.

In India mechanical arts, the hereditary pride of the artisan class in their almost unique manual dexterity, is a factor of deep meaning. To-day one can see in almost every bazaar tiny children weaving the most beautiful silk, or doing intricate engraving on brass and silver. This mechanical skill explains how Indians came to develop algebra to simplify their arithmetical problems, and computed the values of sines of angles and produced trigonometrical tables. How many boy sufferers realize that it was an Indian who first proved that the square of the hypotenuse equalled the sum of the squares of the two sides of a rectangular triangle? Their skill as architects needs only such marvels of art as the great Kutb-ud-din Pillar, or the Taj Mahal at Delhi, or the palaces at Benares, to remind us that not even in Greece have they been excelled.

Where has the art of sculpture, except perhaps in Greece, surpassed that which produced the marvellous rock-cut monolithic temples at Ellora and Elephanta, or the Seven Pagodas at Mamallapuram? It was an Indian, Panini, who by his study of Sanskrit is admitted by Max Müller to have given birth to the science of languages. It was an Indian who invented chess, the unquestioned king of games. It was an Indian who first propounded the atomic theory a thousand years ago. It was an Indian so long ago as 250 B.C. who produced the 'Laws of Manu,' described by its translator, the Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, as 'one of the most remarkable books the literature of the world can offer, though the laws are Hindu and not ours.' Nor in medicine had we anything to boast of over our Indian cousins when Queen Elizabeth sent her deputation in 1585 to wait upon 'Echebar, King of Camboya, invincible

Emperor.' Their share in the development of astronomy is best testified to by the great gnomons and erections to tell the hour angles and altitudes of the heavenly bodies that one sees at Delhi and Benares to-day. They well knew that the value of π was 3.14159.

The story of the English in India is so comparatively recent that there is no need for me to outline it here. This greatest of experiments in government which the world has ever known has done at least one thing for India which the fifteen hundred previous years of its history never achieved. It has helped toward an hegemony or unification of India which, by binding together the interests of all parts, is the greatest blessing which any government could possibly confer, and has slowly but surely paved the way for her full manhood when she shall as a great nation be capable of successfully governing herself. As in all other history, strong individuals have been the cogs in the advance of England's rule, though they have not always had credit given them for it, nor have they always been officials of the Government. India has always loved strong men, and no nation emphasizes more the beauty and value of self-effacement. The way of the sea was blazed for all Europeans by that old sea-dog, Vasco da Gama, who in 1597 first sailed along the coast of Guinea round the Cape of Good Hope and into the Indian seas. All the world knows that Bombay was given to Charles II by the Portuguese as a marriage dower for Catherine of Braganza, but who remembers the share which an ordinary British sailor, one Captain Thomas Best, had in helping them to decide to do that, which neither they nor Charles II realized the meaning of. For he at once leased it for ten pounds sterling a year to the East India Company!

The following from the log of the old Indiaman, written in October, 1812, reads like a page from the journal of Francis Drake in the Pelican, at his best. The Viceroy of

Goa had sent five thousand men, in four great galleons, with twenty-six lusty frigates to demolish one Captain Thomas Best in the schooner Dragon, and to drive these English and their puny factories out of Bombay. But Captain Best fired torrents of iron at them for three days, enough to convince any Portuguese that he was not going — ‘A surly dog they said, who cares nothing for our frigates, but sends them back in splinters.’ Moreover, Captain Best landed in Bombay, defended it against all comers, and refused absolutely to be turned out, and was not.

It was Robert Clive who finally established British suzerainty in Bengal; but it was Dr. Gabriel Boughton who, in return for healing Shah Jehan’s favourite daughter, won for England the right to trade in Bengal by stipulating that concession as his fee. It is true that Aurangzeb, Moghul Emperor, gave back our factories and allowed us to build a station at Calcutta, which became the capital of British India, but the English fleet that held up pilgrimages to Mecca and captured every Moghul ship that put to sea had everything to do with that. Moreover, it was the fact of the English fleet having beaten the Maharattas at sea which helped Aurangzeb, that persecuting bigoted Mohammedan, ultimately to give the English freedom from the customs dues imposed on all other countries. Again it was Dr. William Hamilton who, by curing the Emperor Farusher of a fatal tumour, as his fee, secured at Calcutta the first large tract of land (containing thirty-eight villages) ever granted to a foreign Power, and so ensured for the English the command of the Hoogli River for ten miles. It was the same doctor who secured land comprising several villages at Madras, and also the island of Din on the West Coast. These fees, claims Mrs. Steele, ‘were the fee simple of India.’

There have been many and great statesmen and soldiers who have helped in the second Aryanization of India — Robert Clive, the Duke of Wellington, Warren Hastings,

Sir Thomas Munro, Lords Gough, Napier, Lawrence, Roberts, Curzon, Kitchener, and others. Like all great opportunities, India has challenged and evoked the best that lay in generations of Englishmen for over two hundred years. On the whole the story is creditable and a splendid record. India is what she is to-day because of the British partnership. No one can deny that fact. There have been actions that all men of honour would wish had been done in some other way, or never done at all. A man can do much harm by unthinkingly wounding pride of race. But the history of the dealings of England with India is an open page, and stands comparison more than favourably with those of any other races of men and their dealings with the world. Among the leaders have been men whose names will live in history when kings and emperors are forgotten. When Henry Havelock died, a man unknown to fame except for his lofty Christian character and self-forgetful example as a soldier, in far-off New York and Boston, unasked, the flags of the shipping and the shore were all half-masted. Men of that type, men like Nicholson, Outram, Lawrence, like Charles Gordon and David Livingstone, embody that power which is higher and stronger than statescraft or military genius, and which, wherever it crops out, in a Cromwell or a Lincoln, in a Wesley or a Luther, will always exert more lasting influence on history than aught else on earth.

The way of the road has had its day, the way of the sea also. When the third pathway to India, the road of the air, is mastered, the influence of that spirit whose path somehow man has always associated with the 'highway of the heavens,' will need to bulk largest in the men who alone can lead India rightly if she is ever to become the golden bridge to span the gulf that separates the East from the West, the white races from the yellow ones, and to unite them for 'Peace on earth, and good will among all men,' in that long hoped and prayed for 'Federation of the World.'

CHAPTER IX

PRACTICAL POLITICS AND MR. GANDHI'S SWARAJ

AT Delhi we were given the great privilege of meeting Mr. Gandhi, whom we found sitting in the sun on the upper balcony of his house. We found him a charming man, inspiring in his simplicity, and we could understand the devotion with which the Indian people, and Westerners as well, regard him.

To understand the troubles in India it is necessary to realize that, since she took part in the Great War, England has defined India's position in the British Empire as 'a nation on the road to complete equality with all the self-governing nations within the British Commonwealth.' She has a definite constitution of her own, signed the Peace of Versailles, is an original member of the League of Nations, and sent a representative to the Disarmament Conference at Washington. As far as legislation goes all racial distinctions and stigmas are being removed as fast as the preparedness of India appears to justify it.

Like every one else who is interested in India, we considered our interview with Mr. Gandhi while we were in Delhi a great privilege. He is a man who for good or evil has been a large factor in the life of his country during these past six or seven years. We felt that there is no reason to question that his motives are sincere, unselfish, and absolutely well intentioned. He is certainly an example of self-government that many of his critics would do well to copy. You cannot be in his presence without feeling a real affection for the spirit of the man; he seems so human in the very best sense of the word. That is one reason why so many hearts in India have been touched and drawn toward him. India's masses need and yearn for something deeper

than they find in the average rational, utilitarian official. Other reasons are that every one likes to feel grown-up, and many think that, however bad a government may be, so long as no alien is a member of it, it spells freedom, while many more are merely eager to have a share in it themselves. Our interview taught us why India cared when Gandhi lay fasting for their sake. They loved the man who, being literally rich, showed his love by being willing to become poor for their sakes.

Mr. Gandhi claims no monopoly of wisdom. He is neither Pope nor Fundamentalist. The easiest way to understand Gandhi is to think of Count Tolstoy in an emotional, Indian setting. In some ways one might suppose that Gandhi was a reincarnation of him. He is not interested in steady constitutional progress so much as in a return to the simple life. He deplores scientific advances and mechanical achievement, and 'Swaraj' to Gandhi means the simple life as interpreted by the Indian self-effacing ascetic, and by no means any ordered mechanism of governing the peoples of India. It had no reference to the balancing of India's revenue and expenditure, or he would have offered some constructive suggestion as to how the self-government of which he speaks could be profitably carried out, before venturing on the removal of the structure on which it all rests at present. Different people to-day will give you entirely different meanings of what Swaraj does imply: Dominion Home Rule, Moslem supremacy, a land where every one rules himself. To many of the ignorant, however, it has come to mean that all India needs in order to reach her millennium is immediately to turn out the English, and then Mr. Gandhi's 'Raj' is synonymous with 'food without work, rest without intermission, and the right to your rich neighbour's property.'

Gandhi's methods have had several years of trial; especially non-coöperation, or obstruction without violence,

which at last he has come to recognize never built up anything. His desire to unite Moslems and Hindus has every one's endorsement; but the proof of the pudding is after all in the eating. Murders, strikes, riots, fanatical religious barbarities, misery, suffering, and setbacks to education and general prosperity, all have been direct outcomes of the methods of the propagandists using Mr. Gandhi's name. All over India, in Bengal, in the Punjab, in the Northwest, in the horrible massacres at Tarn Tarah, in the recent savage cruelties perpetrated by the fanatical Moslem Moplahs, partly on Europeans, but mainly on their Hindu neighbours, when men were murdered, women outraged, houses plundered and burned down, and forcible conversions to the Mohammedan faith once more enacted, until they publicly declared that Swaraj was established in their section of the Madras Presidency — everywhere the results have been disastrous. Yet, deceived no doubt by those around him, Mr. Gandhi spoke of 'the brave, God-fearing Moplahs, fighting for what they considered religion, in a manner which they considered religious.'

The Ali brothers, with whom to the amazement of his Hindu followers Mr. Gandhi allied himself after publicly apologizing for inciting to violence at the conference at Karachi, openly advised Mohammedan soldiers to revolt and the setting-up of an all-Moslem republic, declaring that they were Mohammedans first always, and Indians afterwards. Such results are inevitable when mankind is not satisfied to wait for the slow but sure process of peaceful evolution.

Other actual results of the obstructionist policy were only humorous, such as the difficulty arising from their method of dealing with the caste system. In response to Mr. Gandhi's advice the lower castes set up such an effective boycott of the upper that his own journals had to implore the Government for assistance against a movement which became so

subversive of decency and order. Formerly Gandhi had been a keen supporter of the caste system as being perfect, another policy which had greatly enhanced his influence with all the religious Hindus.

The pathos of inducing boys to leave schools and colleges without providing sufficient substitutes, of prevailing upon the poorer people to abandon their homes and journey to Afghanistan for fear of forcible Christianization, without ever providing new homes for them, or seeking to build up prosperity by destroying property belonging to others — are weighty arguments when considered as end-results.

It was a British Prime Minister who publicly stated that good government was never a satisfactory substitute for self-government — which is only as true as that 'all men are born free and equal,' unless one inserts 'never a satisfactory, *permanent* substitute.'

Every kind of experiment of giving self-government to Boys' Schools, to juvenile offenders, even to children from babyhood, has been given a trial. But the consensus of opinion is that the younger the recipients are, the less fitted they are to profit by such freedom. The stern facts of human psychology, like the incapacity of molasses to respond to emotionalism in a Labrador winter, gives the lie to the benevolent dreams of the too rapid evolutionist.

If the object of having any government is to run the business of a country in the best interests of the people who live in it, then it follows that those selected for the job should be those most capable of doing it. The success of a government is measured by the prosperity and progress of the people and the development of the resources of the land, and not by a mere freedom of the wild ass. Thus Henry Ford has been an excellent government for a business larger than that of many small, self-governing countries; Lord Leverhulme, whose method is prosperity sharing as against profit sharing, has also been an admirable government. The

Cadburys of Bourneville, who personally introduced a modified self-government into their business, are highly successful as a government. The National Cash Register Company is another example of the same; while the Manchester Wholesale Coöperative Society is a coöperative, self-governing business of phenomenal success.

No system of government has yet been devised, however, which is universally satisfactory. Failures have occurred in every type; and practically always the failure has been in 'the man behind the gun.' Only in a millennium can the ideal government be possible, when every man, woman, and child will profitably have a hand in the government. Mr. Gandhi's Swaraj has much of this idealism in its conception, but at present little constructive value.

Under the existing order of things to-day the fewer the number chosen to govern, the less chance there need be of selecting unfit men. The danger of tyrants as possibilities has largely passed, though India has a very unenviable record in that respect and is still far from free of them in many native states. As we studied the Swaraj of the Rajahs in a number of states, one came to feel in certain instances that a change to almost any other form of government could scarcely be for the worse. Peonage and slavery, actual and practical, continue to exist, and evil old customs and conventions are still recognized and permitted with no other possible excuse than that the 'government,' or whoever is 'behind the gun,' is too selfish, too ignorant, or too afraid to abolish them.

The history of Indian self-government during four thousand years shows that the results were not peace, progress, and prosperity, but bloody wars, atrocious butcheries, religious and racial hatreds, and the steady increase of tyrants great and small, far the larger number of whom were sensualists and degenerates. Women were degraded, education was paralyzed, and the level of living remained sta-

tionary or sank. Gross superstition and savagery and religious 'frightfulness' almost beyond conception occurred and recurred.

The fact is that when the British came to India only two hundred years ago, there was really no country called India, there was no national life in India at all. There was only a continent as large as Europe without Russia, with infinitely more dissensions and with far more divergent peoples than are able to-day to keep Europe from being a field of ever-recurring strife. Would indeed that Swaraj were a rational raj for Europe to-day. A United States of Europe paralleling that of America is ideal; but at present that is all it can claim to be. As a matter of fact, in the form of over seven hundred native states India to-day has self-government over one third of its area. The results of even the measure of self-government attained by Indians in the other two thirds of the country are being severely criticized already by many of their own people as more expensive and less efficient than British rule, and it is proverbial that, wherever they can, Indians will always carry their law cases into British courts.

To-day in India dwell about one third of the human race, about three hundred and twenty million people. They are divided by nine separate great religions, by one hundred and thirty different languages belonging to six distinct families of speech, and still more by a rigid social and caste system comprising two thousand exclusive castes, differing from every other industrial class system in the world by forbidding even intermarriage between them. Caste brands over sixty million people as being 'untouchable' by the rest. In Europe we can at least all shake hands and dine together in times of peace. These are only some of the barriers to a national spirit which persist in India.

Oddly enough, the greatest charm of India to the outside observer lies in the amazing diversity that exists in all as-

pects of life. The difficulties loom large as one lands in Bombay and meets the wealthy, businesslike Parsee, then travels a few hours in the train and sees almost primitive man in the form of the Bhil in his jungle, practically a savage still, or a little farther a tribe of four million classified as criminal tribes because their social system is built only on the kind of crime by which they live. One journeys on and encounters the proud Rajputs, the Samurai of India, and the next day the simple, merry mountaineers of the Himalaya mountains. One day one sees wild Waziris, Mahmuds, and Afridis of the Northwest, and the next the highly cultured Brahmins of the Northeast; to-day the subtle-minded, city-bred Bengalee, to-morrow the peon of Madras; now the great land-owners of the Central Provinces, now the enslaved Mahars, who are not allowed by law to come within sixty yards of a Brahmin, and whose very shadow falling on you will defile.

The British Government is not perfect. At least a healthy Opposition in their own legislature, supported by a varying proportion of the British people, is always 'telling the world' so. The Indian leaders have justifiable grievances. In my opinion the chief among them is the pushing still of the iniquitous and utterly unnecessary intoxicating liquor traffic into a country whose people are total abstainers by religion.

On the other hand, Indian leaders to-day acknowledge the many and great blessings which have come to their country through British rule: (1) The Law Courts, where justice is given to rich and poor alike. (2) A postal and telegraph system which is cheaper and better than the American. (3) Over thirty-six thousand miles of railway, where the cost of transportation is less than in almost any other country. These were built by the credit of the British Government, with a low rate of interest, as Indian money-lenders demand such huge rates on loans that it is a great bar to economic progress. (4) Famines are fewer, and suffer-

ing from them much less than formerly. Monetary advances are made in famine time, and the railways and fine irrigation systems have cut down the number and extent of these former scourges. (5) The Government charges to the cultivator for irrigation are much less than those of private concerns. (6) India is one of the least-taxed countries in the world. (7) The British have brought internal peace and a consequent increase in the population. (8) Methods have been devised to give the tenant better protection for his land. (9) Marvellous roads everywhere open and enrich the country. (10) Many kinds of coöperative societies have been started and fostered, and are multiplying so rapidly that they promise to be one of the greatest blessings yet to India. (I am largely indebted for the above summary to Mr. Sam Higginbottom's admirable little book 'The Gospel and the Plow.')

A letter officially written by the Director of the International Labour Office runs as follows: 'I should be much obliged if you would convey to the Government of India the gratitude of the International Labour Organization, and its great appreciation of the manner in which the Government of India is fulfilling its obligations, and of the conspicuous example of social and labour progress which it is thus showing to the world. A vast social revolution has been realized which will have a far-reaching effect in the production of a world-wide equilibrium of social conditions.'

England has greatly helped India to appreciate modern education, though the religions of India have kept her from responding to that impulse as quickly as Japan was able to do from the day that Commodore Perry knocked at her gates. There are many, many well-educated Indians to-day who have taken advantage of their opportunities; and they naturally feel that they are able to govern as well as Englishmen. In the National Assembly at Delhi we saw and heard convincing proof of ample intellectual ability, just as

contrary to some men's theories, the world also heard from members of a purely Labour Government in England. Genius is not confined to class, sect, race, or creed. India has plenty of able men, provided only that they are not afraid of religionists and conventions, and have the courage of their convictions. But courage of that kind is not too common anywhere, and climate has a physical, real, and inflexible influence on character. What Christ called for was nearer akin to courage than belief.

Moreover, because there are able men to govern, it is no guarantee that the masses who are to select the governing body will be brave or just; and so far, to any one from outside studying India, there seems every reason to believe that they will not study solely the common good. Thus even the Nationalist Conference, composed entirely of Indians and drawn from the educated middle classes, has strenuously opposed all the beneficial legislation designed to check the transfer of land from the poor agriculturalist to the money-lenders. The Conference did not favour in social life the liberty which it demanded in politics; while it advocated that the people be allowed unrestricted use of firearms!

The attitude of mind of the average Indian is not that of the stolid Northerner. After a recent large exhibition, one of the highest Indian officials argued with a friend of mine, apparently with perfect conviction, that the furniture exhibits should be sent to him for his personal use in his home when the exhibition closed, simply because he was a big Government official and the exhibits were the property of the Government. Naturally, one rose does not make a summer, and Carnegie medals and Nobel prizes, as well as Victoria Crosses, are earned by Indians just as well as by others. But the morality conceived and advocated by the two main (numerically) religions of the country is no guarantee that the average Indian will yet distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*. I saw five thousand employees of a huge mill all

naturally expecting to be searched as they passed through the wicket at the close of their day's work.

Mr. Gandhi's most difficult problem seems to be, therefore, as to whether the people are as yet fitted for democracy. The bottomless gulfs still dividing the various races are more apparent to him than to us. His example shows that he at last realizes that like all great objectives the attainment of Swaraj unavoidably means suffering and sacrifice, whether to the impatient by having to wait or to the majority through overhaste. He knows that as Christ said, '*via lucis, via crucis*,' is true. The ferments that are stirring him, as they have stirred all pioneers, seem to be: Is not India stunted and dwarfed by being still content to accept government by foreigners? Is not discontent an essential step to progress? Is not experience a necessary teacher in development of character? Will not Swaraj, with the least suffering and in the shortest time, remove the obvious obstacles to unity in India.

Mr. Gandhi's love for his country is so real that it has not obscured his vision of the immense advantage to India that when self-government comes, as of course it will come there as elsewhere in its appointed time, it should be inside a comity of similar free, self-governing nations, whether it is called British or not. For he is not afraid of truth; even if the name should suggest that in its childhood 'foreigners' had lent a hand in the evolution of his country. He once said to a friend of mine, 'I love the British even better than you do, for I love them with discrimination.' He sees far enough ahead to realize, and is idealist enough to believe, that only in such a comity of free nations around this spherical unit called the world can ever become permanent that Kingdom of God on earth which every true, religious man of whatever creed, in India or elsewhere, most devoutly prays for and looks forward to.

Mr. Gandhi has by sad experience discovered and de-

clared openly that obstruction and even non-coöperation leads nowhere, except to the stirring-up of evil passions. That love is the greatest thing in the world is not silly sentimentalism. It is as true as that the electron is the smallest, one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second the quickest, and two hundred and seventy-three degrees the coldest in this universe. Mr. Gandhi's determination not to appeal to force is born of a more intimate knowledge of this fact than have those who at heart still believe that brute force is the strongest power we have or can ever hope to understand. I think, however, that the cleverest thing which I heard said in India was that the main reason why so many men are willing to ask for immediate Swaraj in Egypt and India to-day is that they hope they will not get it — for a long while.

The conviction that there is a great Father of all men necessitates the faith that the closer the bonds of brotherhood the better, while as for labels — well, we must for accuracy be content to leave them to Him. As to human methods, of course every man is entitled to his own ideas, and obviously they must be various. For it is a fact of experience that one man's meat is another's poison. If ever men's physical machines through which they relate themselves to earth began by being equal, they certainly are not so now. I love a dip every morning in the polar current from the side of my hospital steamer. I have not seen an Indian yet who ever claimed that such an experience would give him pleasure. The tumble and tossing of the sea has ever been the breath of life to me. But I have observed that the same impulses have caused very different reactions in some others with whom I have had the privilege of being ship-mates in a real storm.

The fact is that at certain stages of evolution good government is much more important than self-government. It is even necessary to existence, and that longer for man than

for any other animal. On the other hand, the only alternative to ultimate self-government is ultimate incompetency. No one could prevent Swaraj coming in India if he tried to; but Nature herself teaches us that the preparation for ability is slow adaptation. However good it is, a cigar makes a child sick; a grain of morphine kills a tender-foot, while a De Quincey could enjoyably cope with forty such doses. Influenza in the unaccustomed soil of North Labrador killed three hundred out of three hundred and sixty-five people in one village. Immunity to danger is only gained by slow stages. To change the present evolution of India under the partnership of the two Aryan races by a revolution would set back the whole prospect for the advance of humanity; and England and India realize as never before that they are thus responsible to the world.

England did not go into India for philanthropy, but for trade, and her trade will not suffer from Indian self-government unless that should come to spell chaos in the land. Many have forgotten, however, that British bayonets and British officers have been also the real reason why the people are safe to-day from the constant battle, murder, and sudden death caused by any prince or ruler of any of the races and creeds who thought himself strong enough to gain by raiding his neighbour. Withdraw British police and British soldiers to-day and disorder would inevitably result. Indians and English alike know that. On the other hand, not a few English are already saying, 'We have only been able to govern because India consented, and we cannot rule by force even if we want to. We do not desire "a jewel in our crown"; what we need is friends and brothers in our Commonwealth.' The road to this is closer and truer unity between us, the unity of the soul, to work wisely for the common good; which is the real vision which Mr. Gandhi is seeing.

To call attention to this need for unity between the two

leading Indian religious bodies, if Swaraj was ever to be attained, Mr. Gandhi's method was to proclaim that he intended to starve himself. The immediate result was a large union meeting of Mohammedans and Hindus and smaller communities of Christians who took part. I could not refrain from asking Mr. Gandhi why that was the reaction of his people. One could not expect a similar result if even the Viceroy made such a proclamation. The Anglican Episcopal Primate of India, who presided, wrote most enthusiastically of the gathering. The Hindus stated that, if only the Moslems would abandon killing the sacred cows and eating their flesh, they would overlook all other differences. The Moslems agreed that, if only the Hindus would cease to insult them by parading their idols around the public streets, they on their part would embrace them as brothers. The conference was made up of prominent leaders of both creeds. It was convinced that India can have no national life without freedom of thought and religious toleration, and promised to go home and impress this undoubted fact on its respective followers. They passed a resolution, therefore, that toleration was to be given to all religions. The place of Christians in the national life was recognized, and Christians in future were to be free to exert their influence as they liked. Theoretically, India is already a different country. But even Swaraj governments cannot create new countries merely by making new rules, and India's fitness for 'triumphant democracy' has even yet not been demonstrated by the noticeable results.

A hundred years of self-government in the British colony in which I live has not yet given us a single road around the country. There is no scientific department for the study and protection of her one great industry, the fishery; and even there our faith in equal justice for rich and poor has been rudely shaken. Self-government was granted the country before she was ready for it; and a benevolent autocracy

under a just and able ruler would have found her infinitely better off to-day.

To us, therefore, it seems that it is still the task of the British not merely still to govern India, but to prepare the Indians for self-government. For England too must discover that Britain's highest glory will only be realized when she has helped to attain, not a world empire governed by Britons, but a federation of nations within that empire, perhaps, whose chief aim and part shall be to hasten the long-desired day of that federation of the world.

In one thing Mr. Gandhi is unquestionably right, and because of that element in his character the world will forgive his mistakes. The elimination of selfish interests is essential to good government. In other words, the ideal can only be attained when God rules in the affairs of men.

CHAPTER X

IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA

MOST of my friends know that I was reared in an atmosphere of India. Some of my earliest recollections are of my mother's telling me of the beautiful land of her birth, and of clambering on my uncle's knee to feel the bullet in his forehead that he got at Lucknow while helping to defend the Residency in the great mutiny in which he had been aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Lawrence. Long before that my forbears had given their lives for India. Endless cousins have served there; the great dock in Bombay is named after one, who built it, another was for many years the legal advisor to the Viceroy; and many more are serving her now. I was always taught to love India and the Indians, and when during my college days the chance came to help a young Indian classmate, I gladly offered to share my rooms with him. It gives me great satisfaction to know that to-day, after a distinguished medical career in England, he has gone back to give his services for his kinsmen in South India.

Here perhaps one should say that the race and colour prejudice which some people talk so much about is largely a figment of the mind when it is not a convenient cover for selfishness. Let any one study carefully the barriers that have been raised in various countries against the entry of men of other races and one finds that the objection at bottom has always been the fear of competition. Selfishness and greed, and not the pigment in the skin any more than in the pupil of the eye, have been the root of the matter.

Anyhow, the Indians are our blood cousins, Aryans, men of narrow noses like ours. When only a comparatively few come to a country every one wants them, especially em-

employers of labour. Thus all Canada, except British Columbia, desires to have them, and British Columbia has her labour market already overstocked with Japanese. The most illuminating instance was perhaps that in Guatemala where the Government of India sent a deputation to try and secure fair play for many of her subjects who were going there as labourers. This she failed to get, so she retaliated by saying, 'Then no more will be allowed to go.' The result was that very shortly there came a deputation from Guatemala to India asking on what terms they would allow their subjects to come.

It is hardly necessary to say what we think of India, its fruits, its flowers, its unequalled gorgeous blooming trees, its exquisite villages which, especially in the South with their thatched roofs and quaint architecture, just melt away into the palm groves and mango orchards. Who that has lived in London and New York and possibly haunted, as I have, Threadneedle Street, Bishopsgate, or for years the purlieus of Whitechapel around the London Hospital, who that has suffered from the overpowering masses of humanity which seem to walk on one's head in Wall Street or crowd one into nothingness in the Bowery, can do aught but love the streets of India with their gaily clad crowds which scintillate with colour like the Aurora Borealis of our Arctic sky in the fall of the year? Look at the butterflies which flash past one in the sunlight. Where can you find their equal anywhere in the world except perhaps in Madagascar or in South America? The colouring of the birds of India is almost unparalleled. The vivid greens of the paroquets add beauty and lustre even to the gardens of the Taj Mahal or the palaces of Delhi and Agra and Fatehpur Sikri. The dazzling blues of the jays, the iridescent reds of the kingfisher which one sees on every river-bank, to say nothing of the glories of the national peacock, the impeyan pheasants, the friendliness of the Mina birds, and the sauci-

ness of the crows, and indeed of all the animals in the country where animal life is held absolutely sacred, all leave a never-to-be-forgotten impression on one's mind.

He who for most of his life has had to take his morning dip in the polar current, often between pans of ice, does not fail to appreciate a bath in the luscious breakers of the Coromandel beach. He who has lived among fishermen, whose potential captives are limited to codfish, herring, and a few salmon, cannot but value a visit to the aquarium at Madras, where there are fishes which excite alternately every emotion of which humanity is capable, from their almost unbelievable variety of shape, colour, and habits. We can never forget a cruise in a small rowboat in the Bay of Bengal watching the ridiculous antics of solemn regiments of exquisitely delicate white mullet rising in clouds from a blue wave and flitting through the air like a miniature march-past of soldiers, to be followed by some huge skate jumping out of the sea high into the air and crashing back, with the noise as of a cannon exploding, in his attempt to rid himself of parasites. For in India parasites spare nothing, not even the long-suffering holy men, who, not being willing to destroy life, are unable to protect themselves against their inroads. Except by taking them off oneself and putting them on one's neighbours.

Those who love gold and jewelry, pearls and silks, ivory and ebony and sandalwood, and cunning devices of master craftsmen in every conceivable branch of carvers', inlayers', mosaic, and ornamental arts, know the answer to 'What do you think of India?'

Think of the suffering and horrors which men have perpetrated on others and endured themselves just in order to grab and hold for a few years those adjuncts of human life which they have carried away from India literally in cartloads, especially through the great plunder roads leading into the country through the passes from Afghanistan,

Persia, and Tibet. One recalls the Koh-i-noor diamond given to Queen Victoria by the late Maharajah of Scindia, and the water cup carved out of a single ruby which the Moghul Emperor Jehangir used as a flower vase.

India, as a part of the environment for man which this world affords, could be a paradise, and, please God, some day it will be, but we came to the conclusion that, like our own countries of the West, it is very far from having attained that ideal to-day.

'That is not what I meant' is the usual reply to my effort to fend off the trouble into which one falls by telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth as one sees it. 'It won't do to say that, it will only stir up trouble,' is a common remark one hears from Indian and Briton alike in that great country. It pays better to say only what will not offend the susceptibilities of any one in these days just as it did in Ahab's, when the Prophet Micaiah bade the King go out to battle and prosper. He did not like to tell him, 'You will certainly come to grief if you do.' Yet the Indians have been characterized through all the ages as a people amongst all others who have not been afraid to search for the truth in that which concerns the deepest things of life, and should, therefore, be the first to welcome facts even if others have seen them ahead. It is greatly to the credit of India that there are a large number of her highly educated and cultured sons to-day who are not afraid to face the obloquy and personal losses which are the inevitable lot of those who are brave enough to stand up against popular movements. Such are some of the members of the Liberal Party whose steadying influence is of incalculable value to India at the present time. To us they seem her real patriots because they combine wisdom and self-restraint with devotion to their ideal.

As we first gazed on the harbour of Bombay from the deck of the good ship Varela, a beautiful stretch of water lay

before us, encircled by blue hills. The city itself, which runs for miles along the water-front, looked clean and glistening, with imposing buildings, while our hotel was a welcome change from our late hostelry at Baghdad. In justice to the former, however, I should say that before retiring on this, our first night in India, my wife and I had a vigorous cockroach hunt. When we first saw the creatures scuttling around our bedroom, we mistook them for mice.

The caves of Elephanta are six miles out in Bombay Harbour. These natural caverns were carved in the eighth century so as to transform them into a great temple for Siva. The carvings, therefore, depict those incidents in his life in which the other gods were subservient to him, and although they were present they were represented as smaller. Brahma is depicted with three heads, seated on a lotus blossom and supported by swans. To the disgrace of the Portuguese it must be recorded that they destroyed many of the marvellous carvings by firing shells into the caves. The huge carved elephant which was found on the island and from which the caves derived their name, we saw in the Victoria Gardens in Bombay.

Through the courtesy of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, we were able to take our journey through the country under the most comfortable circumstances imaginable. With two friends we hired a full-sized Pullman car which was divided into three sleeping-rooms, a bathroom, a little sitting- and dining-room, a kitchen and a pantry. Our two Indian servants slept on berths at the end of the corridor. At each station we wished to visit we were put off on a siding, used the car as our hotel during the days of our stay, and when ready to leave the town we simply notified the station-master, who arranged to have our railway carriage attached to the express train bound for the next place on our itinerary. The only limitation to our route, aside from the time at our disposal, was the fact that our car

could travel only on broad-gauge rails, and we were therefore precluded from visiting some of the smaller kingdoms which we should like to have taken in had it been possible.

I cannot speak too highly of the courtesy, consideration, and efficiency of the way in which the railways of India are run. Throughout all the weeks in which we travelled and lived and ate and slept in our Pullman home, we found absolutely nothing to criticize in the management of the railways. To their courtesy and consideration we owe no small part of the ease and comfort and pleasure which we derived from our visit to India, and we cannot suggest too strongly to those who really wish to see the country under the most favourable and restful circumstances that they follow our example and hire one of these excellent carriages for their tour.

We have never ceased to be grateful that we followed the advice of friends in Bombay and visited as our first 'sight' the famous caves of Ellora. At one-forty in the morning of our first day we were shunted onto a siding at Manmar to await the dawn, only to find that the entire male population of the town seemed to be 'making a night of it' on the platform. This, combined with ceaseless engines hooting in our ears, was an inducement to follow the Indian example of early rising, and six-thirty found us breakfasted and ready for the branch train which conveyed us to Aurangabad, where we hired the only available car, the customary and inevitable Ford. We motored first to Daulatabad, where we saw a very remarkable thirteenth-century citadel, built out of a rocky hill, and with double lines of encircling walls and a moat at the base of the cliff. This fort is built on a granite rock five hundred feet high, with a perpendicular scarp all around it of from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet in height. The road is lined with many tombs and little temples. After passing through Ranza, formerly a place of importance but now a poor village, though the

sacred shrine of Deccan Mussulmans and the tombs of two of the Moghul Emperors are located there, we came to the caves of Ellora. There are twelve Buddhist, twelve Brahman, and five Jain temples, dating from the fourth to the eighth centuries A.D., and wonderfully carved from the solid rock of the cliffs, being deeply tunnelled back into the hill, with roofs and floors and stairways — all beautifully cut from the virgin rock and naturally all one solid stonework. The Kailasa Temple is a truly marvellous structure, wholly cut from the rock *in situ*, the back wall of the court in which it stands being over one hundred feet high. There is a whole row of immense carved elephants around the outer wall of the temple. We visited also the Jain caves, with their curiously carved pillars, and saw the cave with its enormous stone Buddha, whose roof is made of deeply carved stone ribs cut out of the rock.

Our arrival in Agra was delayed by a wrecked train which was blocking the line a few miles ahead of us. We did not regret this, however, as we were able to watch at very close quarters a group of men breakfasting. There was one cook for the group, and a kind of central stew into which every member of the little crowd threw something. They were also consuming small flat cakes of bread dough fried in a deep fat. Their plates were bits of newspaper, and their cutlery their fingers. On the other side of our train, under some trees, was a group of native houses, and all the women and children came out and took a bath on a raised platform in front of the house before they had their breakfast, which they took quite apart from the men. These women of the poorer classes were not veiled, and we learned later that *purdah* is not a requirement of the Hindu religion, but that they have copied the custom from the Moslems to a certain extent.

Our first view of the Taj Mahal was under bright sunlight. The Taj Mahal was not the creation of one man, but

of many artists all over the world. Twenty thousand workmen slaved for years on the construction of the wonderful building. It is said to be the most perfect creation of the mind of man translated into visible form.

At Agra we also visited the famous fort begun by Akbar in 1566, with its walls seventy feet high and a mile and a half in circumference, its beautiful turrets and noble gateways. Within its walls is that most lovely pearl mosque, the Moti Masjid, and the palaces of Akbar and Shah Jehan. The whole enclosure is full of interest: the hall of public audience, the spot from which the Emperors used to witness the conflicts between the animals, a Hindu temple, and a mosque built by Aurangzeb for the ladies. Just before leaving we were shown the apartment of Jehangir's Empress which was later occupied by Muntag-i-Mahall, the Lady of the Taj. Here in full view of the Taj Mahal died her husband, Shah Jehan. On the river side of the palace there is an octagonal pavilion, very probably the one where the Brahman Deli was hauled up the walls of the castle, sitting on a native bed until he arrived at the balcony where the Emperors used to sleep. There he was wont to discuss the Hebrew religion with Akbar.

At Sikandra, a five-mile motor drive from Agra, is the curious stone horse, a memorial erected by an Indian general to his favourite charger. Sikandra is the Arabic equivalent to Alexander, and relates to Alexander the Great's invasion of India. The tomb of Akbar the Great, which is located there, is one of the most impressive structures in India. The monarch is buried in the crypt, but his 'cenotaph' is on the top of the building, and some claim that the Koh-i-noor diamond was formerly set in a pedestal close by. Our departure from the courtyard was hastened by a large troupe of big grey monkeys, very bad-tempered, which were hopping about on the grass and among the trees, spitting and leering at us.

Fatehpur Sikri means 'the city of victory,' and was built as a result of a visit of the Sheik Salim Chista to Akbar. On that occasion the saint promised him an heir, and Akbar showed his gratitude by building a great city. Subsequently, however, the saint found the noises of the city uncongenial, and so the court was moved to Agra; though it must be admitted some of the more practical-minded historians assert that the migration was due to the unhealthy situation of Fatehpur Sikri. Above a great gateway there is an inscription which reads: 'Isa [the Arabic form of Jesus], on whom be peace, said: "The world is a bridge; pass over it but build no house there. The world is but an hour; spend it in devotion. The rest is unseen!"'

At Delhi we were the guests of Lord and Lady Rawlinson at the famous Flagstaff House, a name fraught with memories to those to whom the story of the famous mutiny is familiar.

Through the kindness of an Indian friend we motored out to visit the Kutb-Minar, coming back to town by way of Tughlakabad, Humayum's Tomb, and past Indrapat, Ferozabad, and the northern road. There are seven sites of Delhi, beginning at the eleventh century, and the British are now erecting the New Delhi, a wonderfully laid-out and planned city, on the eighth site. The conception and scale suggest the vision of a modern Akbar. To us it seemed to be a concession to expediency in the present state of development.

Through the courtesy of Sir Frederick Whyte, who was head of the Legislative Assembly, we were able to visit the House of Assembly, then in session, and to obtain at first hand glimpses of the manner in which British rule in India is being administered. We have visited less dignified and less learned seats of government.

It is a great help toward understanding the problems of India to visit Peshawar. We had beautiful views all the way

of the distant Himalaya mountains, and we found Peshawar Base a charming little place, well laid out and well taken care of. The bazaars of the old city of Peshawar were the most interesting which we had seen yet, and in the varied crowd from every clime and kindred and camel trains which had come in over the Khyber Pass, people were represented from every part of the world.

True to the Indian custom we were awakened long before dawn by shouts and conversation and coughing directly under the window of our sleeping-carriage, and were more than ready for an early start for our drive to the Khyber Pass, a wonderfully impressive experience. Through this pass had come all of the conquerors of India, and through it great camel trains still pour in with goods of every kind — rugs from Afghanistan, Baluchistan, and Bokhara, silks and cottons. It is a narrow defile between high barren mountains, and furtive eyes are watching you from every hilltop. We had a permit from the Governor which allowed us to go to Michnikandao, from which site we looked off at the range of snow-covered Himalayas and down upon the border of the British Empire and into the territory of Afghanistan. We were indeed sorry to leave this city of the northwest frontier; we had been thrilled by this great artery into India, and we liked the native Indians and the English people and the climate and the vegetation, and even the zoo, where the lions, who were supposed to roar, simply sat in the sun and blinked at one. The finishing touch was added, however, when on the morning of our departure the station-master most courteously came into our carriage and asked our permission to start the train to which our private car was attached!

At Peshawar we met an English lady whose husband, an unusually clever doctor and head of the hospital there, had been stabbed to death by the fanatical father of an expatriate. Shortly thereafter, another Englishman was plun-

dered and brutally murdered by bandits coming from beyond the Himalayas, who also carried away his daughter into the mountain fastnesses as a hostage for their pardon for that and previous crimes. Mrs. Starr, the wife of the murdered doctor, volunteered to go alone and search for the girl in that forbidden territory among those robbers, as it would mean certain death for any man to have attempted the journey. Accompanied only by her Pathan servant and a tiny escort, with no Europeans, she penetrated into the very heart of Tirah and rescued the girl unharmed. Courage is not limited to the profession of arms.¹

At Rawal Pindi, one leaves the railway to motor into the Vale of Kashmir. Through the courtesy of the railway company it had been arranged for us to have seats in the Government mail motor. In it we travelled over the Murree Pass, seven thousand feet high, down along the wonderful valley of the Jhelum River, its hillsides wooded with great pines and deodars, and its boiling torrent hundreds of feet below our road, which seemed literally to cling to the face of the projecting cliffs.

It is a dangerous road, and no safer at this time of year for the abundant snow near the top. Our driver was a Mohammedan, and undoubtedly a fatalist, for he took us over all the curves at full speed, trusting to 'Kismet' or his emergency brake to bring us up on a second's notice. After a night spent in a dak bungalow, most delightfully arranged for travellers, we continued the journey through the Jhelum Valley, with great snow-capped mountains towering above us on every side, and reached Srinagar for luncheon the next day. Friends had told us that it would be impossible to go over the Murree Pass into Kashmir in winter as we did, but we have always been glad that we did not listen to this advice, for we feel that we saw it under circumstances

¹ Any one who loves tales of courage should read *Tales of Tirah and Lesser Thibet*, by Mrs. Starr, C.M.S. London.

which had their own beauty and a peculiar interest which could not have been afforded had we gone at the time that the guidebooks advise. These cautious friends forget that, to those accustomed to Labrador, the snows and cold of the Murree Pass, and of the Vale of Kashmir itself, were very slight drawbacks.

Srinagar is a lovely city, with a river winding through it into the fertile foothills encircling it. Though it was very cold at night, the birds sang all day long. The trees of the Vale of Kashmir are tall and vigorous, and our friends told us that fruits of every kind and numerous flowers flourished there. Though the trees were bare at the time of our visit, already the narcissi were blooming in the valleys. Many of the people of Srinagar are of quite a different type from the Indians whom we had seen previously, and had a very Semitic look, while others have features which are Mongolian in type. The houses of Kashmir are all decorated with intricate wood carvings, while the better ones are painted with bright-coloured pictures. We wondered whether the masses of the people managed to keep warm in the biting cold, and we learned from our host, Dr. Neve, that they all wear a sort of brazier under their clothing and next to their skin. This custom results in many cases in a form of cancer peculiar to the region.

It happened that an old acquaintance of my youth, a Cambridge rowing Blue, was running a mission school in Kashmir, and it, as well as the far-famed hospital of the Neve brothers, scientists, mountaineers, authors, surgeons, and missionaries, added greatly to our interest in the journey. The boys of Mr. Tyndal Biscoe's school are known throughout Kashmir for their sturdy virility and pluck — assets of infinite value to character in any setting of life, but especially so among the old customs which still dominate India.

In conversation with a native Government official, he



NEAR KASHMIR

told me that he was 'an old Biscoe boy,' and that, until he began to attend Mr. Biscoe's school, he had never been taught to be unselfish at a cost to himself or what real courage meant. He said that when he became a Christian he had had to fly from home to save his life, but that now, like many another alumnus from the famous school, he had been selected for a responsible Government position.²

The keynote of this school is courage, and its motto is 'Be Men.' Its method is to lead in modern knight-errantry, and to emphasize, as Christ always did, the value of deeds above words. Its result in the life of Kashmir is most remarkable. New laws have been introduced, municipal consciences aroused, provision made for the sick, and sufficient justice for the poor have gone along with the school in formative efforts. As Mr. Biscoe puts it: 'The trouble was that popular opinion was not in favour of interference with any kind of cruelty, and there were consequently no men forthcoming to champion helplessness.'

The school was running a campaign against food profiteering. The absolutely essential rice was being bought up by rich natives in the country districts and only allowed to reach the city of Srinagar in very small quantities at a time, so that it could be sold at ruinous prices. The precious rice was landed from barges moored off from the banks of the rivers. Mr. Biscoe relates that poor, starving women were drowned in the terrible struggle to secure some of it. The masters and boys of the school went themselves into the country, brought in the grain, and sold it with their own hands from shops on the river-bank until finally the authorities were obliged to take notice and rectify the cause. This is true missionary education. The boys have been taught that if they see any cruelty to human beings or

² I should advise any schoolmaster, who believes that the main object of education is inspiration, to purchase Mr. Biscoe's book called *Character Building in Kashmir*, which is obtainable at the Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, London.

to animals they are to try to stop it at any cost to themselves, and more than one has come back to the school somewhat the worse for his attempt to oust some heavy loafer from an overweighted donkey. It was Sir Ronald Ross who said that the Greeks were ruined, not by self-indulgence, but by malaria, and others think that the moral character of the Russians is due to physical degradation. Athleticism, therefore, is strenuously emphasized in mission schools throughout India. Other native states have already invited Mr. Biscoe to send them alumni imbued with his spirit.

Who can ever forget an experience like ours the day when we set off in two delightfully comfortable native boats down the fascinating canals to the Dahl Lake? We passed first a leper hospital, which, though a Government affair, is supervised by Dr. Neve, and saw some new buildings being constructed as homes for the uninfected children of lepers, so that they need not be left with their parents and so contract the disease. We then rowed on to the Nassimbagh, a lovely grove of chenar trees by the side of the lake, with snow-capped mountains before and behind us. There we lunched, and saw crowds of Moslems returning from the mosque, which we had seen them entering in hordes as we came up the river. In this mosque is a sacred hair from the beard of the Prophet. A certain missionary was addressing a congregation here, and noticed one particularly interested man. At the end of the discourse he thought the man would doubtless say he wished to become a Christian. But what he did say was: 'Your beard is the same colour as the Prophet's' — bright red! Many men in this country dye their beards with henna to imitate the Prophet's.

In the famous and lovely gardens of the Shalimar the daisies were already blooming in the grass, and we saw one courageous pansy. From Nishat, another garden with series of terraces and fountains, we obtained a beautiful

view of the sun setting behind the snowy mountains and reflected in the calm waters of the lake. In flood time this lake is very high, and our host told us that they once had nine feet of water in the garden of their house, so that they had to take their meals on the roof! During that same flood his brother swam down the aisle of the church in Srinagar, dived under the lintel of the vestry door, and rescued the registry book.

At breakfast every morning, friendly bulbul birds came to the window and waited for their share of the feast. If they were given a piece of bread without butter, they refused it and waited till a buttered bit was handed them. Another instance of the supremacy of animals in India! The daughter of a former Governor of Newfoundland, who had lived for many years in Kashmir, motored us one morning to see the ruins of an ancient Hebrew temple at Evantapura. The drive was gorgeous, down the length of the Vale of Kashmir and between two lines of glistening white mountains; and the ruin which we reached at the end of our journey was a satisfying and romantic culmination. Her home was a houseboat on the river, most comfortable and convenient in the periodic serious floods.

To any one who has known and loved Kipling's 'Kim' the name of Lahore must be fraught with all sorts of romantic associations, and we, too, spent many happy hours in the fascinating museum of which Kipling's father was curator. The exhibition of Indian arts and crafts, for which the city is becoming famous, was also well worth a visit. Modern Lucknow was really created by the King of Oudh, whose badge is the fish. The dynasty is of comparatively recent date, 1775. We visited the throne room, the clock tower, and the Residency, where such terrible scenes were enacted in the great mutiny of 1857, where Sir Henry Lawrence died, and where my uncle, whose name we were proud to see inscribed there, was staff officer during the

siege. Lucknow is called the 'Garden City' of India, and it well deserves the name, with its gilded towers and stately minarets, as well as its mosques and palaces and gardens. But its main interest lay for us in that Residency where on May 30, 1857, two thousand nine hundred and seventy-nine were left alive. In the cemetery the tablet inscription on Lawrence's grave reads: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul.'

Under the guidance of one of the ladies of the Isabella Thoburn College, we were able to see the Jhami Masjid, a marvellous palace, and another day we visited the fascinating Eastern bazaar with its display of curious wares: silver-work, clay figures, terra-cotta models, chukan embroidery, and its great assortment of perfumeries.

Education for women has been hitherto almost impossible in India, owing to the attitude of both Mohammedans and Hindus toward them. Let any one, however, who needs further evidence of the value of missions, visit some of the splendid modern colleges for girls, like the Isabella Thoburn College at Lucknow, and watch these fine young women, coming straight from the cruel handicap of purdah, receive the glorious gift of modern college life and education. When we watched that beautiful sight, the ebb and flow of that young life, one realized their capacity for changing the whole face of India, and then remembered what lone women have accomplished in the past — women like Pandita Ramabai, and one longed that every one who wished to know the truth might witness this for himself.

A fearful dust-storm was raging when we reached Cawnpore, so that it was difficult for us to get about the city, a large industrial centre and also the seat of the Government Agricultural Farm. But here again its chief personal interest for us lay in the scenes of the mutiny; the well into which the wretched sufferers had been thrown, the spot on

the river at which the British embarked, having been promised a safe-conduct (they were shot down, however, by sepoys as they passed along in boats), the Memorial Church of All Souls with its tablets put up in memory of those who were killed in its entrenchments, and the well which had been the sole water supply during the whole siege. It all called to my mind once more the stories which I had heard from my mother and close relatives, and I seemed to be able to picture the scenes so vividly.

To our minds, one of India's greatest hopes for the future is in her own emancipated women. Love and unselfishness must save India as well as the rest of the world.

CHAPTER XI

CASTE AND CUSTOMS

At Allahabad is the most sacred spot in all India, the junction of three rivers, the Jumna, the Ganges, and the third, a hidden river. Here hundreds of thousands of pilgrims come yearly to bathe, as they believe that they have eight hundred thousand reincarnations to undergo, but if they can but once bathe in this sacred place, called the 'Prag,' they will be released from one hundred thousand. The Hindus believe that here Brahma performed the sacrifice of a horse, in recognition of his recovery of the lost four Vedas.

On our way to the famous fort which was built by Akbar in 1583, we saw another pillar of Asoka, dating from 242 B.C. It is of stone, and on it are inscribed the edicts of Asoka, and also a record of the victories of Samudragupta, and one of Jehangir. Moreover, in this city is the Akshai Bat, the undying and undecaying banyan tree, standing in front of an ancient temple, itself an object of worship.

Whilst crossing the great bridge over the Ganges at Allahabad, we noticed a huge iron pipe fastened to the outside of the structure. Our friend and host, Mr. Sam Higginbottom, who, though an Englishman, has for many years served with an American mission in India, remarked: 'That is one of my sermons. That pipe carries all the sewage of the city. Formerly it opened into the river close to the spot we have just seen where hundreds of thousands of pilgrims come to bathe.' The Hindus believe that any one bathing in the Ganges is cleansed of his sins, while the soul of any one drowned in its waters goes straight to Paradise. Yet the sewage of Allahabad as of Benares still emptied into the sacred stream.

Once over the bridge we discovered the meaning of this sermon. We found ourselves in the meadow of a beautiful and fertile farm. The land when Mr. Higginbottom bought it was rented at six annas an acre; now it is worth forty rupees, or over a hundred times its value only those few short years ago. Into great irrigation troughs we saw our companion of the bridge discharging its message of life-giving fertility over all those broad acres. India could be rich on her own waste.

The long rainless months and the occasional rainless year under the broiling sun, which made the ground hard enough for us to walk about even in the rainy season, makes 'the sky like brass, and the ground like iron,' so that the native wooden plough, which is still everywhere in use, can at best bite only a few inches into the ground. The labourer must put but one hand to the plough, since the other is used for the goad or rein. We were told that they often cruelly twist the tails of their oxen to urge them on until sometimes they actually break them off. The mission plough, however, goes twelve inches into the stony ground, even though it is so hard that it rings like iron. Incidentally, I might add that when the refugees during the terrible mutiny tried to dig trenches at Cawnpore for their protection, they were able to do absolutely nothing with the terribly hard-packed soil.

When the rain comes, many inches fall in a day, and, as the metallic earth cannot absorb it quickly enough, the precious water runs off and is lost. Realizing this risk, on the model farm Mr. Higginbottom with his deep-cutting plough has the earth broken up into clods into which the streams of water can run, soften the surface, and consequently crops can be planted on that mission farm sometimes weeks before those of the neighbouring native land-owners. The corn is so high that you can lose your way in it, while on the land outside the crop is like that of the

fisherman's plum pudding which we call 'Are you there,' because the currants are so few and far between that you cannot tell whether there are any others without shouting to them!

In one place our host had drained a small tract which was ever widening with the rush of the torrential rains. Subsequent erosion had filled it up and made fifty acres of new land which sang of plenty and blessing. Incidentally, this had added some good land to a neighbour's plot, and a very 'religious' Indian felt aggrieved that no charge was made to the owner!

To this farm is attached a progressive agricultural college and many other activities. Here we were shown beautiful photographs illustrating the dangers of life on the north-west frontier and British methods of dealing with them. They were perfectly splendid, both for artistic and illustrative purposes. 'Yes, I lived beyond the Khyber Pass with my husband for many years,' said the lady who showed them to us, 'and I long to go back and finish my life there, for I really loved those wild folk. The pictures were taken by one of them. One day a lad fled to our house, as his own people had tried to murder him, since he had been baptized as a Christian. He lived with us, and became such an able photographer that the Government wanted him for all of their difficult work. He has now risen to be an officer in the Secret Service.'

We had wished to visit the famous subterranean idol temple in the middle of the Fort of Allahabad, to which countless numbers of Hindus from all India come to worship. Our host went with us, and well it was that he did, for otherwise we should certainly not have been admitted. All the guards seemed to know him and have affection for him, and one who had studied in his college showed great delight at seeing him again. We had always been inclined to believe the statement that of course the Indians do not

worship the idols, but only the spirit for which they stand — simply because it seemed impossible to think that grown men in these days could ‘play at dolls’ in such dead earnest. There had been a crowd in the temple that day, and as we wandered through those halls past endless idols, each one uglier than the last, and all made hideous on purpose, saw their mouths smeared with dirt and food which the worshippers had stuffed in, saw oil being poured over them and every kind of offering lying about them, it was even still hard to believe that these disgusting objects were really prayed to — more especially as many were simply obscene and nauseating in every possible sense.

On that Sunday morning we went to a service held for the many lepers who have been put under the care of Mr. Higginbottom by the Government. The church, which was a lofty, simple building, was filled with lepers, and their hearty singing, good reading, and clear responses would have been an inspiration to any one. After the service, the uninfected children, who are brought up in separate homes and schools, were allowed to stay and see their leper parents. We noticed so many necessary services being rendered by the lepers themselves, especially the technical work about the laboratories of the leper hospital, that once again the saying that ‘India could be rich on her own waste’ came forcibly to mind. ‘Cui bono?’ says the Easterner still. ‘Life is altogether horrible, and man’s greatest aim is to be rid of it. Alas, you only escape to be reincarnated.’ But we believe in a mother’s love, a baby’s individuality, and childhood’s beauty still, and these pages are the reflections of a confirmed optimist, who believes that there are jobs that need doing, and will not be done if you do not do them, wherein is the solution of the whole problem.

It is almost incredible that religion can still prevent a man from killing flies, rats, and other vermin after he has seen what has been done in preventing plague and filth by

exterminating these pests, and can permit him to drink the waters of the Ganges close to the mouth of a drain, in which, moreover, thousands of dirty people are bathing. It is not an uncommon sight to witness a very Orthodox priest being carried along by four people for fear he might tread on some insect or vermin and kill it — utterly oblivious to the fact that by such means of progression there is now four times the likelihood of their being trodden underfoot.

In a certain town, the focus of religious activities long before America was heard of, a concession to the oft-recurring drought and utter famine had resulted in the installation of a public water supply. It was noticed that the fine water tower almost instantly became an object of worship, and this was not in dry America! A golf course had been laid out near the town, and the first teeing-off ground was so beautifully raised and grassed and so neatly ornamented with boxes and water and sand that quite a few of the near-by villages resorted there to worship — and this was not in Scotland!

On one occasion we hired a diver to come out fishing with us on the Coromandel Coast. In the deep waters of the harbour sharks are not uncommon and a large splashing fish leaping from the water while the diver was down after sea urchins led me to ask that father of a family, when at length he came to the surface, whether he was sure that there was no danger of our becoming responsible for their maintenance. With the utmost confidence he replied, 'None at all.' My interpreter explained that this was due to his having appeased the gods by making due sacrifice to them before starting on his expedition! Returning later with a professor who had accompanied us, we offered the man half of the most succulent mullet which we had taken as a present for his wife.

'Alas,' he said, 'religion prevents me from eating meat of any kind.'

‘But only last night one of your respected colleagues partook of fish when dining with me.’

‘Ah,’ he replied, ‘I have no objection; but you see women are so conservative!’

The city of Benares is dirty and full of miserable cows, and this in spite of its golden temple and its numerous Hindu shrines. At night the streets were very picturesque, doubtless because some of the dirt was covered, though our nocturnal journey was somewhat marred by the fact that our motor very nearly ran over a cow, and a riot would certainly have resulted had such an untoward incident occurred. It seems strange that gods even cannot keep out of the way of motors. We visited the famous burning ghats twice, and also took a boat out into the stream of the Ganges to witness the bathers in its sacred waters. The whole picture was a disgusting sight to us, and gave one some slight notion of the hold which the pagan aspect of Hinduism must have on India and the menace it is to that beautiful country’s progress. At one spot where some Maharanee had come for a bath, a large crowd was collected just to watch her purdah carriage as she drove away.

Lest my readers may suppose that teaching in India is no more exacting than in England, the following incident which occurred in the city of Benares may be illuminating. We were visiting a high school in that stronghold of idolatry, that Mecca of fanatical pilgrims. This school had been in existence a hundred years. The present head master, a splendidly set-up Christian and an old alumnus of the school, had told us with tears in his eyes that the institution was to be closed for lack of funds. Indeed, already a committee of non-Christian citizens had been formed to take it over. As we entered the hall, the four hundred boys stood at attention in perfect silence in front of their desks, though they were well able to make as much noise as any other boys, a fact attested to by the school yell which they gave later on.

'How many of you boys have relations that were students of the school?' asked the head master. Three quarters of the hands in the room went up.

'How many have been selected for Government positions?' There was almost an equal response.

'How many of you are Mohammedans?' About one third.

'How many Brahmins?' About one half.

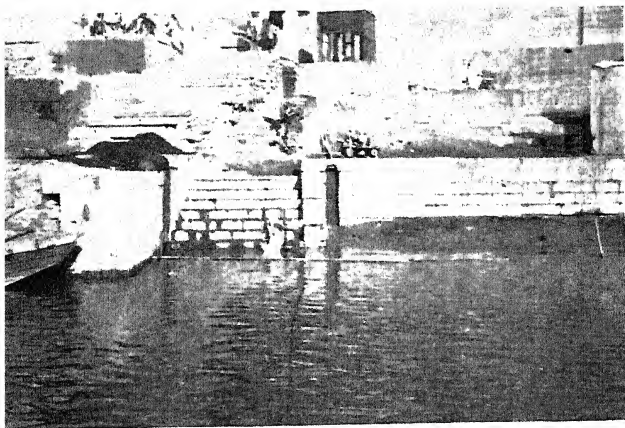
'How many Christians?' About one eighth.

It was a very remarkable testimonial to the value of the school, greatly enhanced to our minds when later we noticed that no caste was recognized inside its walls. One saw a Chenar, or low-caste Hindu, teaching a class in manual training. He had Brahmin boys among his students — and that in Benares!

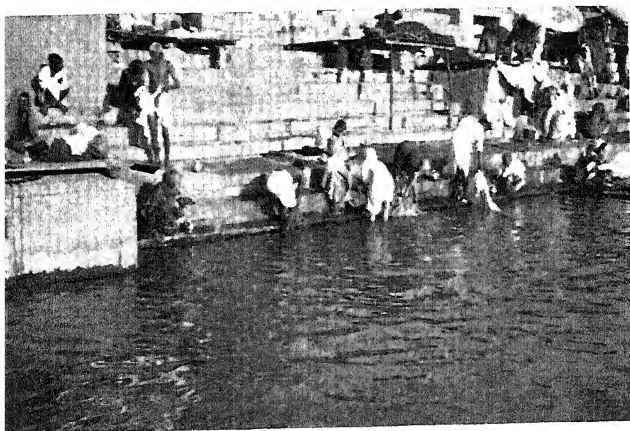
It was a relief one afternoon to motor to the quiet village of Sarnath, an abbreviation of the Hindu word for 'deer forest,' where we saw the monument to commemorate the spot where Buddha began to preach in India.

Calcutta is a more or less modern city, and unlike the rest of India because it was built by the English, and their influence is strongly marked. Even in spite of the British influence, however, the streets are full of animals, cows meandering about, a nuisance and a menace to traffic. In the Botanical Gardens, started one hundred and sixty years ago and antedating Kew Gardens, is the biggest banyan tree in the world, now one hundred and fifty-nine years old, and 'still going strong.' It resembles a large grove of trees and has no less than five hundred and sixty-three aerial roots, and a circumference of over one thousand feet around them all. In this same park are very lovely fern and orchid gardens, which testify by their very beauty to the torrid heat which the city usually 'enjoys'!

Our journey now carried us toward South India, and we noticed the country assuming a very different character



FUNERAL GHATS AT BENARES



BENARES

from that of the north. There were hills and many palm trees and much more vegetation. The villages had curious round houses with conical thatched roofs, and the people evinced a marked aversion to superfluous clothing, which was entirely understandable as the weather was getting hotter and hotter. There were hornets and mosquitoes, cockroaches, and other evidences of animal life in plenty, which we saw from our railway carriage as we hurried along through the beautiful but almost torrid country toward Madras.

In Madras is an orthodox British Church, containing interesting relics of Clive, some silver vessels, and a chalice given by old Elihu Yale when he was in India. The city also boasts a gorgeous aquarium with curious and beautifully coloured fishes. Most interesting is its famous modern college, its law courts, and the Victoria Institute of Indian Arts and Crafts. The town itself is a very fine and improved one, and our all too short stay there was made particularly congenial by the courtesy of our hosts, Dr. and Mrs. Moffat.

Worth a visit is the famous monastery of Saint Thomas, with its old fourth-century church, built doubtless by one of the disciples of Saint Thomas, although the Roman Catholic Church claims that the saint himself came to India and was murdered on the spot where the present edifice now stands. Above the altar is set an old square stone, with the cross of Saint Thomas rudely carved upon it.

In order best to utilize the few days at our disposal before our boat was due to take us to the Malay States and China, friends advised us to hire a motor and visit some of the towns which are otherwise inaccessible to tourists, as they are not on the railway and have no hotel accommodations. These same friends in Madras most kindly provided us with numerous letters of introduction so that every night we could be entertained along the way; and early one morning

we left Madras by way of a beautiful tree-shaded avenue en route for Chittoor. About noon we came in sight of hills, the foothills being a curious and very rocky formation of a reddish colour, which set off marvellously the beauty of the bright green of the countryside. We went through fascinating native villages, some containing ancient carved temples, but along the broad shaded avenue we passed only one motor and one motor bus, all the rest of the vehicles being ox-drawn carts. Apparently there were no horses in the countryside, a deficiency made up for by countless goats and sheep and by the inevitable sacred cows, getting horribly in our way. In the roadside pools were herds of water buffaloes, submerged to escape the heat, with only their noses poking out of the water. At one place we passed a scene of a truly Biblical pattern with a team of six oxen walking round and round, threshing flour. In another spot was a new kind of well, fitted with a board on the principle of a see-saw up which two men ran in order to lift a bucket of water and pour it into the small trench which was used for irrigating the neighbouring rice field. The whole countryside was a vivid green from these 'paddy fields.' In several of the tiny terraces impudent goats and insolent cows were browsing.

We lunched that first day in a palm grove made fragrant by mango blossoms, and about five o'clock we reached Chittoor and drove to Mrs. Conklin's School, where we were made welcome in her large and comfortable bungalow. It was delightful to meet here, as in Labrador, such workers whose only reward is the pleasure of helping others.

That night, as it was the eve of my birthday, we were invited to dine at the home of a high-caste but liberal Brahmin, and a most interesting function it was. Both this gentleman and his wife had been educated in England, and we found them charming, cultured, and really delightful friends. Before dinner, our heads were sprinkled with rose-

water and we were given pink roses from a huge tray which was laden with the fragrant blossoms. We dined sitting flat on the floor with large plantain leaves spread in front of us. There were no knives, forks, or spoons, as it is against the custom of their religion to use any utensil twice for eating purposes, no matter how thoroughly it has been washed. We were obliged to eat rice and curry and sweetmeats, and in fact all the eighteen different kinds of food which were spread out so lavishly on our plantain leaf, with our fingers. According to rigid custom, you must use the right hand only, and you must not let the fingers touch the lips either, as the saliva is defiling. As a concession to modern and Western civilization and guests, we had lemonade in glasses, which we raised with the left hand. The food was piping hot with spices and curry. After dinner came more roses and more rosewater, and finally Indian opera records on a very up-to-date gramophone, and an exhibition by our host of the proper manner of putting on a ceremonial turban. The dearest little daughter of the house, Indu, aged three years and a perfect little linguist, gave us a recitation which ran thus:

‘Ladies and gentlemen, be good always, do good always, and God will bless you.’

Her mother told us that in the middle of a lecture given that afternoon which she and her daughter were attending, Indu suddenly rose, walked up to the lecturer, and asked in a clear voice:

‘Are you nearly finished? Let us all clap hands.’

One can imagine circumstances in which she would be a public benefactress! Her mother told us that she could speak English, Hindustani, and Tamil.

The pride of the town of Chittoor is the beautiful new school built by our hostess and her mother, and more especially of its alumnæ and students, who belong to the class of women who are showing what a blessing education can

be to India. As we were walking just outside the school grounds, my hostess pointed out to us a professor of the Hindu religion passing us well out in a swamp by the side of the road.

'Whatever is that man doing out there in the marsh?' I asked involuntarily.

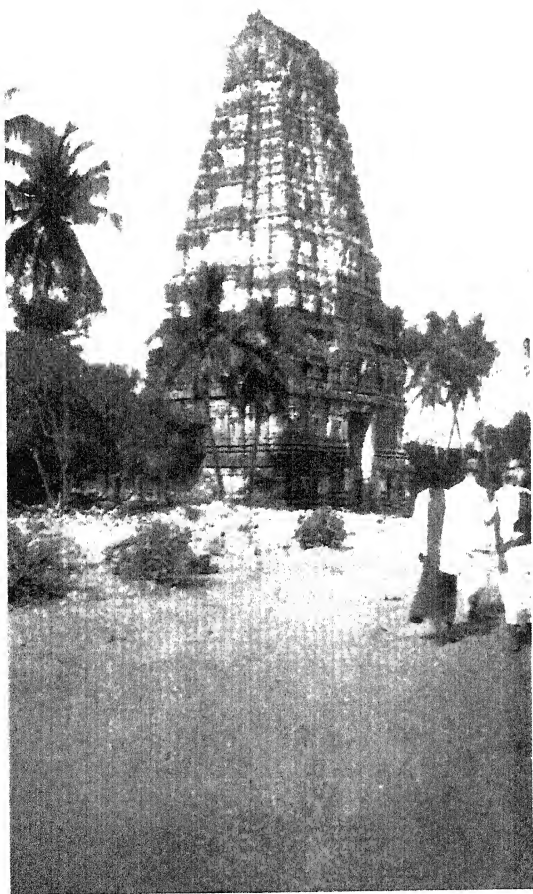
'Oh, nothing, he has just made a detour to avoid the danger of having my shadow fall upon him.'

Our hostess then told us of a friend of hers, a doctor from a neighbouring city, into whose consulting room a new patient came one morning. He was a fine-looking young man with an animated face and sparkling eyes. After taking down his name, the doctor asked, 'What caste?'

Looking him straight in the eyes, quite unashamed that young Indian answered, 'The caste that may not be touched.'

There are over sixty millions of these outcastes and slaves held down by 'religion.' Yet blighting as this is for the growth of a national spirit, the shame of oppressed womanhood is a far more vital barrier to the progress of India. In certain remote parts of the country slavery still exists, and men and women are bought and sold as truly as if they were in darkest Africa. In the State of Nepal alone over fifty thousand such poor creatures still exist, but the Rajah there is a progressive man, and has decided to try and stamp out that curse of any nation.

At five-thirty the next morning, which happened to be my birthday, we were suddenly awakened by the strains of a loud birthday song sung by the girls of the school. Moreover, at breakfast I found my chair beautifully decorated with a canopy of palm branches and many flowers, the work having been done by Mrs. Conklin's old Indian butler in honour of the day. This old man is an ardent Roman Catholic, and it seems that when he found out the anniversary of the day when our hostess's son was killed in



VELLORE

the Great War, he had masses said for his soul and paid for them personally, never even telling his mistress that he had done so, and we all know how low the Indian scale of wages is.

It was my privilege to spend part of that day with one of the doctors of the Vellore Hospital, making a medical tour in her ambulance car. She had with her an assistant dispenser and two or three native students. She has stated days for making rounds in this way, and groups of pathetic patients gather to wait for the car under specified banyan trees or beneath the shadow of some roadside idol. The work reminded me of that of our hospital ship on the Labrador coast, as we steam into the various harbours and bays. The patients that day included lepers, many blind folk, people with goitre, malaria, beriberi, those suffering from deformities, and children with rickets. There are many troubles resulting from early child marriages. One little girl was brought in the arms of the chief man of the village, a kind-faced old patriarch who handed his charge to Dr. Innes, bestowing his blessing on her for her kindness. In that short morning's work there were in all one hundred and forty patients, besides two cases carried back to the hospital on stretchers in the car.

We happened to pass a large walled-in temple with great golden images of the cow-god dotted every few yards along the high parapet, and being of Dr. Innes's party we were allowed to enter and explore the temple in our stocking feet. The main god inside was in the form of an enormous lion painted red and carved out of stone. Each worshipper paid four annas for the privilege of walking down the mouth of the great stone beast, and then on through his stomach into the sacred pool below. Most of the worshippers are women who have no children and long for them. At one great feast at this temple, fifteen hundred and twenty such women paid the required fee, thus bringing the total re-

ceipts up to three hundred and eighty rupees. I must add in justice that men were charged extra. In the road outside, the pathos of the great need of the poor and the beauty of their confidence in the doctor would certainly have touched the heart of even that stone lion, if he had one. It was an inspiration to watch the splendid lady at work, so infinitely patient, understanding, and practical, as she carried on her work in the sweltering heat of southern India. As one noted the piteous payments which the poor folk put into the box, and realized the cost in life and money which these missions demand, one could hear the echo of the self-satisfied world outside criticizing it all as of 'no commercial value.'

Oddly enough, as I sit writing this, the voices of some English people at a near-by table rise above the sound of the steamer ploughing her way onward. One, a lady traveller, has just remarked:

'What a lot of trouble these missions do cause! The Indians are not a bit what they used to be.'

Of course, there are selfish and lazy and bad men, who are all charitably classed as 'Christians.' Oxalic acid is one of the deadliest of poisons, but it is so like salts of magnesia in appearance that it has more than once been so labelled, an error which does not alter its composition, as the man who swallows it can well testify. To have no use for eggs because one has smelled a bad one is not a sign of wisdom.

Creedal differences are marked in a curious and unforgettable way in India. The worshippers of various gods, or of various forms of the same god, are apt to cut their hair differently, and the priests paint distinguishing marks on their foreheads. Thus some men have long white horizontal lines painted on, while others have large white letters, V or Y, as the case may be. In fact, a certain law case is still unsettled, the mooted point being which letter a certain god required. One priest claimed that he preferred Y, and the other cast his vote for a V. The quarrel became so acute

that the god was locked up. Red lines and dots and yellow spots are often frequently seen on the people. We were informed that some of these were merely marks of friendship, and one Indian friend reminded us that in England we were learning to put red on our lips and black on our eyes and white on our noses! The Indians have the habit of chewing the betel nut, the juice of which stains the lips a brilliant carmine, though we found by experiment that the process needed as much apprenticeship to enjoy it as does the chewing of the proverbial quid! The story is related that on one occasion a highly cultured Indian was dining with a certain Government official. When he noticed the colour on the lips of one of the ladies of the party, he courteously remarked, 'I am so glad to see that you enjoy our native betel nut.'

Vellore was the next city on our motor tour, and we reached it after a beautiful moonlight drive, which we enjoyed doubly, as the country was so much more lovely by night than by day and we had no intense heat to endure. Here we were the guests of Dr. Ida Scudder's famous hospital. Very early the next morning, we were taken to visit the old fort with the ancient moat surrounding it, and a Hindu temple inside. As this temple has been defiled and cannot therefore be used for a place of worship any longer, we were allowed to wander all over it, the only other visitors being some cows, very sacred and very saucy. The carvings and pillars and statues showed beautiful workmanship, but portrayed exceedingly hideous subjects. This fort is one of the most perfect specimens of military architecture in South India, while the entrance of the temple is marked by a fine gopura of seven stories one hundred feet high, with massive gates and heavy carvings. It is sacred to Siva, under the title of Jalakanteswara ('residing in waters'). Some of the monoliths are of great beauty. Rumour has it that the temple jewels are still secreted in the vault under

the guard of the evil spirits who reside in the waters of the moat. Services at this temple were discontinued when a dancing girl was murdered in its precincts by a Noli Governor.

To us, accustomed to the freedom from convention of the Northland, it seemed that India must rid herself of the religion of fear now so prevalent in her God-blessed but often man-cursed country. That her treatment of women has not, as she claimed, resulted in a finer and purer moral standard is easily shown by the high percentage of venereal diseases. A progressive elderly ruling Indian Princess, whom we had the pleasure of meeting, was wearing the ghoul-like white robe, and yet moving in very up-to-date society which she graced by her wisdom, her culture, and her wit. She was once asked why she did not abolish purdah from her kingdom. 'Our men are not ready for it yet,' was her answer.

In India as elsewhere perversions of religion form a barrier between men. One meets there sensible people who shave off all their hair except one lock at the extreme back and top of the head in order that they may have one strand of hair left by which they can be pulled up to heaven. The problem of baldness does not seem to worry them. There one may still see a learned professor going to his classes clad in a petticoat and carrying an umbrella, sometimes with a patch of paint on his forehead, sometimes with part of his hair shaved off, or with all of it done up in a bun at the back of his head. It is one of the differences between the East and the West that so attired a teacher in our country would not dare to appear before his students, while in India, that land of contrasts, he has all the backing of a religion which dominates still even the schoolboys' sense of mimicry.

We shall never forget the opportunity which we had of visiting the sacred city of Conjeeveram, one of the seven holy cities of India, and called the Benares of the south, or



DR. IDA SCUDDER AT VELLORE



DR. IDA SCUDDER AND A LEPER

the Golden City. It is claimed that the flood of the Ganges passes miraculously underground and laves the streets of Conjeeveram with its sacred waters. The city is a veritable stronghold of Hindu superstition and idolatry. Its streets are built extraordinarily wide in order to allow the huge juggernaut cars bearing images of the gods to be dragged through them. It is divided into Big and Little Conjeeveram, and extends for six miles, while its excellent water supply is well worthy of note as is its fine weaving industry. To us it was far more interesting than Benares, since so few tourists have yet visited it, and it remains almost untouched by Western ideas. A Chinese scholar says that Conjeeveram is as old as Buddha, for he states that Buddha converted the people of the town; and Asoka built many stupas there. Certainly the place is full of temples, some dating from the eighth century. As we sat on our host's veranda after dinner, we heard a terrific commotion in the streets, and like typical tourists rushed to the gates in time to see a huge juggernaut car being dragged down the road by scores of men and boys bearing lighted torches and dancing along in front. Behind the car came two Brahmin priests. Skyrockets and fireworks were shooting into the air, and people were prostrating themselves before the hideous gaudy image of the god, which was borne aloft on the high platform of the juggernaut car, which we followed on foot to watch the devotees. Later in the evening we heard a rather musical bell ringing in a near-by temple, and were told that it was to notify the god that it was time to go to bed. Until late into the night drums were beaten, and we saw spasmodic fireworks sent up to entertain the various gods. They are treated more like living beings than ever I saw children treat their dolls. We visited a number of the seven hundred temples and were present at three of the festivals. All kinds of offerings were made at the shrines, oil and milk being most frequently poured over the idol.

Every day a regular milkman goes the rounds with two pails on the ends of a shoulder stick, and the worshippers spare a little milk each from their scanty supply, which it is claimed is poured over the idol or into its mouth.

An item which came out in the local newspaper seemed to us both illuminating and amusing. It read:

'Last evening during the course of the procession the diety [the spelling is the paper's, not mine] most unfortunately fell off into the drain. By the concerted efforts of the worshippers, however, he was restored to his position at eight o'clock.'

At a certain great temple the idols are daily washed in oil, and in the evening water is poured over them. This runs out through the pipe into a small pool in the street behind the image. The people come and collect the filthy stuff in little brass vessels to take home with them. If they drink it, it is sure to cure them of diseases, and to avert the 'evil eye.' Here in Conjeeveram also we heard why the Hindu widow suffers the disgrace of being a widow. It is because she has been very wicked in some previous state of incarnation. If, however, during the remainder of her life she is rigid in her observance of the prescribed rites, she may save herself some future undesirable form, such as that of a donkey, or, worse still, a European!

The great Siva temple here has a legend about its origin, relating to Siva and Parvati, who for being too facetious was condemned to sit in the tank meditating on the deity. The next most important shrine is that at Little Conjeeveram, and contains beautiful carvings, and is dedicated to Vishnu. Here is the sacred pool where the waters of the Ganges are said to well up after their subterranean journey from Benares. Here too we saw the sacred white horse and elephant, but they did not permit us to visit the garden where they keep and worship several large cobras. About two miles away is a very famous Jain temple, and, moreover,

Conjeeveram boasts a Mohammedan mosque, the result of a former Moslem occupation, so the town can claim to be truly catholic in the religions it harbours.

The newspapers of Conjeeveram certainly afford interesting reading. We were shown another item, which had been clipped from a local daily, which gave a perfectly solemn notice to the effect that four idols had recently been found in an adjoining field and would be sold at auction to the highest bidder. Some years ago large stone pillars had been set up to commemorate a victory over the Hindus. Very shortly thereafter the said Hindus were found worshipping the pillars.

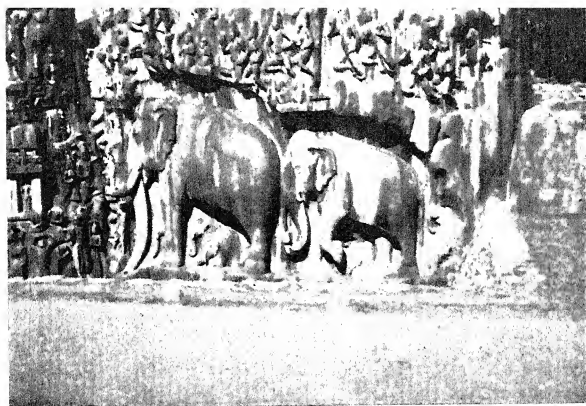
Along the Indian roads at intervals one often sees two upright stones carrying a horizontal slab at about five and a half feet from the ground. It seems that these are called 'burden bearers,' and are erected by pious Hindus to gain merit for their souls after death. Men walk along in the sun carrying heavy burdens on their heads and often long to be able to put them down for rest, but if they dropped them on the road they could not replace them without great difficulty, whereas the elevated stone platform gives them the necessary help. All along the country roads of southern India are wayside shrines erected to some hideous god, and always across the door is a garland of leaves hung there to ward off the evil spirits. By the wayside also as you drive along, you can see weaving being done out under the trees. The loom is of the simplest possible construction, the warp being stretched on some sticks. Once the warp is set up, the weaving is often done by quite small children. In many places beside the road we noticed huge piles of bricks being baked.

There is a great deal of elephantiasis among the people, and it is no uncommon sight to see legs swollen to enormous proportions. Some claim that the germ eats into the feet as the people work in the sodden rice fields, while others assert

that the malady is contracted through drinking bad water. All the girls and women who can possibly afford it have a little jewel or a small piece of gold or silver in the side of their nose, as we should wear earrings, while the men all wear small earrings.

One night we were kept awake for hours by maniacal shouting from a distant field. When I asked at breakfast who the lunatic could have been, my hostess informed me that it was not a lunatic but a farmer yelling to ward wild animals away from his crops. Judging from the effect of the performance on us, I should say that it must be quite efficacious with the animals.

A visit to the Seven Pagodas of Mamalapuram is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. The drive from Chingleput is beautiful, along well-shaded roads and among green hills. After the usual early start we finally arrived about eight in the morning at the edge of the canal, across which we had to be ferried in a native boat. The seven pagodas were so named by passing mariners because of the seven monolithic stone temples which stretched seaward in a long line. The rock-cut shrines of the fifth or sixth century are of the same origin as the ancient sanctuary at Conjeeveram, and are like the work of the pioneers of Dravidian architecture. The city of Mamalapuram is said to have been founded by Mahabali, a demon who was outwitted by Vishnu during his dwarf incarnation, and to have been made the most lovely spot on earth by a descendant of Mahabali. Legend has it that he was walking one day in his garden, when he saw two celestial nymphs bathing, and promptly fell in love with one of them, so he begged them to return often to the spot. On one occasion they were accompanied by a divine youth. They became great friends, and later, disguising him as a god, the divine youth took Mahabali's descendant to the palace of the gods. On his return from that excursion, he promptly began to rebuild



ROCK CARVINGS, MAMALAPURAM



THE SEVEN PAGODAS OF MAMALAPURAM

the city to imitate Indra. The gods were not flattered by this attention; on the contrary, they were deeply incensed and commanded the great sea to destroy the city of Mamalapuram.

Though we found the journey by motor car and native boat beautiful for its interest and charm, still it was a fatiguing experience under the hot sun and in the dust of southern India, and we were thankful that we did not have to travel the fourteen wearisome miles in a jhadka, or native bullock cart. The way passes along close to the Hill of the Kites, so called because of the two birds which come at eleven each morning to be fed, and are reputed to be reincarnations of two very sacred saints of Benares.

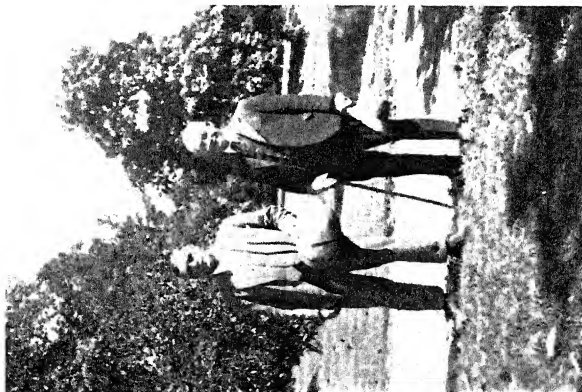
The temples of the seven pagodas are masterpieces of sculpture, while the five rathas of Mamalapuram are carved out of a single great boulder, and are quite unique in sculpture. They occupy an isolated position on the sea-shore, and, as the sand has flung up a friendly covering, they have remained intact for fourteen hundred years. We lunched at the shore temple, the last of its race, as the others have already been swallowed up by the great sea, which makes depredations even against its walls. This shore temple is dedicated to Siva, and in an inner temple is a large recumbent statue of Vishnu. Its inner hall of twelve pillars contains marvellous carvings of pastoral scenes, very true to life and very appealing. A little beyond the spot is a famous rock face known as Arjuna's Penance, a portrayal which contains hundreds of minutely carved figures. On the ground near the base of the great carving are two admirably depicted monkeys, one of which is represented as catching fleas on the head of its companion.

At Chingleput was signed the grant of Saint George to the East India Company. Here, too, we saw the very interesting industrial farm belonging to the mission of the Scotch Church. They are trying to carry out the same training as

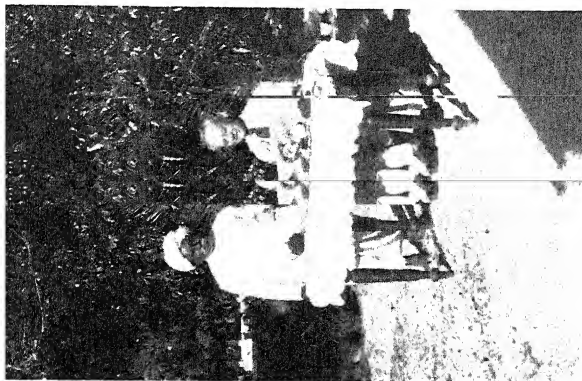
is done in Hampton, Virginia, giving the boys such education as will fit them to go back to village life, and not force them to return to the cities as clerks. If India is to live at all, she must keep up her farm production. We saw endless numbers of people bathing in and drinking the waters of the sacred river as part of religion, when even the fishes of that stream have found the water so full of mud and filth that they have developed feelers to replace the eyes which are no longer needed by them. The fishes of that famous water are closest akin to that abysmal variety which lives in the darkest depths of the ocean over four hundred fathoms down.

India's vast jungles supply every valuable wood in the world, and its trees abound in gorgeous flowers and luscious fruits. There is hardly a fruit which India cannot produce, and scarcely a part of one of her fruits or trees which is not useful to mankind. It seemed to us that every kind of vegetable supplying every possible need of the human race was produced on the mission farm. So little clothing is needed here that one loom working native cotton could supply the largest needs of a modest family in that direction. Out of the rock clay the boys made their simple and efficient stoves, as well as their cooking vessels. Needless to say artificial heating is not required at any time of the year, as practically all the year round one can sleep out of doors. One's house can be built out of the rock clay and roofed with thatching. Everywhere the goats and cows ensure one plenty of nutritious milk. Wells sunk almost anywhere assure water and irrigation, and education is teaching the natives that air- and oil-driven pumps are scarcely more expensive in the long run than the ancient method of the bucket.

It was with deep regret that we bade good-bye to India and turned our faces eastward once more. As we looked back on the memorable and happy weeks that we had spent



SIR ALEXANDER MURRAY AND THE AUTHOR



BREAKFAST AT CHITTOOR

in the country, we could not help but feel that while India is one of the most important lands in the world for its potentialities, and possesses a large section of the human race together with a history of intellectual achievements which shows that she might have led the world to-day, yet she has chained herself to creeds and customs of which all her progressive men and women to-day know the handicap, but from which they dare not, and say they cannot, break adrift. In spite of one's appreciation of the fine mentality of the Indian people, of their gentleness and fundamental religious nature, one leaves India with no small feeling of sorrow for its citizens, hemmed in as they are by great stone walls which they themselves have built and still sedulously maintain. For India is full of lovable, capable, and honest folk, but she can never come to her own just by dropping down aerial roots from the branches overhead, any more than can her roadside banyan trees, whose descending root tendrils are hidden below just at the level where the teeth of the ever-present cow can reach them. Sometimes a rootlet may find the protection of some barbed wire or a bit of prickly pear, but the total gain to the progress of the tree is negligible. We seemed to see here an allegory which applied to the life of the people of the country as well.

Through the courtesy of our friend, Sir Alexander Murray, who had so generously and so thoughtfully entertained us during our stay in Calcutta, we were permitted to go on board our steamer, the good ship Kutsang, at Madras, rather than to retrace our steps all the way to Calcutta. She was operated by British, but manned by a Chinese crew, who looked solemn but clean. Subsequent experiences of the voyage taught us that our original estimate of their solemnity had been ill judged. The friendship of the chief officer Mr. Sneddon added greatly to our enjoyment.

CHAPTER XII

THE MALAY PENINSULA

THERE are few who go to Malaya as tourists, and fewer folk still who go there to stay. Through the ages it has been looked upon unkindly as an unnecessary promontory which 'butts in' on the way to Cathay. A Greek monk of the sixteenth century emphasized this fact in his endeavour to show that the world was built on the pattern of the Ark which the Israelites constructed in the wilderness. Anglo-Israelites, eager to prove that the English are the lost ten tribes and therefore descendants of Abraham, quote this peninsula with Gibraltar as evidences of their theory. As proof they quote the Book of Genesis which records a promise that Abraham's seed shall possess 'the gates of their enemies.'

Authors have claimed that the Malay 'is most famous for his piracy,' and writers of fiction have felt they could not go wrong if the villain of the piece was a Malay. It is said also to-day that a Malay is content to do less work in a day than the most progressive modern unionist, or even than the 'born-tired' of Europe. Give a dog a bad name, and you may as well hang him.

Thus, while we were in Singapore that floating palace, the S.S. Empress of France, came in with its immense quota of round-the-world tourists, and the next day a young girl died on board of confluent smallpox. Of course.

What can there be to see in Malaya, filled with dismal mango swamps and other evil things such as equators, snakes, and creeping dangers that 'lurk there even at noon-day'? The family left behind might well be excused for insisting that when father goes globe-trotting, he 'must avoid

Malaya,' and select a steamer that only visits the Islands of the Archipelago, 'where there is such nice fresh air.'

Any one who has read 'The Other Side of Silence,' and knows it to have been written by an exceptionally able and precise administrator, who through years of devoted service is largely responsible for the miracle that has come to pass in Malaya, would feel justified in almost any depth of pessimism before the English took hold.

At our first port of call, that most beautiful harbour of Penang, we were welcomed by the gayest crowd in the most marvellously ornamented boats that it has ever been my lot to see. The drive around the island in a modern motor car affords a dream of tropical beauty; and for the first time we saw those endless groves of rubber trees which have been almost cause for jealousy between English-speaking nations.

Our impressions of Malaya left us with the conviction that as a political study alone it is well worth any one's while visiting. We have come to think of it as the 'Miracle of Malay.' Less than fifty years ago it was living so closely to its reputation as a menace to its neighbours that England felt bound to intervene. To some readers this will at once suggest 'no possible good to the Malaysans.' Alas, the label 'politician' can scarcely be said to convey the idea of altruism in this unfortunately cynical age, any more than the label 'Christian' would induce any one to lend money to a stranger. What talks loudest are deeds, however, and even before the year 1900, twenty-five years after the intervention, the genius of the English for government had made a new country out of Malaya.

If Fascism is necessary in Italy and dictatorship desirable in Spain, in the very early childhood of a people such as the Malaysans were, the rod would seem surely to have been indicated if not essential; but apparently it has not been necessary. The mailed fist has been entirely veiled, and self-determination under wise and kindly direction has been

shown to be perfectly practicable, providing as it does that safety-valve for the desire to have a hand in managing one's own affairs, the prerogative of manhood, without which outlet even a worm must burst in course of time.

A conference of native Rajahs at the capital of Perak, which met for the first time in 1895 unless in some effort to cut one another's throats, was a revelation of coöperative potential that ever since has been demonstrating its powerful aid both to progress in general and to the creation of a new era for the Federated States of Malay in particular. It had the additional interest to students that it showed not only the great contrast to the backward condition of the small states that have remained unattached, but the truly Christian way in which their so recently primeval neighbours have spent their own energy and money in helping the others out. Fine railways, metal roads, invaluable bridges, first-class hospitals, and even free and compulsory education, are evidences of the new conditions. The Government has also introduced industries such as rubber, pepper, coffee, tea, with great benefit to the people, and has even aided amusements and recreation. It recognized that life consists of play as well as work and worship. The public debts have been cancelled, and Malaya has shown herself a rich country. She has the richest deposits of alluvial tin in the world, and the Chinese labourers, who constitute one third of her population of two million, brought in money to develop these mines as soon as property rights became secure. Those Chinese labourers have been no small factor in the 'miracle.' Honest, industrious, and peaceful, they have nobly shown what China would be had she not been crushed by militarism from the time the Mongol savage hordes first divided her peoples down to the Manchu conquerors and to the irresponsible freebooters of to-day.

An American professor, a professor of international law at a great university, who had also been in the East for some

time in an official capacity, and to whom I wrote asking his opinion of the British administration of the Malay States, replied as follows: 'On the whole Britain has had a difficult task in Malay and has acquitted herself well. Of course there are some injustices and individual instances of mistaken policies, but on the whole I do not believe that any other country could have done as fine a piece of work as Great Britain has accomplished.'

The climate of Malaya is perfectly healthy and the people are also. They suffer from no non-preventable diseases endemic to the country. The land boasts few antiquities, though there are some small walled towns. The Malays have not been in the country long, not being Mongols, but coming probably from the Polynesian Archipelago. They are steadily displacing the Negritos and the Sakai, more now by peaceful penetration, thanks be to England, than when they first arrived. A profusion of wild flowers and shrubs, such as azaleas and rhododendrons, makes the countryside very beautiful. Only a fringe of the forest along the rivers has yet been penetrated by the foot of man. We saw fruit trees and vegetables growing in variety and quantity sufficient for all the needs of the inhabitants. Malaya has the most picturesque fishing fleet in the world, and wonderful rivers, some navigable by native boats for two hundred and fifty miles. From the time that Solomon sent ships to fetch it, gold has been a paying industry in Malaya.

The natives with whom we came in contact as rickshaw men, porters, shopkeepers, and casuals, all seemed animated with a desire to help and not overreach the stranger. One coolie, who only pretended to understand our directions and ran us two miles in a wrong direction, when we were due to keep an appointment, insisted on turning round and carrying us to the right place without extra charge. The hawkers and small traders also showed real keenness in

their business, charged very reasonable prices, and in no way resented refusals to purchase. This and the absence of endless beggars added greatly to the pleasure of our brief visit to Malaya. We from the Arctic were able to say from the moment we landed, with the gentleman in the Scriptures, 'Aha, I am warm.'

Malayans are especially liable to an unstable condition of the nerve centres called 'latah.' This appears to be dormant, until suddenly it results in furious homicidal mania, and the victim runs what is known as 'amok.' Every Malayan carries a 'kris,' or short curved stiletto. He uses it for everything, and is lost without it. When he runs amok, he draws it instantly and stabs every one in sight, even his best friends. This made it necessary for the British Residents to disarm all the natives. They most boldly and wisely accompanied this by disarming themselves to soothe the nation's feeling of lost dignity, which was so immensely appreciated by Malayans that their ordinary greeting became, very shortly, to raise the right hand straight above the head on meeting one, which was to proclaim the previously humiliating fact, 'I am unarmed.' There are two Malayan krises, the female, a more curved and wider-bladed knife, and the male. No Malayan might carry the male kris till he had taken a human life. Once a man was brought before the Resident (Colonel Donald Mackenzie) as a suspicious character. He was carrying a kris, which was taken from him, and he was sent back to his own far-off wild corner of the country. Deprived of his knife, he would have been so seriously handicapped there that the Resident gave him a dollar to buy another on his return home. The prisoner's kris proved to be a female one, but so pleased was he with his bargain that he volunteered some day to bring the Resident a male one to match it. A year later a man running amok near the Residency was identified as this very man. He had come to fulfill his promise of bringing a



AT SINGAPORE

male kris for the Resident, but had gone down under latak in the last stage of his self-imposed journey.

The seductive charms of southern India fascinated us, so that, as here in Labrador I close my eyes and relive in memory the experience of those golden days amidst the glorious light and warmth and colour that never seemed to fail, I seem to be living in some dreamland amidst the delectable islands of the blessed, instead of among the barren and forbidding rocks swept by the polar current of this ice-bound coast. It is then that one thanks God that the compelling urge of life saves us from the siren appeal to mere sensual satisfaction, which there also were as seductive as any that lured voyagers of old to their undoing in the abode of Circe. For the joys here are those of problem and achievement, and there are none on earth to equal these.

If, however, one has to leave southern India, do it by all means as we did from Madras, where the pangs of parting are soothed, not merely by the romances of being on the road to Mandalay, but by seeing the evidences of it on every side. Symbolic amongst them are the naked little forms of apparently care-free men claiming to be fishermen, who pursue their calling in boats made of but three planks rudely lashed together, called 'catamarans,' or tied wood, so that the warm, blue waves that break cheerfully over them all the while run on out again through the bottom of the craft without even the bother of bailing, while the fish themselves are so full of play that they are no longer content to keep to their own element, but flash sportingly by on wings, age-old precursors of the modern aeroplanes that we humans have at last attained to.

Only a few passengers are carried on the steamers sailing eastward from Madras. We had secured berths only by appealing to 'squeeze,' this time in the form of a personal friendship. Amongst our few fellow passengers were a doctor, who appeared to have left all his collars at home or

else to be protesting Bolshevik proclivities, a parson whose entire energies for the moment were devoted to twirling a big walrus moustache, and one young woman whose speech was as if a clothespin were permanently clamped upon her nose, but which the surgeon diagnosed as a case of 'adenoids.' In the after cabin were a dog and two monkeys and two canaries whose energies competed favourably, not only with those of our piscatorial friends outside, but with other apparently supernatural agencies aboard. Further investigation later revealed one more dog, four peacocks, two crates of green parrots, apparently propagandist orators, three crates of protesting and odoriferous chickens, a number of chattering monkeys, and a mongoose or two. They all enhanced the ship's contribution to the general jubilation.

At Singapore we added six hundred Chinese to the chorus, also one young elephant, several fat cobras (the only silent partners), as well as three wildcats, one tiger pup, more crates of monkeys, many of small birds, especially of endless Java sparrows — all of which occupied themselves in making a joyful noise. There were also pythons, an orang-outang, and some gorgeous pheasants.

This was our first introduction to the Chinese, and we were favourably impressed by what we saw of them. In Malay they have done well for themselves, simply because there under stable rule they have been given a real chance to show their quality. On board they were just natural family groups, washing, cooking, playing queer instruments, and interfering with nobody. Some, alas, were incessantly smoking opium.

CHAPTER XIII

CHINA AND THE CHINESE

'Oh, bother China — there is too much to do in these days to try and understand her,' is the attitude of most people's minds. 'You can buy silks cheap there and old mandarin embroideries, and it is old and quaint and out of date — so it is interesting to pass through,' is the ordinary tourist's viewpoint. The average politician and the man-in-the-street regards the native Chinaman at best with supercilious pity.

The world has been content to think of China in the light of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera which is no concern of theirs. But the Chinese are very, very far from being a stupid race, and besides unquestioned intellectual ability, they have courage, honesty, and devotion above the ordinary, as you find out when you know them. One cannot help liking them — they are so marvellously good-natured. They are 'the men with a smile when everything goes dead wrong.' As our taxicabs hustled through the narrow, crowded streets, thick in mud and dust, every last child waved his hands, and even the adults showed no resentment to the shower of dirt with which I fear we often bespattered them. It humiliated us to believe that they were accustomed to it. But the world is waking to the fact that 'they are there,' and four hundred or so million of our fellow creatures are not only our concern, but the way we treat them will intimately affect our own future welfare. China is one of those challenges to us that make human life more worth while, even if China's age and her distance from our immediate interests discourage most men from trying to understand her.

Her unwieldy size is her first trouble. Manchuria and

Yunnan are thousands of miles apart, and there is practically no way to get from one province to the other. So big is China that the Manchu rulers, living at Peking, could keep for personal property two provinces as large as Germany and France put together.

Languages, customs, natural environment, all make it absolutely impossible for the same laws as yet to suit all China. The peoples differ infinitely more than do those of California from those of Maine, or of Florida from those of Alaska, so far as climate, race, language, and religion go; and it would seem that a United States of China could alone ever possibly function as one nation. Man is still physically unable to rule more than a certain amount of territory, or control more than a limited number of his fellows satisfactorily from one centre.

Her heritage of a neglected country, a dense population with comparatively none of the modern controls over natural forces or conservation of natural resources, spell famines, floods, poverty, and chronic misery, making life everywhere cheap and insecure.

Patriotism as we know it cannot exist when death is so often preferable to life anyhow. As well be a bandit or a filibuster as starve, is still the philosophy of the average man. Moreover, now there is being spread all the time in China the knowledge that she is a rich country, that these conditions are quite unnecessary, and also the sinister fact that all nations are struggling to get hold of her commercially. But China's integrity, alone of the nations born three or four thousands of years ago, is largely intact, and will remain so. She is almost a warning to the world, however; a nation that tried to live to herself and so became a menace to herself and to world peace. For no nation, or man, can live to themselves without injuring themselves as well as all the world.

China as a sleeping giant, though with as large a popula-

tion as the United States of America, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland, and the whole of South America combined — that is, one third of the people of the earth — was scarcely worth taking the trouble to understand! China now waking up is a different matter. To-day she is fast becoming a centre of world-wide interest, for East is becoming West, as civilization continues to follow the sun.

Europe and the United States still grade men too much by the ability of the outside covering of their bodies to reflect white light rays. They still look down on the so-called coloured man. In proportion as that is becoming increasingly an error of judgment, those races naturally begin to resent it. Educated — but especially partly educated — China is resenting it. Those who know educated Chinese personally and especially those with Christian ideals, know how utterly absurd and how fraught with menace to the future is this assumption of superiority on our part.

There is no harm in remembering that the original Chinese made up a small middle empire in the neighbourhood of the Yangtze River, and that, although they have been held up as the supreme example of perennial pacifism, as a matter of fact the empire has never been absolutely at peace, except under the strong hand of great conquerors. From her small beginning, China grew by force of arms as well as by peaceful penetration, and grew just as large as ever she could; and her military resources have enabled her to hold sway over greater conquered areas and larger sections of the earth than any other nation in history. If one considers Genghis Khan and Kublai Khan as Emperors of China, then one can safely say that the only thing which prevented military China from conquering the whole of the world was that she was unable to do so. For China never could win a victory at sea, and, though she tried more than once, she never succeeded in conquering Japan or

Russia. China would really have nothing to complain of ethnologically if her sovereignty were restricted to the mainland between the shores of the Yellow Sea, the China Sea, and the mountains of Thibet.

Yet history shows that the real Chinese are not a militant race, even if they did come by their present enormous section of the earth by the sword. It was their conquerors who have made them conquer many other peoples, such as Korea, which Japan took from them; the Philippines, which Spain first took from them and then the United States; Macao, which Portugal took from them; Tonkin, which France took from them; and Burmah, which England took from them. Twice China tried to take Japan and failed. The Emperors of China have ruled over more conquered territory at one time than any rulers in the whole of the world's history, not excluding Alexander the Great or Julius Cæsar.

Twice the real Chinese were conquered by Tartars and once by Mongols, and during her history 'China' has been ruled by strangers longer than by the original people. Thus the Manchus were not Chinese, but northeastern Tartar conquerors. China's greatest asset through history has been her power to absorb all the salt that ran into her sea. The contrary was true of the North American Indians, who were unable to assimilate foreigners when they overran America and took their lands from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Nor are the Chinese naturally an intolerant people. No race on earth was more open-handed till the beginning of the sixteenth century. Then Spain and Portugal sent missionaries, ostensibly to teach. These were followed by filibustering traders, who ended by massacring Chinese subjects wholesale or calmly selling them for slaves in Peru, Chile, and Cuba. The Portuguese had also a regular slave trade on their coast, while Dutch traders, practically invaders, forced their will upon their hosts with guns.

Nestorian and Roman Catholic Christians had been given full freedom and had built up great churches, but it was not until Canton Jesuits began fighting with Dominicans, and then referred their quarrels for settlement to an outside prince in Italy, that China at last felt the prick of fear. It was only then that the non-militant Chinese conferred the name of 'foreign devils' on their visitors from the West, and not before they had well earned it. The Chinese had traded peacefully with Arabs and Hindus for centuries, but these 'superior' Westerners were lawless and dangerous. China's not unnatural reaction was to shut up like an oyster and keep every one out of the Celestial Kingdom, while perhaps it was also not unnatural that they had grown to consider themselves the superior race. There is no escaping the fact that, even before the opium wars, the West was largely responsible for the backwardness of the East.

But China's permitting her people to live in ignorance of the progress of the world brought incapacity within her own borders, and that became worse the longer it endured. To-day China is reaping a whirlwind. Many Chinese seem to believe that the integrity of China, so far as it still exists, is due to the United States of America. This is greatly to the advantage of the United States, but is very far from the whole truth. History shows that, though in the various wars America did not always bear any part in the fighting, she never once failed to send representatives afterwards to take a full share of any new peace concessions won by force of arms. True, she gave back the Boxer indemnities on certain conditions and for idealistic reasons, but in a sense she was fully repaid for the whole outlay, big as it may have been, for no one knows better than she does that the Chinese of to-day think infinitely more of that overture than of the years of patient work done by the English controllers at a period when the Chinese could not possibly have done it for themselves. The imperial machinery was absolutely unable

to collect its revenues, and hateful as it may seem now to interfere with 'sovereign rights,' if truth is an objective it is well to remember how it was done, and how materially and acceptably China's revenues were increased, far more so than it would seem they will be by handing back her tariff management under present conditions to her own people, however much they may add to the customs rates, unless they can thereby *pari-passu* foster their young and growing industries.

Nor did England, as is generally assumed, introduce opium into China. The Portuguese and Turks had done that a century before. But the trading pioneers of England saw the enormous wealth to be acquired by it, and like those in every other part of the world in those days did not worry about the right and wrong of things, and eventually they did force the expansion of traffic at the point of the bayonet. China then saw the awful ruin that it caused and passed a prohibition enactment. The other nations in return did exactly what they are trying to do now with the prohibition laws of the United States, made to prevent another toxic drug, ethyl alcohol, being forced in exactly the same way — namely, by temptation — down the throats of her citizens, and for exactly the same reason, trying to smash or circumvent America's prohibition laws in order that they may make money out of the sale of this other unnecessary and equally disastrous drug. The main difference is that in those days the opposition came from traders who did not pose as philanthropists, while to-day the opposition comes from the rich. It is a lamentable fact that not a few Americans are now conceding that even to-day their country cannot yet enforce her own laws against the opposition of other people, any more than China could a hundred years ago when Christian nations propagandized with guns against opium laws instead of with gasoline against alcohol laws. Many firmly believe that once China is accorded her

sovereign rights, she will be wise enough to prohibit not only opium but alcohol also. Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang, still one of the most important military men in China, says he is determined that he will try to do so. None of either drug was allowed in his most efficient army, which, when this was written, consisted of one hundred and twenty thousand picked men.

Confucius taught China to put the family first. He said nothing about patriotism of the flag-waving variety. The Chinaman's ideal was peace and home. He always detests soldiers and banditry. This is not the place to attempt any description of Chinese family life, but its psychology is so different from our own that it serves to account for much of the attitude of their adults to even international affairs. Thus, after he is seven years of age, a boy should not approach his father nearer than twelve feet, or his mother nearer than seven feet. He should then drop on his knees and await their action.

'*Tempora mutantur*,' even in China, '*et nos mutamus*,' but the method of providing for the family after death was also indicative of the intensity of the family tie. The father places in the family vault or tomb in actual wedges of noble metals half the patrimony of each child. These were left there from generation to generation when not needed, and form the foundation of the wealth of the old families of China. When driven to extremities only can the legatee honourably borrow from the buried store, and so strong is the family loyalty that practically that never was done.

New thoughts have come to China through her Western educators, and she is fighting to-day for her position as a sovereign nation. She is striving to get back, among other primordial assets of any free nation, the right to make her own taxes. She is not now primarily after money. This is equally true of her extra-territorial concessions. The history of China shows that the dollar has never been her people's

god, as it has that of most human races. This fight is a revolt against the assumed superiority of the West.

True, the Treasury in China needs money very badly, and every one who loves her hopes that the removal of foreign control of her customs and other concessions will help to develop her young industries, and enable her to foster public utilities and developmental schemes with the help of less foreign capital, and therefore with more safe investment for the quantities of money that there are in China. Yet the main gain is going to be a sentimental one — the fact that China will know herself again a sovereign power, respected amongst the comity of nations. Then only will she lose that fear, which she has had increasingly, that the incoming of commercial or even altruistic or religious relationships with the rest of the world means increasing danger of territorial disintegration. The fact is that China at last is again afraid, and rightly so; and fear is as much a deterrent to the progress of a nation as it is to an individual.

One fact which worries young China is that to-day if she raises her import taxes from the five per cent only, now permitted by foreigners, to an average of twelve and one half to fifteen per cent, probably the highest she could with economic advantage and without crippling her all-important foreign trade, she would not largely increase her imperial revenues. The likin or inter-province customs taxes will have to be abolished and compensation given the provinces out of the new revenues, which are very badly needed by her to foster industries and to enable her to set her house in order, and so to carry out the reforms which foreigners demand. Thus, though they believe that the unequal treaties are one reason why China has not done so already, paradoxically her own Chamber of Commerce issued their edict recently that the student cry of 'Down with foreign nations' was sheer folly.

China knows that the control of her customs by England has been great financial gain to their Imperial Treasury, and though done by foreigners, it was done efficiently. The name of Robert Hart should be one assurance to Chinamen to-day that their present ebullition of hatred against Great Britain is neither altogether rational nor China at her best self. Moreover, the English statesman and his methods to-day are not those of 1840, any more than those of the Chinese are, and to-day England stands absolutely prepared to give that which is right, if only it can be shown them. The hatred of England is of Russian instigation.

The best proof of this is that, in 1902, Great Britain offered to relinquish extra-territorial rights as soon as she was satisfied that China was prepared for it, a similar provision being agreed to by the United States and Japan, but not till a year after England had led the way. Moreover, twenty years before that, Sir Robert Hart, though a British official, had dared to say that 'doing away with extra-territoriality would widen and not restrict the field for both trader and missionary, would remove the sting of humiliation from China — that to the Chinese extra-territoriality was a spear, not a shield, and until it was abolished no assured dwelling at ease, no real welcome for foreign intercourse, was possible. Remove it, and the responsibility to protect and the appreciation of intercourse would at once rise to a higher plane.' The world is only now just beginning to admit this. Is China ready?

There is still much to say about China being as yet unable to do all that she would herself like and that she will be expected to do. Some of her best friends still fear she might by failure, however little to blame, suffer more than she will gain by premature responsibility. Few, on the other hand, realize that an immense amount of work is now being done by extremely able lawyers to codify and make uniform the laws of China, so as to satisfy the demands of

modern views and avoid the humiliating indemnities exacted for damages done to foreign nationals, and to show that China is prepared to afford that protection and fair dealing given to human life and property in other countries, and which she herself wishes to give.

As for the problem of extra-territoriality, one thing is certain — China herself is far better able to protect the foreigner in the wild fastnesses of her vast empire than any one else can. As one reads the history of China, one sees how terribly hindered she has been by her lack of worldly wisdom, rather than by her good intentions. One had only to read books such as 'Two Years at the Court of Peking,' unquestionably a true story of one of the supremest autocrats that ever ruled a nation, to enable one to understand how China could conceive that the destruction of foreign ambassadors, which they attempted and partly succeeded in at so recent a time as the Boxer rising, could benefit any nation. Then it becomes possible to understand why, peace-loving though the real Chinese are, some foreigners get murdered, why the Tai Pings were not opposed by the Chinese Government when they attempted to exterminate all foreigners, and why the country, just like Japan, tried so long to have nothing whatever to do with 'foreigners.' This is so no longer in the greater part of the East, thanks largely to Western generosity in extending education and help to them. China does herself no credit by forgetting how much of her new spirit is directly the result of foreign missions, which no loud shouting of over-zealous youth can refute. That China wishes to rank in justice with the rest of the world is not doubted.

The experience of Germany and Russia, who lost their extra-territorial rights in the War, is said to be that their people have received in China just as much justice as they ever did before, and that the loss has been of great benefit to them in regard to trade, because it has drawn them

nearer to the confidence of the people — a confidence, however, seriously jeopardized for the last six years by Bolshevik interference in Chinese politics. Theoretically, of course, every one would say that a self-respecting nation has the right to demand the administration of justice in its own territory. Scientifically, however, one is forced to say that such a desirable asset should only be conferred upon those whose statutes guarantee a spirit consonant with each age, and the order of whose house shows that they are prepared to administer them efficiently. Can China yet administer justice in Yunnan, Sinkiang, Thibet, or even nearer the coast? That seems the only question at issue now. China's desire to do justice is granted. Can she accept that responsibility yet with credit to herself?

As for the Christian missionaries, I never met one worth his salt who was unwilling to take the same risks as His Master, Who never asked for any political protection from either Rome or Jerusalem.

That there is no real reason to doubt that England's or France's or Italy's good faith has recently been shown by their all revising, in 1926, the old 'unequal treaties' made with Siam, merely because they were convinced that the old treaties acted unjustly, were in no way necessary, and that the progress of Siam fully warranted that revision. It may have been only enlightened self-interest, but it shows that the world is wise enough now to know that all the irritation caused by constantly suggesting bad faith is just so much bad psychology. Most nations to-day only want to be shown what is right, and all are learning that it now pays a nation better to do right, and that a nation's credit, being only that of a group of individuals, is actually more valuable in dollars than its ability to carry off occasional hold-ups with apparent impunity. No millennium can arrive until the individual footpad has learned this truth, as he will do, even in Chicago. To-day some think crime is a result of

physical abnormality. Meanwhile an increasing number of people, even the 'unco guid,' are admitting there is more good in more of us than we used to believe, and that it only needs right treatment to bring it out. At least, absence of pigment in the skin is no longer the accepted hallmark of reliability.

After a journey of eight hundred miles up the Yangtze-Kiang, the fourth largest river in the world, through endless cities and the teeming life of the great river, and thence by rail and steamer over thousands of miles more, and interviewing all along the way those who are giving their lives to found the Kingdom of God on earth, one feels that so much has been learned, which even some of us previously interested in the life of China never knew, that it seems worth while, especially at this 'crisis,' to record some of the observations for others. The fact that so-called 'crises' are met in Europe, in Egypt, in India, and everywhere else, makes one doubt whether crises are not really just steps in evolution, and whether they are not as desirable, even if they do disturb the peace of mind of some, and in spite of the loss of property and life they involve, as the divine discontent which Charles Kingsley stirred up a few years ago in England, and for stirring up which he has long ago been forgiven by the very section of society who so severely censured him at that time.

The first fact that strikes any rational human being with a soul, all along the crowded cradle of humanity in China, is the depth to which already Christian missionaries have dug themselves into the lives of the Chinese. It is true that just now, as a side issue in the great nationalist revolt of the East, an apparent anti-Christian, really Bolshevist and anti-Western, movement is going on. That only means, however, that its power is really being felt.

These civil wars will not last forever. The Christian foundations laid are so deep that they never can be de-

stroyed. Still, travellers easily overlook the ways in which this is showing itself and come to wrong conclusions; they carry away altogether erroneous impressions of the immense value of Christianity the world round in the struggle toward universal peace. It is scarcely possible to blame round-the-world trippers, who can barely be classed as travellers, since their time and opportunities are so limited, and they are not primarily studying problems anyhow. Even those in business, and so-called scientists, do not always take time to make their own observations. Unfortunately, this has been our experience also of some even in political life. We had just been showing a merchant of many years' standing in Hankow some industrial work which we bought in the native, non-treaty port of Wuchang, exactly across the Yangtze River from Hankow. 'Beautiful,' he said, 'I shall order some at once.' We can easily exist and yet know nothing of what is going on around us.

That particular industrial work is part of the gospel of the University of Central China of the Episcopal Church, established over fifty years ago in the very middle of the Chinese city, on the edge of the Serpent Mountain. Its campus runs out to the old city walls whose gates are still shut every night at seven o'clock, so tightly that even a European doctor on an emergency call from the great mission hospital has to get the Governor's permission to open them. Most of the endless missions are also busy to-day with just such industrial work, making hungry women and helpless folk happy by teaching them how to earn an independent living. Thus, at Paoting-Fu, where to-day a young man was run over and the doctor had to cut off both his legs through the knee joint, he said: 'If this man gets well, we shall expect, of course, to find him work, probably in a rug factory, where much of the work is done by legless men.' Do discounters of Christian missions know of this sort of thing?

In how many and diverse ways real Christianity is being taught, and now in the absence of foreigners is being carried on, as it best can be during civil wars, by the Chinese themselves even in Central China, is shown by the fact that in Wuchang we saw an Oxford Rugby football player teaching science in Chinese to Chinese. He happened to be refereeing at one of their college football matches, which looked exactly like an English Public School game.

'The student governing body,' he said with pride, 'has passed a law for themselves that every boy in the school must possess a pair of shorts' (i.e., athletic knickers).

We remembered what the Iron Duke had said about the battle of Waterloo being won on the playing fields of Eton. We understood why the young Oxford graduate considered this resolution to be a crisis, and a significant sign of grace. The true Christian spirit of this great work is clearly understood on the spot, but it might help any who judge modern missions by old-time reports to know that my host, who was on the staff of this great undiluted channel of affection, is a man of independent wealth. When I asked him about his humble way of life, he said: 'Well, we accept the mission salary, and we live on that entirely, so as to make no difference whatever between us and any one else, and in that way we can put our own money into the work.' I do not think another man in that mission even knew that this man had private means.

The fool of the family does not find a job on any mission staff nowadays, granting that they ever could. If any doctor thinks this is not correct, let him try to get on the staff of Yale-in-China, now under temporary suspension in the hands of Chinese workers at Changsha in Central China, or in the Peking Union Medical College, or in India, Africa, or on any other of the modern mission staffs, and see what he gets if he is not a first-class professional man. In the last few years, three M.D.s in London University, the blue

ribbon of English degrees, and Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, have laid down their lives for China from typhus alone.

Here we may as well confess that what surprised us perhaps most in China was that we never got off at a city anywhere, however primeval-looking or smelling, without finding a mission hospital, or school, or Christian effort of some sort sweetening the atmosphere. Do not let any one at home worry about things they read in the papers about anti-Christian efforts. The men who were in the field are not a bit disturbed. No one knows better than they that God is on His Throne, and that anti-Christian efforts are absolutely bound to fail, except that they make Christianity more Christlike. This wagging of the Devil's tail is the best sign manual of the genuineness of the Christian activity, and the best cure for any weakness in its exhibition of Christ's Way. It can never hurt the real spiritual Church, of which George Adam Smith said, 'There is no danger that it will die from being blown up, but only from being sat upon by endless numbers of indifferent nobodies.' Moreover, the Chinese are a wiser race than many take them for, and their hearts are human enough to tell the real thing from the false. 'The Boxer outbreak was essentially an anti-imperial political movement, but was cleverly switched by the reactionary Empress Dowager into an anti-foreign and an anti-Christian one. The usual result happened. The real Church advanced by leaps and bounds afterwards, as for example at Paoting-Fu, where previously no station had been permitted nearer than a mile from the city wall, where the missionaries had been murdered and the station burned. Yet immediately afterwards the chief doctor, who had been in Europe on furlough, was freely given a splendid site inside the very city itself, the basis of the present splendid work there.

Thank God, as yet a 'Christian' in China is not just any

man who is so labelled, after having submitted to certain dogmas and ceremonies, and many an Indian or Chinese to-day who, like Gandhi, has not assumed the label, has more of the spirit that was in Christ, and follows more self-sacrificingly Him Who does not ask for our recognition or our comprehension but our loyalty, than many who bear that proud title, but who, utterly unfamiliar with the deep facts of life around them, are ever loudly proclaiming 'they have no use for foreign missions.' Some seem to think that man-made limitations or degrees of longitude and latitude bound the efficacy of the love of God.

Some while has elapsed since these deductions on the spot were recorded, but it does not seem necessary to alter one of them. The Chinese will never be Bolshevik and Communist. For twenty-two hundred years they lived contentedly under autocratic government, and just to be let alone and be governed is still the chief desire of the majority of them. They are individualistic to the core — and the future of Christianity is safe in their hands. They can and will find, as rightly they should, their own nation's men able to 'carry on' and proclaim in these same unanswerable ways that message of the love of God that Jesus Christ gave to the world.

CHAPTER XIV

PRESENT-DAY CONDITIONS IN CHINA

As indicated in the preceding chapter, the most amazing revelation to us, as we journeyed through China itself, was the widespread intelligent and earnest interest in Christianity, quite contrary to what we had been told to expect. The Chinese have been stigmatized as stolid, and their intense personal loyalty and equanimity has been lightly put down to their stupidity rather than to their credit. But 'Chinese-Christian' and 'hypocrite' are to-day by no means the synonymous terms that some 'practical' personages had told us. That was the antithesis of our own experience and a mere cheap, long out-of-date repetition of old accusations. With that deepness of still waters, the Chinese fully appreciate the difference between accepting Western Christianity and accepting Christ. It is reality, not warring creeds or conventions, that interests young China. It is a living Personality as against their own dead system. The recent national conference of Chinese students betrayed this splendid approach — and to us reproach. It was held shortly after the recent massacre at Shameen, when some few of their numbers had already left to enlist as soldiers, crying, 'Death rather than shame.' They asked these questions concerning Christianity:

(1) In view of the criticism which the Chinese renaissance movement is making, has Christianity enough contribution to give to enable it to survive?

(2) Does the rising national consciousness rightly regard Christianity as a tool of the foreign aggression?

(3) What will Christianity contribute to elemental human needs in China? Will it help man in his daily life here?

Many are asking whether, if the actions of Western nations represent Christianity, can Chinese Christians coöperate advantageously with them? The first answer to these questions was that Christ, but not Western Christianity, can save China.

At Kalgan in Mongolia, I asked Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang, whose army was then remaking Mongolia, 'What do you think can save China now?'

'Christ,' he answered.

'Is that what I can tell friends in America and England is your opinion?'

'Most certainly,' he replied.

The Chinese students' conference did not end in questions. The following splendid deductions were a fine indication of the grip Christianity has already in China:

(1) Every effort must be strained to create a really indigenous Christian Church, if it is to have a message for the life of China to-day. (This has now been carried out.)

(2) Missionaries from outside must aim by concrete deeds to place themselves above all suspicion of any ulterior motives, or cease to come.

(3) If they do come, their aim should be now to create self-support and to further only unquestionably Christian programmes.

(4) To establish the Kingdom of God on earth necessitates the youth of China putting into practice the personal sacrifices and responsibilities that so great an ideal calls for, among which may have to be patience.

These, carried out, mark, so we believe, China's rightful road to her place in the sun.

If a number of sane, rational centres reflecting the spirit of Christ in China struck the observer most of all the sights along the Yangtze River, the second was the happy nature and kindly sense of humour the Chinese people display. For we Europeans are forever making the silliest and some-

times offensive mistakes. As an example, to take one out of a thousand, an ardent young bachelor was invited to a tea party given by Chinese students to a number of Europeans, whose ladies had surreptitiously supplied the cakes and candies of their own making. Generously, at the end of the feast, the students voted to offer the surplus stock to a lonely young bachelor clergyman. He thanked them in his best Chinese, trying to assure them, 'I am unworthy,' but saying, in reality, 'Thank you, thank you, they are so dirty. The students kept saying, 'They cannot be, the foreign ladies made them themselves.' But he kept on bowing and saying, 'They are so dirty.' Not one laughed or let him know that he was making a ridiculous remark.

Our personal experiences, fresh in our minds, make us feel also that the Chinese are full of a happier nature than most men, or at least 'purr' most readily and universally — a very valuable trait. The very tilt of their eyes makes their faces appear to us full of merriment, and is possibly an evolutionary achievement. Even the poor coolies, staggering along under terrible burdens, for the merest pittance, and the ragged but endlessly laughing rickshaw men, give the impression of people who enjoy life. They seem a really happy crowd, though their hard lot in the North especially can be guessed by the fact that one hundred and sixty-three were frozen to death in the streets of Hankow in one night, because their miserable cotton garments failed to protect them against a sudden fall of temperature. Moreover, as age comes on, their earning capacity decreases, and many suffer from starvation in spite of their guild. It did us good to notice that old, hampering customs are slowly disappearing. For the most part pigtails have gone from the heads of the Chinamen, the spirit walls in front of the doors — which obscure the light and air from people's houses, though built to keep spirits from entering, since spirits cannot turn corners — are falling down nowadays; to-day one seldom

sees the scaffolding of a new house ornamented with branches at the top to deceive spirits, trying to get into the house, into thinking that it is a forest. Here, as in India, with the new ability to travel rapidly, an international language is springing up, stimulated by such incidents as that which arose when five generals of the same army came down to Shanghai to discuss a campaign and found that they could not understand one another — Cantonese and Pekingese being almost as different as French and English. So one finds English here, as in India, Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Malaya, springing up into general use for international service. If we can only talk to the other man, it is so much easier to understand him, and he ceases to be a 'foreign devil.' The rising tide of colour, the Armageddon of racial differences, are disturbing possibilities, too deep for diplomacy or philosophy to bridge by enduring peace. Only when we can love ourselves less and the other fellow first can that end be attained for which we all long. The smartest theories can never be substitutes for the Way of the Cross, but history shows that the Kaiser's Chancellor was more correct than he intended when he said, 'Treaties are only pieces of paper.' The spirit behind them, and not the ink, is the true value of them for healing the world's ills.

In the field of Christian missions in China, the growing emphasis on deeds as against words has induced a harmony amongst all creeds and sects that to us seemed peculiar to that country.

There seemed also an unusual coöperation between the business men, shipping men, and men competing in life's various activities. Thus, in so simple a matter as a ticket taken at Shanghai up the river on any transport line, even if it is a return, it is available on any other, or can be used part on the one and part on the other. Anything to achieve perfect travelling facilities is the real objective, rather than big profits — a very different slogan from that of some

parts of the world. The rates are so cheap, and the comforts on the many river boats so great, that it was almost an economy to travel and see the wonders of this great country. It cost less to live aboard, and there were fewer worries. Everywhere gracious people make it easy for the non-Chinese-speaking foreigner to get along easily. We had nothing whatever but kindly courtesy from any one, Chinese or foreigner. We enjoyed every moment, from Shanghai to the great Tung-Ting lake and back, and returned refreshed in both body and mind and spirit.

Is there no danger to travellers in China from bandits? Yes, there is. And so there is in America, and in Europe. With the passing of the Empire, and the transition into a Republic, there was no hand big enough to cover the whole seething mass of China over her immense area. Many individuals in different parts, therefore, tried to uphold authority, whose territories soon became little independent dictatorships. China, though a rich country, is undeveloped, and her easily gotten sources of revenue have been depleted without any attempt at conservation, at least, by the Chinese and Ming dynasties, covering a period of six hundred years. Nor did the Manchus do any reforestation or extend the irrigation facilities. The poor, therefore, found it harder and harder to live off the land, for the productive sectors have been greatly diminished, especially around the cities, while ever-increasing quantities of land are permanently occupied by ancestral graves. All the remainder is greatly subdivided by the family system of China. Men are therefore easily persuaded to put on a soldier's uniform, become what seems a person of position to the ordinary civilian, get privileges of free rides and opportunities of small 'squeezes.' They are promised food, clothing, and lodging, with seven dollars a month in cash. Alas, the very circumstances that in China lead a man to leave his farm are thus also some of the causes why the local general, in

'command' of his locality, cannot find money to discharge his promises and pay his ex-farmer soldiers, who, having nothing to send to wife and family, then desert, and, joining with disaffected folk, form roving bands of bandits. They do not want to take life, but to obtain money and food. Their aim is to secure ransom, not to commit murder. Thus passenger motor cars belonging to an American ex-officer, and plying between Kalgan and Urga, have been held up occasionally and robbed, but no one has been killed, and the driver's property is respected as a rule. One of my friends, able to speak Chinese, who was recently held up on this journey with seven other men, told the bandits, who were about one hundred and thirty in number, that they in the car were all well armed with repeating rifles and would fight to the last ditch, saying, 'You have struck the wrong car.' Whereupon the marauders grinned and let them go on. Another friend, a missionary doctor, after journeying around Western China from Yunnan to Peking, ran into such a band, near the end of his journey. They took all his possessions which they fancied, broke up all that they did not want, and kept him for ransom, treating him, however, much better than the Soviet regulars on the border of outer Mongolia treated another friend, whom they at once threw into prison, sparing him only the merest pittance of black bread and hot water. The first friend eventually escaped, the worst of his troubles having been the incessant marching he had to do, as brigands dare not remain long in one place.

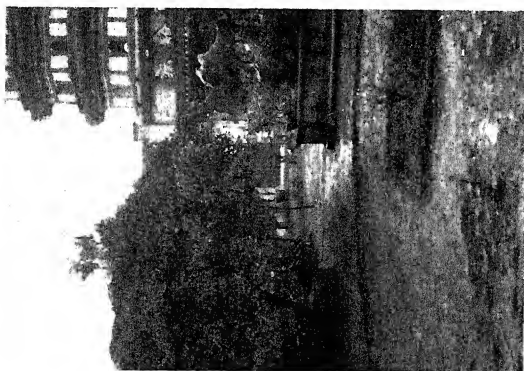
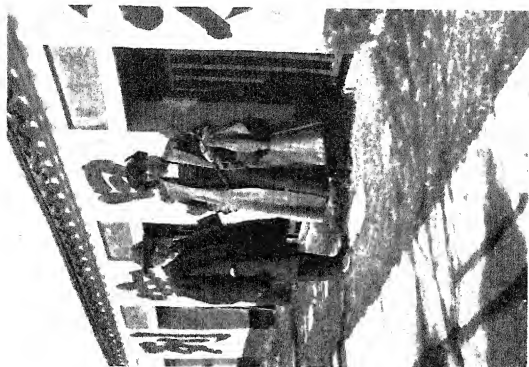
So long as no strong hand is found to unify Chinese authority, banditry must continue to be the vogue. Poverty and misery are everywhere causes of lawlessness, as well as results. It is, therefore, as far as China is concerned, essential that the two Mongolias, which could feed all China, should not be robbed from her by either Japan or Russia.

Considering the amount of energy and propaganda expended to make China Bolshevist, her resistance under present circumstances of apparent hopelessness is a marvellous testimony to Chinese character. Moreover, many students, especially from Mongolia, have been given free education in Moscow. The rebirth of a nation cannot come about without many birth pangs. France and Russia and America did not escape them. China has shown her special metal in daring to jeopardize her national aspirations by recognizing and challenging the menace of Communism and the power of Soviet Russia right in the very midst of her travail, a thing which no nation has ever done before.

CHAPTER XV

CANTON, SHANGHAI, AND SOOCHOW

RICH and beautiful as Hongkong is with its marvellous harbour, it left one with the uneasy feeling experienced when one has a task to face or a game ahead of one in which there is no chance of winning out. It seemed a real relief to step aboard a comfortable steamer and wake up at the very gates of Canton, and forget this anxiety in the fact of the most pathetic focus of human existence in the world that we had ever seen. The noise and smell of the *entourage* of half a million miserably poor human beings crowded into small boats known as sampans and junks, all jostling one another as they lay tied side by side and bow to stern in endless numbers, greeted us as we approached the city. The extraordinary skill displayed by both men and women in this semi-amphibious existence in getting where they would be, and the calm Chinese *insouciance* with which every one accepts things that would have driven the average Caucasian to insanity, kept one so interested in the mere technique of life on this floating anthill that temporarily at least one forgot one's sorrow for their lot. However, not more are drowned annually, it seems, than are killed or mangled by automobiles in America. The annual toll of this one river, we were told, is only twenty thousand drowned, but when one of the periodic cyclones or even civil wars comes along, the water unoccupied by boats is said to be replete with human corpses. Never had I before, and never do I expect again, to see a city that impressed one more as a realization of Lewis Carroll's famous book called 'Through the Looking-Glass'; for everything seemed topsy-turvy, from the moment the coolies, pitiable specimens of the genus homo, started to carry me, a great strong resentful



AT CANTON

athlete reclining on a decrepit lounge-chair amidst interminable traffic through streets obviously designed to resist progress, while pallid faces crept furtively past one.

The palanquin had, however, to be submitted to, for it was the best any one could do through the space provided between the sides of the streets, and the very strangeness of it at first diverted one's annoyance at the continual delays. No carriage, not even a rickshaw, could squeeze down 'Main Street,' and it was all such a contrast to Quick-or-Dead Lands, like Manhattan or Labrador. As it poured incessantly with semi-tropical rain one sampled the usual local methods of disposing of superfluous water by shooting it down into the middle of the street from entirely unexpected channels, and in such a way one was never certain that one was not contending with the exigencies of domestic sanitation.

Unlike Damascus, there is no street in Canton that could be reasonably called straight. The crooks and turns in these alleyways satisfy the most exacting demands for the picturesque, which is here, however, doubly ensured by all the endless gay signs, brilliant flags, and glorified coloured posters that the limited space can accommodate. Gorgeous-coloured wares are exposed in plain view projecting right into the street, so that it resembles the weekly fair of a country town infinitely more than the highway of a great city, with the additional disadvantage that there is no room for the circulation of air at the bottom of the narrow canyons, where also no healing ray of the usually glorious sunshine outside can ever enter — a serious disaster when one considers that all food products are exposed to the open exactly as are silks, satins, embroideries, porcelain, furniture, boots and shoes, jade, and every kind of heart's desire. We visited flower workers, rice-paper picture painters, and bought many knick-knacks, as clever and as 'tinselly' as only Chinese can make them. We visited, amongst other

temples, that of the five hundred gods, all carved in wood, much larger than life, and covered with a mixture of gold leaf and dust. They seemed sedate rather than dignified, as they sat perched in rows on very ordinary shelves, and gave one the chilly impression of stuffed birds obviously set up on wires without any surroundings to modify them, rather than the comforting suggestion of any possible assistance to be derived from them. It was interesting to have one pointed out to us as Marco Polo. It sent me home to read up his incredibly romantic life story; but it was characteristic of the interest displayed in these gods that different attendants selected different figures to represent him. Familiar by now with the sanctity of all things ancestral, we approached the famous Chun-ka-chi ancestral temple with some trepidation, lest we might in any way offend the prejudices of worshippers. This vanished, however, when we saw many half-clad soldiers and a number of donkeys quartered right inside the temple itself. These represented the cavalry of the community. One could not but notice the utter absence of any display of devotion, except that many soldiers were burning incense before a very modern picture of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, cheaply executed, miserably framed, and perched on what we supposed stood for an altar.

The Temple of the City of the Dead, with its fine bronze Buddha and endless rooms of different magnificence, where the dead incongruously come to wait sometimes for years until the geomancers discover an auspicious day for the burial, is worth a visit. It is a veritable boarding-house for the departed, for friends offer food daily for the use of the spirit of the corpse, the symbolism being further maintained by their bringing useless paper money and sham paper representations of ordinary utilities, which are supposedly transformed by burning into articles of service in the existence beyond. We saw tea, food, and flowers laid out for

many spirits. We were told that when these were no longer provided, the management soon gave notice for burial, all of which to us seemed consonant with a looking-glass world.

Amongst other objects visited was a really fine pagoda, many ~~ages~~ high. The view of the city from the top fully repaid ~~the~~ the pleasure of realizing that one could still climb many stairs without calling for the assistance of an elevator.

Our pleasant memories of the good cheer of the Victoria Hotel across the river in Shameen, in the concession sacred to non-Chinese nationals, have been saddened by the events that have since occurred on the very ground where we spent such happy hours. It seemed to us at the time that the intolerable conditions of the poor and the terrible lot of the unskilled labourers when endured so close to the conditions of luxury prevailing in the concessions, by their very contrast made the lot of the average life of the masses appear even more appalling; and it appeared not unnatural that at any moment some spark should set ablaze the smouldering resentment that must of necessity only lie dormant even in the more than average placid minds of Chinese men and women. One thing seems certain: force proved itself again but a poor protagonist for a better China.

In order to get to Shanghai, we returned to Hongkong, in which cosmopolitan spot it was only natural to fall in with proverbial sisters and cousins and aunts. Among the 'sisters' were at least two from an Episcopal mission in Korea, whose admirable work we were to visit later. The cousin was of my own family 'in the navy,' while the aunts appeared to be every middle-or-more-aged lady we fell in with, nearly all of whom seemed to have heard of Labrador. An old college chum also took us to his perfectly beautiful hospital built on the very top of the high hill, while friends drove us all around the wonderful road that winds up and down around the island, replete with glorious views that lent themselves to endless descriptions of historic events,

especially the exploits of pirates, the development of the wonderful modern seaport, and of man's achievements against typhoons, tornadoes, and other thrills with which these seas and latitudes generously enliven any possible monotony in the routine of life.

The steamer which carried us to Shanghai at the close of a never-to-be-forgotten stay in Hongkong, might well have been a private yacht, for we were almost the only passengers on board — the usual ardour for travel having considerably cooled down here owing to the danger to disinterested parties from the liability to sporadic battles everywhere.

Amoy is a most interesting city to visit. It has the only landlocked harbour on the west coast. It is said that 'who holds Amoy holds the western China seaboard.' It was certainly an exceedingly beautiful harbour, as we first viewed it from the vantage-point of our high decks, through good glasses. However, its name might well once have been substituted for the 'Ceylon's Isle' in the familiar hymn. It is the seat of Dr. McDougall's book entitled 'How England Saved China,' a most intimate and human account of his experiences during many years' residence there. The period of his stay was marked by the abolition of foot-binding and of female infant exposure. The latter was emphasized by his living to see a modern hospital actually erected on the site of a pond which, when he first arrived there, had been habitually used for drowning undesired girl babies. His book is well worth reading. It happened that a friend was the first *de facto* foreign Governor of Amoy. Being chief of international police there, he presumably worked under a board of consuls, but, as a matter of fact, they left it entirely to him, he being a good Scot, and a man of experience in dealing with other races in various parts of the world. One of his tasks was to sit on the Bench and O.K. all sentences given by the mandarin in a mixed court, before they could be carried into effect. This naturally caused the mandarin to

'lose face,' so by a little juggling my friend was created a full-fledged mandarin, and his patent, signed by the Emperor himself, as well as his granted Chinese coat of arms, now hangs on the wall, while he wears the unique decoration, to a British officer, the order of merit from Peking emblazoned in gold on beautiful red silk. Among other inscriptions of good will and gratitude from various local bodies in Chinese characters, one bears the names representing every guild in the city excepting two, the butchers and the doctors. The former refused because he had forbidden the slaughter of cattle in the public streets, the latter because his unwarranted interference with native methods of sanitation had seriously interfered with their practice. Among his best testimonials, however, were two fine hospitals in the city when he left there. His secret was that he loved Chinamen for their loyalty and honesty. He always claimed that you can trust the word of a Chinaman.

A benevolent autocracy acts better than a democracy in many places besides China. During his stay there, the Russian fleet came around to attack Japan. Every one vastly overrated Russia's fighting power, and Admiral Togo had divided his fleet into two parts, not knowing by which channel the enemy would enter the Pacific. They lay some weeks in Saigon, and every effort the Japanese made to catch them had failed. My friend, however, had regular touch with the Chinese fishermen of the coast, who kept him informed of the movements of all shipping. One day they brought in the news of the Russian fleet coming out into the ocean, and this he passed on to the Japanese Consul. This was wired to Formosa, where fast Japanese cruisers, specially waiting, carried the news to Admiral Togo, who reunited his fleet in time to catch the Russians in the Straits of Shushima. My friend, who had never been in Japan, after the war was given the Order of the Rising Sun.

In the interim of watching the innumerable fishing boats

with every variety of colour and sail, one of many pastimes on the Kut Sang was feeding one of our fellow passengers, an entirely happy and healthy young elephant. After swallowing eight bananas and two buckets of boiled rice, with his eyes half closed in a state of drowsy lethargy he would crack a cocoanut or two and devour the contents, after which he would wake up and bellow lustily for food.

We had often heard of being 'shanghaied,' but until we anchored in that port we had never quite experienced it. We were arrayed as usual in tropical garments, with our 'Arctics' stowed well beyond all recovery, when the game began. In spite of the blizzard with which the town opened its play, we recognized the solitary hero doing sentry-go on the bleak-looking wharf as our Philadelphia friend, Dr. Harold Morris, who was characteristically holding down his end, and at times with a skill presumably born of experiences protected himself also, by clinging to a conveniently placed typhoon gumphead. It was some compensation for our ever-increasing pile of luggage that, when at last it was all stowed away in his motor, there was considerably less danger of our being blown away!

Our stay in Shanghai was short; but we found it the nearest approach to a modern town that we saw in China. Its unparalleled position for commerce has given it the second largest shipping tonnage in the world, and the safety that position offers in a country, in which just at present it may be said there is no abiding city, lent a sense of security, seasoned by a possibility of thrills at any moment, that lifted life out of the reputed humdrum of a place like Manhattan Island. Its shops are magnificent; and they offer a new experience when a 'round-the-world' group is piloted into a curiosity depot especially designed for their reception. As for the work of the Mission Hospital of Saint Luke's, it is most undeniably following 'in His steps,' and no one could help feeling what a real modern interpretation of the Love of

God it would be, if one's best loved ones, or one's self, chanced to need surgical or medical help so far from home.

The railway station was chock-a-block with soldiers when we left for Soochow. They were all dressed in the cheapest of grey cotton stuff, their legs were wrapped in ragged puttees, and they wore wretched felt bedroom slippers for foot-gear. Incidentally, they occupied our reserved seats, and the frightened native passengers had thought it wise to offer them theirs also. We travelled through a cultivated and very pretty country with miles and miles of neatly tended market gardens, canals, little groves of trees just budding out into delicate green shades, with here and there lovely blossoming pink-and-white cherry trees. The story of the joys of roast pork being discovered by the burning of a Chinese house in which a pig rested seemed more credible as we noticed the apparently flimsy houses and the abundance of pigs by the wayside. The people in the fields and picturesque cottages were dressed in bright blue denim and made a pleasant feature in the attractive landscape.

A good lunch was served on the train, and our pleasure was unadulterated, for we appeared to afford as much interest to our fellow passengers as they afforded us. Some had on a shiny round black satin hat, on the top of which was a little knob of braid, the colour of which signified different meanings. Thus, a white knob proclaimed that you were in mourning for parents or a husband. The soldiers appeared to help themselves to anything they wanted, no one saying them 'nay.' But when one came up and examined the necklace my wife was wearing, it was with the curiosity of a child and with no idea of appropriating it. We considered it quite a compliment.

At Soochow we had to drive in rickshaws almost all around the walls of this embattled city, in order to find an entrance, the ordinary gateway having been permanently closed since the beginning of the civil war, still going on.

Some friends told us they had had a horrid time in this particular war, being without telegrams, trams, or letters for over seven weeks. Others had regarded it as a kind of rest cure.

Soochow is more 'Chinesey' than even Canton, just as Conjeeveram is more 'heathen' than Benares. Some typical Chinese gardens, with their intricacies of built-up rockwork, were so like the popular pictures of China that they especially impressed our memories. We enjoyed through their natural courtesy the strangest glimpses into the houses. Now one saw a blindfolded ox ceaselessly treading round and round as he ground grain in a mill; now it was a shaggy Northern pony tethered right beside or even inside some shop, a moth-eaten unit of the pathetic cavalry on which we were informed we were relying for protection. Soochow is a great centre for the manufacture of silks and braids, and everywhere the whirr of spools being wound and the beating of hand looms greeted the ear. Dominoes and Mah Jongg sets are here also manufactured in bulk, and apparently countless men and boys were at work sawing up ivory or bone that passed for it.

Soochow is the Venice of China. It is intersected with endless picturesque and smelly canals, along which weird craft ply. High bridges span the stagnant streams and curious houses and gabled boudoirs lean out over the canal at crazy angles, so that occupants can converse readily across the streams without going out of doors to gossip. A similar condition obtains along the narrow winding streets, so that, in spite of the men yelling at the tops of their voices to warn pedestrians of their approach, no journey was without its thrills; especially as we hurtled down the almost perpendicular declines off the high bridges into the ever-passing crowds cooped up in the alleys called streets, for the rickshaws have no backstops and occasionally without warning tip up backwards. Most of the shops were food shops, for fuel is so



PAGODA OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF SOOCHOW



CANAL OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF SOOCHOW

beyond the reach of the masses that they buy food ready cooked from community kitchens of pre-war dates. There were, as at Shanghai, many obvious Russians among the natives, who seemed surprised that their habit of spitting gave annoyance. We were permitted to wander into the sacred temple of the five hundred genii, in which were now, of course, the ubiquitous soldiers. The genii were the twin brethren of those of Canton, but a shabbier lot in spite of their gilded bravery and their being better dusted, just as the mangy-looking chow dogs in the streets were a very cheap edition of their beautiful Labrador congeners.

The leaning pagoda here rivals that of Pisa. We laboured to the top of the largest pagoda in the world. It still carries the weight of aspiring climbers, while it afforded all the thrills of a real height, as we emerged onto its top. A friendly priest took us all through the unattractive living quarters of his monastery, while in the refectory we watched these guides of men's souls partaking of their, to us, unappetizing and unsavoury supper, undisguised apparently by any of those flagon accessories of well-stocked butteries from which their professional confrères in other countries have been wont to beguile their austerities.

Some jolly little Chinese boys came and talked to us on our way back through the dark and eerie streets, laughing merrily as our friend, who spoke Chinese, taught them to say a few English words. Kite-flying seems to be their main amusement. Boiled bamboo shoots and mango ice cream gave that tang to our supper which is such a valuable aid as a mental impulse to digestion.

Pigtails had persisted more in Soochow than elsewhere we had so far visited. We noticed many of them hanging down or twisted round the head. Also more uncut finger nails were seen. It has been said that pigtails, though abolished from the head, have not yet been removed entirely from the Chinese mind. From some people's attitude to-

ward these fine people, it is questionable if they have as yet disappeared from our own. A quaint bill for a new carved eagle lectern in a mission church here was shown us. It read, 'one piecy holy chicken, eight dollars.'

The mission hospital here is again a noble advertisement for the message of the Christ, a silent rebuke to the eight-foot-wide streets, through which the crowded humanity is satisfied to struggle all their days fighting their way through the veritably tangible smells. The queer old shops to which our friend guided us seemed crammed with relics of better and brighter days in Chinese homes, so that, in spite of the protests of our increasing luggage, we acquired some ancient heavy pewter candlesticks engraved with old Chinese wedding characters, some lovely mandarin skirts, beautifully coloured and trimmed with exquisite silk embroidery, and some unusually beautiful silk cloth woven in the city. The warriors in the district were again somewhat annoying. Their activities here, which most nearly seemed deserving of the term 'warlike,' were raids on those sections of the people least likely to show resistance. In the trains they again forced their way into the reserved carriages and if you left your seat instantly appropriated it, while the poor coolies and boatmen had to hide and even sink their boats to prevent their 'capture' by passing soldiers.

On leaving the city we wended our way through highways and byways and backways. We passed along what resembled large open drains more than anything else. Nothing would induce our boat owner to venture nearer than a quarter of a mile to the actual landing itself, and even then our lady teacher friend had to promise never to leave the boat for a moment for fear it would be captured by the heroes of whatever army chanced first to be looting in that direction. To us it was amazing that so much respect was at this time shown to strangers, and to women who were obviously foreigners like ourselves. Where else in the world

would that be the case when the country was ablaze with slogans of 'Down with all foreigners'? Personally, I did not believe for one moment that fear of retribution had anything whatever to do with this strange attitude, nor do I believe that the Chinese have any special irrational temperament. They are just naturally a peaceful people, and only when driven by poverty to violence, as they are now, do they resort to measures calculated to hurt their neighbours. Moreover, I truly believe that, conscious of it or not, it is respect and gratitude for what Christian missionary men and women have done for so many of their friends all over China that leads them so marvellously to protect the stranger within their gates. I know all about fear as an impulse, but we never ceased to wonder increasingly at this Christian spirit, or to thank God that He does not demand intellectual orthodoxy or the assumption of a lable as necessary credentials for the possession of it.

Our bargeman propelled our boat by a very simple but clever mechanism — a single sculling oar fastened on a clever ball-bearing device over the stern. Porterage transportation generally has become a fine art in China, and it is almost a pleasure to watch two coolies, with some heavy load hanging from a bamboo pole balanced on their shoulders, come jaunting down the road to the lilt of some catch song, the burden swinging to the rhythm as they jog along.

The platforms of the station answered to that name by courtesy only, for they seethed with struggling, yelling, odoriferous humanity, and as we edged our way through toward the spot where the train should have been, we thought painfully of the young doctor from the hospital who only the previous day had died of typhus fever, and it was the direct result of being bitten by an infected body louse. We waited and waited and waited, and then waited some more, while the crowd, growing denser and denser and denser, suggested at last that not even a train could force its

way through. The larger part of the crowd appeared to be vendors of native foods, and they became more and more insistent as time went by. Some sold fruits, others water chestnuts, or hot tea from china pots wrapped up in quilts that sadly needed laundering; some with little charcoal stoves were serving hot dabs of all kinds of foods; some sold sweetmeats, lily roots peeled and unpeeled, rice powdered with sugar. Nearly everything fortunately had been thoroughly cooked. The people seemed to sense the danger of raw foods. We were nearly exhausted when the train at last arrived, and were devoutly grateful for the last empty seats in a first-class carriage, which was finally crowded by a vast third-class over-the-quota, that class being mostly soldiers or bandits (mercenaries).

Infinitely the easiest way to see something of the interior of China is to travel by steamer up the valley of the Yangtze River, which can be done in great comfort for one thousand miles. To do this, we cut off a corner of land by the railway and picked up the river boat at Nanking.

The harbour of Nanking, on the Yangtze, is called 'Hsia-kwan,' and thence the luxurious steamers of the Jardine Matheson carry one in great comfort up the river to Hankow.

Also, just across a tributary river that here joins the Yangtze lies Pukow, the terminus of the Tien-Tsin to Peking Railway. Endless numbers of veritable tatterdemalions, passing for soldiers, kept crossing this river, and civilians and other passengers were treated as merely incidentals. We saw also flocks of ducks swimming along as they were driven to market ahead of river boats. Fortunately for their owners, the soldiers were unprepared for action afloat, which unquestionably saved many specimens from collection.

The walls of Nanking are twenty-three miles in length, and thick enough to carry a fine road along the top. It is on

the hill near Nanking that Dr. Sun Yat Sen is to be buried, which makes it at once a very sacred place. The large University here is another of those evidences of love in action that has already dug deep into the heart of this part of China, and its well-taught alumni are never able to forget the upbuilding that its agricultural department alone has afforded their country and themselves; while the research department for improving Chinese cotton and for putting all kinds of industries into the hands of the Chinese is another of those indestructible bonds which never will be really broken.

CHAPTER XVI

THE RIVER YANGTZE: NANKING TO PEKING

THE S.S. Kung-Wo is a delightful boat, with luxurious fittings and excellent food, and the river Yangtze is in many respects a grander river than the Nile. The banks are flat, and cultivated, and brilliantly green, with lovely trees especially in the lower reaches, and now and again groves of charming flowering almond or cherry trees, forming a background that relieves the idea of leanness of the Nile. There were also far more cottages visible along the banks, very like our Labrador cottages, and occasional large houses. There was always, however, in one's mind, as we forged our way through the rushing waters loaded with rich soil, an uneasy feeling that the wealth of China was steadily being carried away into the ocean, and a resentful sensation that after all these years a great nation of men so cultivated and as human as ourselves should not have conquered this great dumb factor of life in their midst, and that it should be permitted to go on depleting the country and costing the lives of untold numbers of our fellow men. Its tearing rapids and its great wide expanses, denuded of soil and reduced to sandy wastes, seemed to laugh at man's supposed first place on earth. Beautiful sunshine, high cliffs, and many more villages made us feel happier as we were travelling farther into the country, but there were no trees on the hillsides like our beautiful Vermont.

Now and again we slowed down as we passed a village and passengers jumped off into boats which had come off from the shore as we still went along. One high wooded island stood in mid-stream, a mediæval monastery on the top, and endless cormorants on the rocks below. It is called 'the orphan.' Legend says that a family set out here in a boat

with two children. It upset in the torrent and the parents were drowned. A huge frog, however, took pity on the children and carried them on his back. One boy, growing tired, at last slid off and became the little orphan island, then the older boy was washed off also, and became the big orphan, while the frog, overcome with sorrow, sank, and became Frog Island.

The relativity of life is forcibly impressed on passengers on this voyage, for all the while endless boats hurried by us, as if every one, here as elsewhere in life, was forced to keep always moving on, ever impelled to be aiming at somewhere else than where he was. The boats are not so picturesque as those on the Nile, though their peculiar battened sails are both ingenious and striking. Each section being small is therefore quite easily repaired, but their condition suggested either utter neglect or piteous poverty. Many displayed Chinese flags, with their five bars of red, yellow, blue, white, and black, to signify the union of five races, the original Chinese, the Manchus, Mongols, Mohammedans, and Tibetans.

We changed boats at Hankow. To us, it seemed a truly Oriental town — on one side the middle line which is called Tai-Ping Street, and modern and conventionalized on the other, in which are all the foreign concessions. The city lies all along the great north bank of the big river, opposite the large city of Wuchang on the south side. The lights of the cities, as one passes in the night, are very beautiful. Winding along through the native section of the city is intensely interesting, but somewhat depressing if one considers as brothers the human beings who throng the narrow streets, amidst the dirt and smells and invisible dangers. Toddlers along on tiny deformed feet were many more young women than we had been led to suppose existed, now that foot-binding is forbidden. But at least husbands and wives jog along together, the women laughing and taking their joyous

part in life, an attitude which had been so characteristically absent in India, Palestine, and Egypt.

The shops as usual were an unending source of interest, with their curious banners and signs, and their mysterious balconies, indiscriminate eyries, and peep-holes excluding all sunlight overhead. The food, lying exposed in the open, especially the meat and fish, suggested all the venturesome possibilities of a dinner at a Borgian repast, while pathetic little piles of dead thrushes lent a melancholy note to the display but little mitigated by the fire-cracker and incense shops and the braver show of coloured embroideries and unusual silks. In spite, however, of the usual number of poor creatures begging in unusual rags, and many miserable dogs, largely bereft of hair, sneaking about underfoot, there was a sense of jollity and sounds of gaiety and laughter that made one's heart go out to these people, and we were glad that we appeared again to give them as much pleasure as they gave us. We much admired the height and breadth of the men here, who are evidently Northerners in origin.

There were few passengers on the S.S. Kian, which carried us comfortably, though noisily, to Changsha. They consisted mostly of pioneers and explorers, not so much of the scientific type we are accustomed to in Labrador, on their way to discover the North Pole, but men seeking new fields of action for more mundane enterprises, especially for the Standard Oil Company, the Singer Sewing Machine Company, the British American Tobacco Company, and so on.

The river journey is one long film of ever-varying interest. Lying off the city of Yochow were two rather antiquated gunboats, which were crowded with soldiers and were evidently being used as barracks. Marshal Wu Pei Fu was making this place his headquarters after his defeat in Manchuria, or rather after his troops had voluntarily decided that his ends were selfish and had suddenly, on the very

field of battle, decided to join their friends the enemy, the army of Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang, the Christian general whose aim was solely peace and patriotism. At one time Marshal Wu Pei Fu was an almost omnipotent war lord, but to-day he is far too reactionary for the rapidly growing spirit of nationalism on the skirts of which is hanging the Communism of Canton. As we wandered through the streets we met more soldiers, many of whom were housed in huts of bamboo poles covered with straw, but it is an interesting and picturesque city on the top of a fine cliff, and well worthy of a visit.

The Yangtze rises here about fifty feet in flood, and every one of the huts will be washed away if not removed, so all permanent buildings are high on the big bluff. The city is clean, the roads are paved with white flat stones, and the rows and rows of shops are all tidy, and display no end of wares. Amongst other things that attracted us were eggs, black with a coating of clay, and said to be one hundred years old — of these we purchased samples and soon lost our interest in them. This city not being a treaty port, we might not land cargo, so we were rowed ashore against a current already made very swift by the beginning of the flood season.

The Taoist temple here is quite beautiful. The great bronze incense burner in the middle is fully twelve feet high; the roof, of very beautiful coppery blue tiles, was decorated profusely with fine carvings. It is called 'Yo Yang Las.' Like everything else, it was full of soldiers. Here Lao-tze, who flourished twenty years before Confucius, founded his religion. He is said to have been one of Confucius' teachers, and to have been seventy years old and had a long beard when he was born. Taoism is a form of mysticism.

It happened that the fantasy on my wife's hat was made of cock feathers. We heard several people make the same interested comment on it as we passed along, and were not a

little flattered. It turned out, however, that they were exclaiming 'chicken,' astonished at the eccentricity of her using so common a bird's feathers for ornamentation.

The river above this city becomes filled with any number of flat green islands covered with the most luxuriant grass. People were hastily cutting it on all these from the edges toward the centres and removing it as fast as they could, to save it from the already rising tide. Thousands of wild geese were feeding on the flats. Every now and again enormous rafts of logs floated past us downstream with a perfect village of huts on them, and sometimes apparently as many as forty or fifty men propelling, guiding it with a huge sculling oar. Here and there were men fishing from small boats by means of cormorants. The birds sat on long poles tied by one leg. On seeing a fish they dived in and caught it, when the owner immediately hauled them into the boat with a dip net and took the fish from their mouths, though he appeared to give each a titbit to encourage it.

On one island a long hexagonal pagoda, leaning over a little, rose from the river-banks. Trees grew out of its roof and also from some windows. The whole of it must evidently be well under water a little later. A man's pathetic blue denim shirt hung from the top window.

At Changsha, now eight hundred miles from the sea, Dr. Branch, chief of the staff of Yale-in-China, came alongside in a big Asiatic Petrol Company launch. In this we steamed two miles down the river again to their campus. This large city was very beautiful, illuminated with electric lights along the water-line, while the generous darkness hid the many scars and sorrows. It was a cold night, and we were delighted with the big friendly open fire blazing on the hearth when at last we reached our friend's charming bungalow, and it added another and more permanent sort of cheer to find, so far from home, this undeniable work of unselfish service uniting men who believe in Christ's vision of life as

a field of honour. Among the members of the staff who greeted us was the able and beloved dean of the college, a Chinese, and brother of a former President of the Republic of China, while another was Dr. Grosvenor, an Englishman, and a cousin of the Duke of Westminster. His special work lay in the country districts, and he told us many interesting tales of the real hunger of the people for a gospel more personal and inspiring than anything China had to give. On one occasion bandits came in and sacked the town he was passing through. A potter, however, chanced to secure a Testament from him. Little by little others became interested enough to try themselves to follow Christ, and when later another preacher visited the place he found a congregation of two hundred Chinese Christians, who were not only so by name, but really displaying a sincere Christian spirit in life. I had heard previously many similar facts from friends who have devoted their whole lives to just such work, and also of the marvellous devotion and loyalty to themselves and to the Christian faith in the face of persecution and death. On the other hand, I have heard diplomats and rich merchants, and men that we naturally look up to, profess to see no value in trying to hand on to the Chinese the message that Christ gave the world, and defending it by saying that the Chinese have a different personal equation from us Westerners.

We naturally met a great many official and well-educated Chinese at this splendid centre of learning. The Dean of the Medical College and his delightful wife, Dr. and Mrs. Yen, entertained us at a Chinese lunch in our honour, at which over thirty varieties of native food were served. We felt very small, as we knew nothing whatever about their etiquette, or proceedings, or language. Our bungling with chopsticks did save us the error of eating too much in the earlier stages of the meal, when we were still unaware of the endless courses that awaited us. But when the Chinese

guests, such as the three officials from Honan, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee, and Mr. and Miss King, who incidentally hold written consecutive records of their ancestors back to the time of Confucius twenty-five hundred years ago, all spoke English to us, we failed to see where our assumed superiority over these kindly, courteous, and clever people came in.

This day happened to be the special feast of remembrance on which all the Chinese go to the graves of their ancestors and burn paper money, so that it may thus be translated into the spirit world. They also place food there for the same purpose. It rained all day, and, as the streets were all being widened, they were both dirty and slippery, but some friends assured us this was quite usual at this particular feast, as the spirits of the paper offerings were carried better to the other world if there was plenty of moisture. If Chinese belief in spirits troubles any one, he can hope that one type at least will soon be eliminated. For some who believe that their boats and they themselves are followed about by evil spirits have cultivated a habit of dashing across the bow of a speeding steamer, as they hope that thus their pursuer may at least temporarily be cut off.

The banks of the Yangtze and the views in the cities are seriously defaced by blatant advertisements of the British American Tobacco Company. An ardent young minister, who violently objected to cigarette smoking — not at all an unreasonable attitude to my mind — plastered the walls of this city with innumerable anti-tobacco posters. The British American Tobacco Company had countered by giving a box of cigarettes for every five hundred of these posters brought to their office.

The difficulty of speaking the Chinese language is greatly increased by the fact that slight inflection will entirely alter the whole meaning of a word, there being at least five different tones. Our friends told us many tales against themselves. One preacher, trying to say that our Lord's mission

on earth was largely healing the sick, informed them that His time was largely spent in eating small cakes! The president of the college here has apparently often been caught praying to the Heavenly Pig instead of the Heavenly Lord, while another extremely modest and moral bachelor was chagrined to be told by his servant, returning from the market, that he was sorry, but that he could buy no Chinese woman to marry his master. He insists that he had told his servant to go and buy him a chicken. The Chinese are too polite to correct us.

The experience of the scientific men here was again that the people were not one iota interested in the republic, or indeed in any particular form of government. All they want is peace, and to be let alone, while some one sees that they are protected and allowed to go their own way within reason. The Chinese certainly are a most peaceful-minded people, confirmed individualists, and as far from being Communists as from being dodos. On the other hand, their happiness seems dependent on a contentment that acts both ways, as a lady once asked a passing negro in old Virginia, 'George, do you want to earn a quarter?' 'Why, no, Miss Sally, I've got a quarter,' was his answer.

We had the great misfortune to miss by two hours at Yenling the steamer in which we had hoped to go farther up the Yangtze to Chunking, Ichang, and the famous gorges cut by the roaring river coming down from the roof of the world.

After we left Changsha, bandits, or soldiers under the name of nationalists, came to the city, and nationalized it by individually annexing it. They, however, spared the hospital and respected the property of foreigners. Things went along apparently normally except for the change of ownership, until labour agitators arrived in the interests of still more fervid nationalists called Communists or Bolsheviks, and extended the sphere of their anxiety for nationalism to

the nursing home, hospital, and foreigners' abodes. Since that the American and British staff have all had to leave, while temporarily the Chinese staff carried on. Now, however, though it seems the buildings are still intact, nationalistic eccentricities have entirely stopped all the beautiful work that we saw going on there.

Among endless interesting memories of days in the cities along the banks of China's great riverway was a morning in Chopstick Street in Wuchang — the great city across the river from Hankow. The streets of Wuchang were narrow, dark, and very muddy. Many miserable dogs skulked about in search of scraps of food. Many of the children appeared to have a most unattractive disease of their scalps, and many of the women stumped about on tiny mangled feet, the whole contrasted sharply with the wealth of the owners of several cotton mills and huge export products companies. The byways of the city left a discouraging impression on our minds. Sanitation seemed at a very low ebb. We noticed a stream of carriers fetching some water from the river not twenty feet below the spot where the main drain emptied. The banks were all lined with boats. Many poor folk come to these cities when winter approaches in the hope of finding some odd jobs to buy a mere mouthful of food. These all belong to the 'Boatman's Guild.' If any stranger tried to push in between the boats, he would either be kicked out or forced to pay a heavy tax to the guild. Though there were many soldiers, the weather was too rainy for fighting, for most of these warriors were too poor to purchase umbrellas. Much superstition still remains, and many spirit walls, built across the front door to prevent any possibility of a spirit entering. Above some doors we noted mirrors hung out. These greatly confuse spirits! Much industrial work was being fostered by various missions, one, that of tatting, which was worked on a basket frame, produced most attractive silk braid. We noticed candies, chocolates, Christ-

mas cards, and other novelties being made and sold to help along the hospitals and schools. Through all the drawbacks ran fine tokens of feeble humanity trying to help out. It made one love the place.

We had gone over with a young American volunteer mission worker to see Boone University, where he was a professor. Of that truly Christlike enterprise I know no better way to describe our feelings after we had studied its activities than to say it seemed like a light shining in the darkness, and a fire kindling into useful energy a vastly neglected potential of manhood and womanhood.

Chopstick Street was the first place along the river that had suggested any serious attempt to supply the needs of China's millions, even in one line of necessities. Here were literally millions of hand-made chopsticks — chopsticks in the road and on both sides of it — everywhere chopsticks! They gave one a pleasing sense of the Chinese historical stability that the continual stream of bandits had almost dispelled. We felt grateful for the first time to chopsticks, and made new resolutions, as on a New Year's morning, that we would honestly try to do our best next time we were being watched at a meal to do credit to chopsticks. The unusual rapid clattering of a hand loom in one of the long, low, workrooms opening onto the road attracted us in to view the native method of weaving. Gandhi has apostrophized the hand loom as pregnant with the *elixir vite* for the teeming millions of India, through weaving their own clothes. If it is so, then his fellow countrymen must appear to him to patronize clothing of any kind far more than our impression of them has suggested to us. However, we in the Sub-Arctic have no lack of excuse for time and money devoted to popularizing anything that produces warm garments, and, as we had purchased hand looms from New England, from Scotland, and from India, we wished to time the rate of production here. It was soon apparent that the Chinese easily

led all the others, as he was able, at the rate he worked and the hours per day that he devoted to it, to produce between thirty and forty yards a day; and that of beautiful even cloth. This was against India's twenty to thirty, Scotch ten to twenty, and New England three to five. This was the first hand loom we had ever seen that worked with the feet only, the two hands being left free to feed the bobbins and repair breaks, and so save much time! The machinery of the loom was obviously home-made, was a little complicated, and we felt could be simplified possibly, so we at once tried to purchase it as a pattern. It ended by our volunteer mission friend insisting on presenting it to us, and refusing even to let us know the cost, which, not understanding a syllable of the conversation, we had no way of finding out. Our friend said, 'I want to have a hand in the Sub-Arctic, and I've never had a chance before.' That loom is now at work in our Saint Anthony industrial building.

Still going down-river, time forced us to omit Kuling, the summer residence of foreigners, but we successfully landed at Kiukiang, and, wandering through the extremely interesting native streets, purchased some beautiful and inexpensive pottery for which that city was famous. It was a game of hide-and-seek to find the post office, and the return to the ship, in spite of the natural courtesy of the people, would have been filled with real thrills, as we could not speak a word of Chinese.

Anking, farther down the river, being built on rolling ground, is bigger and cleaner than most celestial cities, owing to the natural drainage into the river. When the electric power station here built the new smokestack, there was much anxiety as to whether it would not dangerously disturb the Feng-shui. But the Anking people solved the problem by painting it black, and so making it altogether invisible to spirits. Especially interesting here was the Chinese-Profit-Sharing Cross-Stitch Factory, a self-sup-

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porting enterprise begun by our host's wife, and connected with the American Church Mission. It began as charity, but now employs five hundred women in its own factory, and carries its own crèche, kindergarten, trained nurse, school, lunch counter, and home for tubercular women. The reason for its success is that it produces exquisite work. We never saw finer anywhere.

We were surprised to find in Anking, also, that the prison was not a purely stupid, revengeful, and brutalizing institution. There some little remedial effort was being made. We visited it with the mission doctor, who had charge of the hospital. It was he who had succeeded in getting the cells clean and airy. Some of the many prisoners were working at highly technical trades, such as printing, weaving, cobbling, and firecracker-making. The prison had its own shop for selling the productions. Many half-insane-looking prisoners, however, had heavy chains around their ankles. The women were not given so many chances to work, but some were working at cross-stitch work. We could only think of their families, deprived of their bread-winners, and so practically deprived of efficient minds and bodies, becoming a still larger source for producing criminals.

Among mere sights of the town the most unusual, perhaps, was a mummified Buddha. It was the dried-up body of a saint, which had been well gilded before being set up for worship. Among other thrills, I almost came to a most undignified end in the street by being squeezed against a wall by a clumsy water buffalo.

On and on we went down the winding river. It is two hundred miles farther from Hankow to Shanghai by the river than as the crow flies. A very quaint sight, when we lay anchored in the swift current off Wuhu, was a series of beggars, who ventured the lives of themselves and their families in plain round tubs in which they put off from the shore higher up, and came tossing and twirling and circling

along, as they drifted past the ship. One scarcely dared, however, to try and pitch a coin into the tub for fear of the results, though they undoubtedly had fared forth for that purpose.

In spite of familiarity with Fifth Avenue and Bond Street, even the most sophisticated shopper would find new lure in the streets of a Chinese city. You are tempted by almost every variety of goods, on the bargain level of the pavement, and that by clean, happy, and prosperous-appearing people. I have watched more than one very human person selling penny toys on the pavement in London, but I never envied them their jobs. Habit, however, is a miraculous factor on the stage of life, and like our generous Labrador snow in winter, fortunately hides from the performer's view things that would give pain and worry if only they noticed them. Thus the canal that runs through Nanking is not a fountain of joy when one analyzes its waters. But why look too closely into life? The canal is a very picturesque experience, and the life along it quite as exciting as that along the canals of more favoured cities. Blessed indeed is the man who learns to hide a fault, if only for his own sake. True, the horses in Nanking are probably the slowest in the long history of their evolution, but one felt easier than riding behind a fellow human being, and there is something to be said, if you try hard, against even a Rolls-Royce. We forget that there is no royal path through this sea of relativities, and the man who sees the doughnut and not the hole will still find much to enjoy along the canal in Nanking, in spite of revolutions. The flower boats, the caged bird market, the soapstone carvers, the old clothes men singing little odes apparently in the praise of their wares, the many side shows, and to me the interesting medicine men, who, like our own prototypes, sold medicine on the principle of machine-gun artillery, charged with such a variety of explosives that there is a probability of something hitting

something. Dried snakes and partially ground bones seemed to find most favour among the many ingredients that we saw used. Our kind host, we discovered, had himself acquired no small reputation as a healer. Years ago, when called to a woman who had taken a lethal dose of opium, 'against her husband,' by heroic doses of mustard, hot water, and strong coffee he had saved her life. It is a fearful disgrace to have your wife commit suicide 'against' you. Moreover, the strong family links impel the defunct lady's family to make it as uncomfortable for the widower as they can. These family ties in China are, I should judge, stronger than they are in New York, but all the same our host has in this way acquired all the practice he cares for. Moreover, too much zeal even in so good a cause may lead to much trouble, for my host, on one occasion, walking down a road, observed a young man lying on his face in the road bleeding from his head, which he appeared to have hit very badly against the stones. Close by was a native policeman, whom he questioned as to how long the wounded man had lain there. 'About six hours,' was the reply. The guardian of the law had done nothing whatever to help, because, if the injured man died on his hands, the whole family would ever after probably make it unpleasant for him. This once, however, the venture of carrying him to the hospital brought my friend much kudos, for the man recovered.

Another kind of experience here had a familiar flavour about it. We had been inspecting a large Government orphanage. It was splendidly run, as its carpet weaving, printing, Boy Scouts, band, and other fine human activities testified. The delightful little children, in their quaint trousers and kimonos, marched right into our hearts, and the fine Chinese woman responsible for it all was one of those 'obvious friends of all the world.' But we learned that she, who was the whole soul of the place, had been turned out by a group of corrupt politicians. It was terrible to see

the suffering of her soul, as she knew what awaited her girls when they got her, their only guardian, away.

The old examination halls in Nanking used to contain twenty-six thousand cells, in which the candidates were separately locked up with their papers, until the whole was over. Though this utilitarian hour of education has struck the death knell of purely mental gymnastics, the emphasis on learning as against fighting has been a great feature of, and a great gain to, the Chinese. It is yet another link with Anglo-Saxon viewpoints. In many of the mission centres in China, the teaching of industries has long been used as a translation by feeble men and women of the message of Divine Love, exactly as we use it in Labrador. The beautiful silk, gold, and silver thread brocade work carried on at the University of Nanking is a fine example of this.

The five great gates, one within the other, and the five walls of Nanking are like the Great Wall, far the greatest on earth, a real tribute to the race that produced them, and so also is their humility in not building walls around their own religious positions. Their own faith is as intense as our own, judging by their sacrifices for religious rites and ceremonies, but they never tortured or murdered others because they did not see eye to eye with them.

Thus the intensity of their faith is well shown by their ancestor worship and spirit propitiation. In the month of Chin Min the spirits of the departed are supposed to be freed from their particular Hades, so every one goes out to tidy up every one of the family graves, and to ornament them with flowers, and to place earthenware pots on the top with food and offerings. They will also burn up some money for them, for a spirit taking a vacation must surely need some spirit money. After three weeks a willow branch is placed over the door to warn the spirits that their time is drawing to a close, like the bell that sounds for 'all visitors to go ashore.' While at the end of the time signs are hoisted



ON THE WALLS OF NANKING



FLOWER BOATS OF NANKING



everywhere wishing the spirits 'Bon voyage' on their journey home.

Our experiences of inland ancient walled cities, where mediæval customs still maintain, is unfortunately limited, but the experiences of life still going on there offer an endless source of interest that even the abandoned châteaux of Touraine or the long since defunct abbeys of England cannot afford.

To visit one of these, we steamed many miles up the fifth largest river in China called the Hwai. Queer boats that were really homes — for the whole families of the crews, for economy's sake, lived on them, carrying in addition the oddest of cargoes — passed us, going up and down the river in great numbers. Life there seemed to us extremely placid and commonplace, yet countless bandits had been using this as their highway all winter, robbing and looting all the while. The people seemed as accustomed to it as a sailor is to being drowned! My doctor friend, who presided over a fine hospital here, was an ex-colleague of the Labrador coast, and like all the men I met very keenly in love with his work.

The head of this great enterprise, in this city, a man of wealth, came out twenty-five years ago as a volunteer. With three friends he came up the river from Nanking, and, camping on the opposite side, succeeded at early daylight in entering the city, but only to be mobbed and dragged for execution before the Yamen by men who were terrified by the ill fortune that would follow this incoming of the 'foreign devil.' A native priest, knowing that my friend's only forerunner had been killed shortly before, and aware of the trouble it had brought upon the city, persuaded the Yamen merely to expel the damaged victims from the city. After two years' studying Chinese ways, dress, and language, however, done in Nanking, the four once more entered the city, having taken the precaution of purchasing a house into



which they might at once retire for safety. Again, however, they nearly lost their lives. For the Feng-shui, or spirits, were not propitious for the vendor to leave, and he, on their arrival, utterly refused to turn out, so they all squeezed in with him. One only of the original four still lives, but here in this city he sees hospital, schools, churches, industrial enterprises, and even a theological college for native students. In addition — and new to us — was an institution for rescuing unwanted baby girls. With three sisters who directed the enterprise, one a nurse, one a doctor, and one a deaconess, we visited their six hundred beautiful children, rescued from the dustheaps and hillsides of the city. As the lovely children fairly swarmed over us strangers, in their pretty native dresses, and prattled unafraid and happy, we understood why three sisters, able to eat, to drink, and to play as much as they liked if they had stayed in Mayfair or Park Avenue, preferred an ancient world city in the back parts of China. The chivalry of saving the world is entrusted to us human folk. The orphanage was the temple of the kitchen god, kindly provided freely by the Yamen, as this particular old fellow is worshipped only once a year, on December 26th. We climbed up on the head of a bed in one of the long dormitories, and peeped at him over the moveable screen as he peacefully waited the return of that day when a plaster partition right close to the nose will no longer obscure light, air, and view from his staring eyes. So much does the Yamen now appreciate the work of those foreigners that, when recently a horde of bandits descended on the city, they sent every available soldier down to defend the mission compounds. We also saw here eighty women working at appliqué work and embroidery with a revival of the beautiful old mandarin patterns. The native ministers and some church leaders whom we met left no fear in our minds that anything short of universal extinction could quench the spirit of this work so nobly begun.

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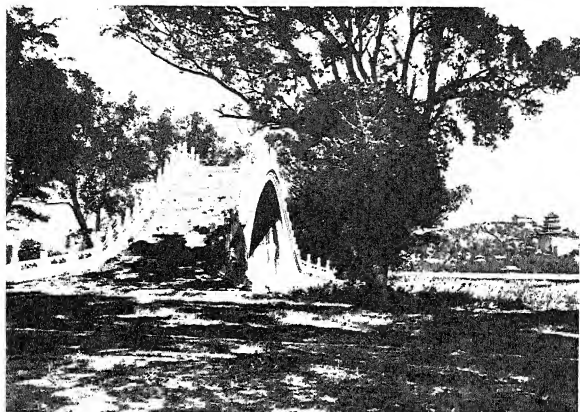
Chufu is another ancient walled town that amply repaid us for a visit. It is the site of the tomb of Confucius. The railway station, at which is an excellent little hotel, is miles from the town, to journey to which we had to navigate in a Peking cart. These carts are without springs and have solid wooden wheels studded with heavy iron knobs. You sit on the floor and are rattled and jolted till you do not wonder why people being tortured agreed to anything in order to bring it to an end. All this because the great Duke of Kun, a direct descendant of Confucius, refused absolutely to allow civilization to approach any nearer his house.

The little old town itself is unchanged since Confucius was born there twenty-five hundred years ago. The many temples in memory of him and his relatives have a beautiful setting of cypress trees. The old stone and woodwork are alike wonderfully carved, speaking of faithful and ungrudging labour. Their colours are still gorgeous, and the rich old tiled roofs are of infinitely mellow shades. It is a beautiful corner of a bygone world.

So large a crowd followed us around that we wondered how it was tourists could be such a novelty at this holy spot. Possibly, it is the reputation of the Peking cart which deters them. Here one can wander through the most sacred temple in the whole vastness of China, loiter in the precincts of a library ancient beyond dreams, and stroll at will along the avenue of cypresses, amongst which are the remains of a tree planted by the sage himself. His humble tomb is no embattled abbey; it is but a mound of earth ten or twelve feet high. Here we sat and pondered as we enjoyed the good lunch put up for us by the hotel — a crowd of tireless but absolutely respectful Chufu-ites, apparently struggling with the conundrum of our visit, watching us from a distance.

The Blue Express, which carried us the rest of the way to Taian-fu, was only two hours on the journey, but as a bunch

of ragged and wretched-looking soldiers had once more jumped all the accommodations in the first-class carriages in spite of our tickets, we sat on our baggage in the corridor, this being from two to four, in the middle of the night. It almost rivalled the Chufu Express, but the splendid electric-lighted hotel with a private bath and modern plumbing soon made us forget any inconveniences. The mountain here, with the oldest sacred reputation in the world, is called Tai Shan, and you climb it, slung much like Paul was in a basket, over the shoulders of a couple of coolies. If you struggle hard enough, you are permitted to walk at times, but it is not apparently regarded as correct form; and these kindly burden-bearers seemed surprised rather than pleased. Great broad stone steps, centuries old, carry you to the very summit of the mountain. The wide road winds up the mountain along the bank of a steep river, while beautiful trees adorn the sides. The scenery is surpassingly fine, and in our experience very unusual in China. Innumerable beggars beset the wayside and greet you as you pass with loud cries. Collectively, they would form a very fine show in any pathological museum, and they are of every age and sex! The poverty-stricken pilgrims, climbing 'the way,' appeared to give to every one of them, thereby gaining much 'merit.' Strange temples, curious idols, quaint inscriptions on the rocks, assorted tablets, with Chinese characters upon them, so ancient that even passing native scholars could not decipher them, dotted the way. Men of low and high degree, civilians and soldiers, scholars and priests, some in swung chairs, some toddling up on horrible, tiny, deformed feet, 'sorrow and song' crowded the fairway, until at last swarm after swarm of them disappeared at the head of the great stairway through an ancient archway, known as the 'Gate of Heaven.' The top is sixty-three hundred feet up in the air. On the summit is a fine old Taoist monastery, and scattered temples lie around. You eat your meal



CAMEL-BACK BRIDGE, SUMMER PALACE GROUNDS



ON THE WAY TO THE JADE FOUNTAIN, SUMMER PALACE, PEKING



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under the shadow of them, with your legs hanging over a sublime precipice. After the other modes of transportation the descent of the mountain in a basket on the shoulders of four men apiece, who literally run down and change you from shoulder to shoulder as they go, is as an airplane to a perambulator for excitement and speed. The hot bath at the fine hotel was a marvellous nightcap after the experience.

The train to Peking is hot and dusty, but we fell in with a friend, a doctor from far-off Yunnan-fu, who told us thrilling stories of bandits and a seven-month journey afoot all along the western border of China, of the rescue of an old college friend of ours, another doctor in the interior, and of his own final capture by a band of two hundred free lances when only three hours from the railway to Peking. It was dire extremity, the need of money for food, that led to this incivility: everywhere he had been treated with great respect and kindness. They held him for ten days during which he refused to eat the food they gave him, pretending he was unable to do so. It was only for a ransom that they held him anyhow, this foreign medicine man from the wilds, so they guarded him only loosely, seeing what little value he had placed on his own life, and he thus had finally succeeded in making his escape.

A lovely Chinese wedding and wedding feast in the quiet courtyard of the president's resident at the Peking Union Medical College started in us a love for the celestial city that we shall always carry with us. This simple Christian ceremony, under the shadow of a perfectly gorgeous blossoming old apple tree, beautifully lighted by numberless Chinese lanterns of every colour and form, had a setting in the exquisite colours of the Chinese costumes of the actors, which, added to the sentiment of this day of days in the gamut of human life, could hardly be rivalled anywhere. Some old colleagues of Labrador days, whose quest for their grail of service had led them to this city, added much to the

very memorable 'first night.' The Panchan Lama from Thibet, who is the incarnate Buddha, was in the city for treatment for his eyes by one of the Rockefeller surgeons. The streets were full of his co-religionists curiously clothed in brown, green, and red costumes, contrasting sharply with the ubiquitous greys, whites, and blues of the Chinese themselves. Thousands of these Mongols had come in from the Mongolias to see the Lama and be blessed. As the chief Lama in Mongolia had been killed and the Russian Bolsheviks in Urga had forbidden the appointment of another, and had destroyed practically all the possible Lama lineage they could get hold of, this was a real opportunity for these people.

The streets of the capital offer endless interest to the stranger. Here is a long cortège passing by, all kinds of shapes of folk in gloriously gay apparel. They are waving gaudy banners and playing musical instruments, and some are carrying huge ornamented trunks containing presents for a bride. For this is another wedding procession. Alas, for restrictions which prevent the young couple from knowing one another before the day, and still more, alas, for the home in which the mother-in-law rules with an iron rod and the poor bride is reduced to a suffering puppet. Here again passes along another procession, again with all kinds of hirelings noisily parading the grief of the relicts, as in extraordinary spectacular costumes they march clamourously by — a band leading that makes a 'wonderful' if not a joyful noise, though little music. The nearest we could get to any tune that they played was suspiciously like 'We can't get him up in the morning.'

The Forbidden City — Tsze-kin Ch'êng — had just been opened, for the first time in the centuries, and a natural desire for anything forbidden, as is said to be that for alcohol under prohibition, combined with a study of 'Uncensored Letters from Peking' by a foreign princess and a personal

attendant on that Dowager Empress who was the Catherine de' Medici of the East, made a day wandering in its sacred precincts an experience of no small interest. Special passes were necessary, much formality had to be observed, but at last the gates were open and in we went, to the sacred places of the 'Most High,' who had vacated it only a few months previously on the wise constraint, and under the really generous conditions, for which, among other things, Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang has been so bitterly and wrongly criticized. The European rooms, especially laid out for the Emperor's occupation, it was said, were to give him a feeling for the English language. The furniture in them would have disgraced the third floor back of a Bowery boarding-house, and must have mitigated materially any regret he may have had in obtaining his freedom, and the English language he sought for at the time must have been that which a golf player occasionally longs to give vent to in a bunker. In spite of all that we did admire, and much more that we were supposed to admire, we came away anxious to convey our sincerest congratulations to the Emperor on his freedom.

That which no one misses is the Temple of Heaven. It is surrounded by a wall three and a half miles long and lies in the extreme southeast end of the Chinese city. True, the grounds are piled with gnarled old cypress trees and carpeted with a lovely purple mustard, but I have seen more imposing, larger, and more beautiful grounds in many parts of the world. The Altar of Heaven, a beautiful raised white marble platform, is the most sacred structure in China. Here for centuries the Emperor came to pray twice a year. He was accompanied by literal hosts of the highest and noblest in the land, besides countless officials, soldiers, and servants. Every advantage of pomp and vanity accompanied the pageant in the Forbidden City on the previous day, and the Emperor, having spent the night in prayer and



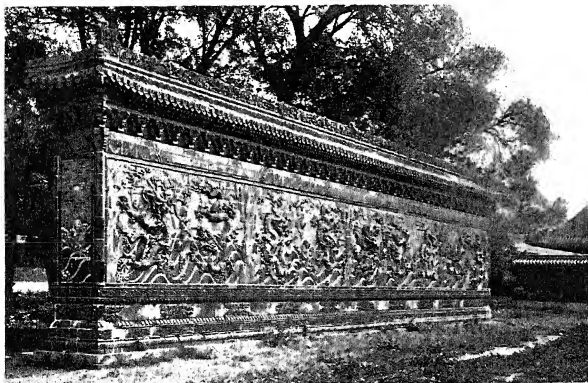
fasting, climbed onto the altar at the dawn of day. This was the worship of Heaven by the son of Heaven, an ancient nature worship from far before the days of Taoism or Confucianism; and the worship was not solely of Heaven, but of the Emperor's own four ancestors, 'Sun,' 'Moon,' 'Clouds,' and 'Rain.' The son of Heaven prostrated himself on the altar before them, acknowledging himself inferior to Heaven alone. All that remains to-day is but a wreck, and the whole is now but a place for foxes.

The Temple of the Happy Year (Chi Nien Tien) has also been shorn of its glories of ancient days. Alas, it was struck by lightning in 1889 and almost demolished. The cause appears to have been that an impious centipede had climbed to the summit of the Golden Ball. I always strike a centipede as hard as I can myself, so we had no objection to this legend. The present building is quite modern. The famous Palace of Abstinence is faring little better than its brethren; though still surrounded by exquisite blooming lilac bushes, the buildings, walls, and grounds are in a shocking state of neglect. Weeds are growing on the lovely tiled roofs. It added but another sad note to the pathos of modern Peking from which, like Ichabod, the glories have departed. 'All flesh is grass' kept ringing in my ears, as we viewed what seemed to be the last chapter in the story of these centuries of human endeavour.

To-day it is 'shopping,' a complex as alluring and imperious as the struggle for existence, that to the visitor is the glory of Peking. Of that I shall venture to say nothing. We saw the horde of tourists from a round-the-world trip seeing Peking, by being ushered in batches into shops prepared for them. They were thoroughly enjoying themselves, and what more can one ask? You see the 'impressions' carried back nowadays in every home and displayed on their persons in every place of pleasure and entertainment. Being a man who loves bright colours, and who has little use for



THE WINTER PALACE, PEKING



THE DRAGON SCREEN, WINTER PALACE



conventional opinions, I confess I am grateful to Peking for its shops, and for its glorious coloured silks especially. But for shopping, do not go to the shops. If you want excitement, go to the Lung-fu Su market, which is held (periodically) in a temple and the grounds belonging to it. A friend of ours, whose rich uncle left his estate and fortune to whichever of his three heirs after his death threw the highest at one shot with dice, tells me he had at that time much the same thrill as we had when we had offered, as we were told to, five dollars for a chest for which the vendor was asking a hundred. Naturally, he refused. But as we left the grounds later in our rickshaws we heard the sounds of feet racing after us along the road, and finally went home with the chest, 'a bargain at ten dollars.' Seriously, very excellent and at times perfectly genuine rare things are to be picked up at the Lung-fu Su, and anyhow it is an interesting and most legitimate kind of gambling. We had, I should say, some Chinese friends educated in America with us in these adventures. To shop on your own in Peking is more than any person sensitive to giving himself away should attempt in native shops, in spite of the imperturbable courtesy of the Chinese.

No one has seen the Peking of to-day if he has not devoted a day to the new University, a magnificent effort of all the Protestant missions of the city. It is close geographically to Gin Sing, the college built with the Boxer indemnity money, and supposed to be atheistic, but that is the one and only way that Gin Sing gets near it as a factor for education, if that is leading men out of themselves and inspiring them for service of their generation as well as informing them.

Incidentally, the largest hung bell in the world is close by, and the summer palace is well worth a visit. It was built and inhabited by the old Dowager Empress, of whom the less said the better. She stole the money from the appropriation for the navy, at a time when her country needed a

navy as it never needed anything on earth. To keep within the letter of the law, she left enough to pay for the building of the huge stone boat, which still lies in one of the lakes, and on which we, in the wake of that wicked old body and her friends, enjoyed a humble afternoon tea. In the course of this entertainment we chanced to notice that the marble pillars of this marble ship were really made of cheap paper. The original summer palace was destroyed by the Allies when they took Peking after the Boxer outrages. The artificial lake, the white marble bridges, the artificial hills, the palace and the halls with their curling roofs of imperial yellow and their corners decorated with a dozen or so Feng-Shui devils, the private theatre and royal galleries from which the court watched the plays, still bespeak a thought of pity for the puppets of a drama that is now past and gone. The curtain has dropped on the scenes of gaiety and of crime enacted in the grounds, where now only birds and beasts fashioned out of brass, together with a few decaying pagodas, keep company with the trees and beauteous flowery shrubs which grace the foreground of the impressive hills beyond. At the Temple of the Sleeping Buddha, worshippers still burn incense and perform curious rites before their idol, but all the temples seemed to us to have lost their grip, and the priests seemed glad to see any one come in and do exactly as he liked. In the temple of the Azure lies the body of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, a fine man, and, so far as man can judge him, a Christian man. His last years were clouded by the slowly spreading dread disease of which he died; it may be that subtle and sinister Bolshevik propaganda was able to camouflage its hydra head sufficiently so that the actual failure in his physical thinking machinery permitted it to influence his decisions, as they never did when he was a whole man. His wife, however, in spite of all the casuistry and opposition, insisted on her husband's desire for a Christian burial being carried out. Sun Yat Sen is to-day the idol of

China, much as Lenin is said to be of Bolshevik Russia, with the one difference that China will never be Bolshevik whatever happens.

The little walled city specially built to teach Chinese soldiers the art of warfare and of scaling walls, and the great pagoda of a thousand bells, are special show sights worth time for a visit. The pathos of the winter palace, in which the Dowager Empress locked up and finally had her own son, the reigning Emperor, killed, has a melancholy interest of its own. The famous Dragon Screen against spirits, that, alas, failed to keep very real bad spirits from the beautiful palace, still stands, and floating along on the great lake in the grounds, in boats provided, offers a fine opportunity to rest and reflect far from the dust and smoke of the great city.

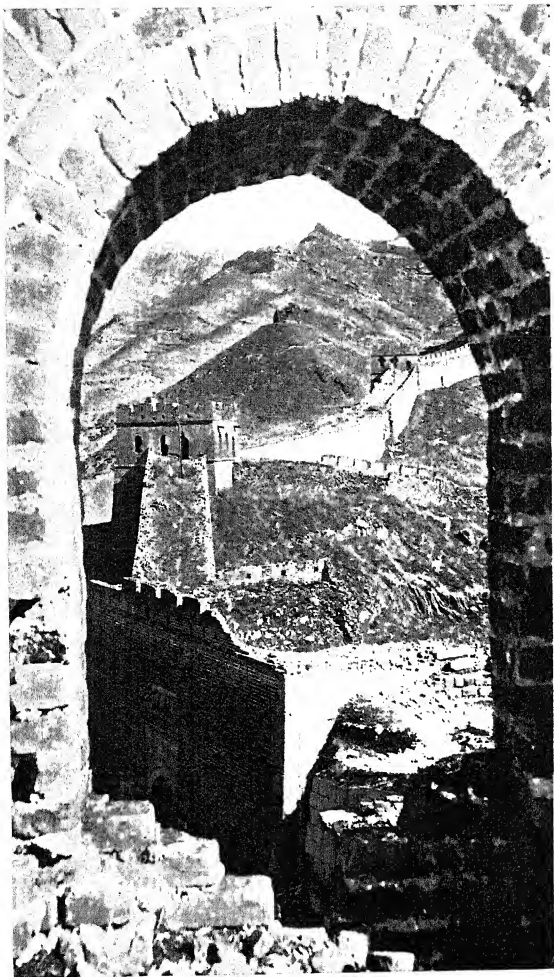
Five miles outside the city is the little station of Nankou. Two hours thence by rail brings you to the tombs of the Ming Emperors. The local name is Shih-San-Ling, or tombs of the thirteen emperors. Carried once more on chairs on the backs of stalwart coolies, we came to the valley six miles in length after two and a half hours' pilgrimage, crossing many dry and stony rivers, and passing many beautiful groves of blossoming fruit trees.

Five huge marble arches, called the 'Pailo,' mark the entrance to the 'Holy Way.' For three miles this way is lined by huge stone figures of men and animals, much like the monoliths of southern India. Vandals have removed most of the paving stones of the avenue for their own buildings. Everything is falling into decrepitude and disrepair. The largest and most important of the tombs, situated practically in the centre of the great wooded circle of the hills, is that of Yung-Ho, the great Emperor. His coffin is suspended in a large room, and the whole covered over by a big artificial hill, now beautiful with densely growing trees. The palaces, halls, pagodas, and temples are rapidly

falling to pieces, and around most of them the ground is richly littered with broken yellow imperial tiles, hundreds of years old, that have fallen from the roofs — the real old dragon tiles. *'Sic transit gloria mundi.'*

The unparalleled marvel of engineering in China is the Great Wall, over fifteen hundred miles in length, with a road on the top of it and towers and guard rooms every few hundred yards. It has stood for more than two thousand years. It goes up over the peaks and down into the valleys. It appears to climb perpendicular cliffs and to loop around the tops of endless precipices, effectually blocking the passage of the hordes of barbarians from the north. It seems to have functioned well in history, and its excellent preservation and still formidable towers testify to a labour as monumental as that of the pyramids of Egypt. The train, after carrying you through the Nankou Pass, one of the few avenues of entrance to Mongolia, runs through a hole in the Great Wall specially made to permit its passage. All kinds of old armour, weapons, coins, and souvenirs dug up in the ground along the Wall are offered for sale by the hungry half-clad boys and men, who eke out a precarious living in that way. A day or so travelling along the Wall afoot is an experience no one could ever forget — and has very rarely been attempted by travellers.

Being more interested in matters that pertain to the spread of Christ's teaching than in anything else, and being eager for any help to encourage those who, like myself, believed that therein lies more hope for peace among mankind than either in war or in politics or any other way, we went down to Paoting-Fu, birthplace and residence in early life of the 'so-called' Christian Marshal, Feng Yu-Hsiang. My surgical friend there had made that city his home for twenty-six years, and knew the Marshal and his early history better perhaps at first hand than any one else. It was a discovery to me that so sane a surgeon should really



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA





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love the Marshal. We were privileged to meet many of the Marshal's personal Chinese friends, as well as Y.M.C.A. workers and others who had known him since his decision to try and follow the Christ, and since he had accepted Christian baptism as a protest of his decision before the world. All these also, without exception, had both respect and affection for this man.

## CHAPTER XVII

### FENG'S STORY

MERCHANTS and bankers assured me that during Feng's régime in Peking life and property had been secure, looting was absent. Feng's soldiers were the best Chinese troops known — polite, sober, and trustworthy. Every one regretted it when the Marshal, giving as his reason that he did not wish to overawe the civil power, moved to Nan Yüan, thirty miles outside the city; and still more so, when, after refusing the governorship of the rich province of Honan, he accepted the dangerous and difficult task of the two Mongolias, and moved out of reach of the city of Peking, beyond the Great Wall and the Nankou Pass, to Kal-gan.

Feng, an agricultural labourer of good yeoman family, had temporarily joined the nearest army, and was ordered out as a private in the national forces to watch the members of the mission staff near his native city, when the Boxers were murdering all foreigners. According to orders, he looked on and did nothing. Some years later, when he had attained the rank of major, his intense dissatisfaction with the futility and rottenness of life, as he experienced it, led him to think of the courage and even joy with which the young American doctor and his friends met a cruel death, and being of a philosophic mind he determined to study their teaching to see if it had anything better to offer, until finally he was convinced of its truth, and though it meant untold opposition, he was publicly baptized as his protest. It is impossible to follow his career closely here. Naturally, like all human beings he has made mistakes, and his enemies have not failed to take advantage of these to misinterpret him until even so serious a magazine so far away as the

'Atlantic Monthly,' in Boston, published an anonymous article full of lying statements about him. For instance, he did not murder, as they stated, the wife of his obscure days in order to marry the highly educated Christian lady who now shares all his labours so nobly. On the contrary, I myself saw the careful record of her last illness in the Rockefeller Hospital in Peking, where she died of typhoid fever, in a private ward, tended with all the loving care of a special trained nurse, paid for by the Marshal, who visited her daily, riding in from his camp at Nan Yüan, nearly thirty miles away.

He is called a traitor for leaving Wu Pei Fu, the now discredited general, who ordered him to lead his men without ammunition, transport, food, or clothing, on a long and perfectly useless march across the desert to get behind Mukden, which would certainly have cost his men their lives for no purpose. No one has yet been able to prove that it was not far the wisest thing he could have done, and that it led immediately to stability and to peace and good government in Peking as against rotten insecurity in high quarters, and the best possible proof of the wisdom of the step is shown by the fact that, when Wu Pei Fu at once sent his vastly superior force to tackle the Marshal's, the latter suddenly decided Feng was in the right and all went over to join him.

At Paoting-Fu, Feng, though now a professed Christian, determined to do honour to his father and mother by bringing their bodies from the old country backwoods to a worthy resting-place near his own house in that city. So he asked leave of his elder brother to move the bodies to a beautiful garden surrounded by trees that he had secured for them. His brother, however, objected to a Christian service, and in a Chinese family the elder brother's word goes, however great may be the disparity in the positions; for Feng was now a big man. With the directness that has always char-

acterized the man, he went down himself, a big strong man, carried the coffins himself some five miles to the new spot. He was so tired and exhausted when it was accomplished that his brother's heart was touched, and he allowed the Marshal to bury their venerated parents with any kind of service that he liked. To show his sense of humour: while in Mongolia, where I had gone with no other reason than to study this man at first hand, he had taken me out for a walk, and was showing me many of the improvements, and especially the huge convention hall and stone houses his men were building for educational and religious work. It was a hot morning, and as we walked a squad of soldiers, pushing three heavy stone-laden iron trucks along a light portable track, passed panting, but singing as they went along. One of them, spick and span, in command of the men, stood rigidly to attention saluting us. The Marshal acknowledged the salute, and laughingly said something to him in Chinese. The man smiled and returned to his work. Later I asked my interpreter what he had said. It was, 'We all know you are a lieutenant, but we should think you a better one if you took off your coat and helped the rest to shove.'

From many other sources I was convinced that Feng Yu-Hsiang is an honest, unselfish, Christian leader, very human, in no way infallible, but consistently doing his very best, much like a modern Cromwell. Chang Tsao Lin, senior, accepts foreign dictation. He is obliged to. Japan needs territorial expansion, and holds Manchuria through the possession of her railways, as it appears she soon will hold eastern Mongolia. She hopes to extract plums from a boiling pot that could not be extracted in peace-time. Chang Tsao Lin, junior, is already a general. He is young, idealistic, and has given some time to studying Christ's teaching. The best I hope for now is that he may link up with Feng and Chiang Kai-Shek.



MARSHAL FENG YU-HSIANG WITH REV. MR. GOFORTH



On leaving Paoting-Fu, I had followed the Marshal to Kalgan, taking with me a cultivated and delightful Chinese companion, a former Government official, who spoke English fluently, and incidentally had known the Marshal officially while he had been in Peking. Here we had the pleasure of seeing him in his house and among his soldiers, some one hundred and twenty thousand men, who adored him, as far as I could find out, and I spared no pains to make sure. A strict disciplinarian, he is as simple as a boy in his habits, wears simple clothing, lives in a small house with his well-connected and charming wife, herself a former Y.W.C.A. leader. It is simply, even sternly furnished, and the Marshal regularly entertains his officers, so as not only to know them all by name, but to keep touch with their families. He entertains them regularly at simple meals, greeting each officer by name as he enters, and showing the same remarkable memory for names and faces and family interests that the adored Roosevelt did in America. In such ways he had attached his men to him by bonds so strong that they would follow him anywhere, and would try to observe his strict puritanical rules. He will not allow them to play cards, go to the theatres, drink alcohol, or smoke, to jump seats in trains or in any way to molest the public. On the contrary, they must keep helping others in every way possible, and consider no task, if it helps another man, as beneath their performance. Thus they run schools, even give Christmas trees to poor children, and it was always said Feng's army left any place they visited better for their being there, and no one ever wanted them to leave. All that we had heard of them was verified by our personal observation, and even if he was the Old Testament Christian he is so often said to be, I felt that I could wish I was half as plucky or as whole-hearted as he appeared to be.

Amongst other untruths told of the Marshal, and believed by many, is that he was a Bolshevik and as such went



to Russia. He did build the great road from Kalgan to Urga, across his province, in order to open up the Mongolias, which he contends can feed all the starving Chinese, and which members of the Danish Government agricultural expedition in northern Mongolia appear to confirm. He did use that road to get ammunition from Moscow. But as he had an army and a kingdom, and no arsenal, and Mukden certainly would not send any, that was the only place he could look to. He did go to Moscow on his way to Germany. There was no other way left open to him by his enemies to leave China for Europe. As I see it, the stable government he was so far on the way to make at Peking was a menace, as any stable government would be, to the encroachments of Japan in Manchuria, which they have long dominated, and eastern Mongolia, which already they are penetrating. Any stable Chinese government would be, especially if it was not amenable to squeeze or bribe. The Marshal believed that the last advance of Chang Tsao-Lin, the bandit puppet ruler of Manchuria, whom he had so soundly trounced before with greatly inferior numbers, was only one more of the attempts to destroy him personally, as the main stumbling-block to Japan's interests on the mainland. If it was so, they were probably quite right. The Marshal told me that he himself never would fight with Chinese against Chinese if he could possibly avoid it, but that he would always be willing to fight for China against any outsiders attacking her.

With this idea in his mind, he formally handed over the command of his troops to his splendid second in command, General Chi Chang, and left for private life in Germany, it was said, to relieve the good work he had begun of the danger of the civil war he thought his presence entailed.

Where is he now? As I write, possibly somewhere again with his splendid men on the western border of Honan, very probably as yet unable to know what is the best thing that

can be done for the country he certainly will gladly lay his life down for. Now that Communism, boosted by Bolshevik spies and propagandists in Canton on the strength of Sun Yat Sen's supposed leaning toward it, appears to have been definitely rejected, it seems likely that he will join Marshal Chiang Kai-Shek and the moderate nationalist party. All he lives for, and all he prays for, so far as I can discover from the many who have known him personally, is that somehow or other God may be pleased to bring soon peace, stability, and righteousness to his country out of the terrible turmoil it is now imbroiled in, and which is largely kept up by outside interests and activities.

How far the theology of his early days will stand by him through these dark days, it is hard to say, but to us he seemed the most promising character in China, in spite of the negatives, the failures, and the lack of wisdom common to all human beings.

When I left, I asked him if I could do anything for him at home, and all he said was, 'If you have any friends who really believe in prayer, ask them to pray that wisdom may be given me to do my work as God will have me.'

1928. Current Events seem to justify our deductions, though one hears still constant slanders about the man.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### KOREA, THE HERMIT KINGDOM

KOREA, the Hermit Kingdom, had been so successful in eluding more than a bowing acquaintance with my education that I had to look up the facts concerning it before I could expect to get much from a visit there. As Korea is a country the size of Great Britain with some sixteen million inhabitants, with a seaboard almost like our own, and stands geographically as the eastern gate of commerce and intercourse with Asia, as Palestine has to the Western world, she could not fail to interest any one trying to estimate the values of various forms of government by the results which they have achieved through the ages from the potential of each particular country. Moreover, Korea happens to be a section of the earth exceptionally blessed by nature with ability to develop and maintain an independent and virile race. She has, however, failed miserably, and is now but a vassal, indeed a captive of Japan. In a thousand years Korea made no discovery or invention or advance. It was the abuse of her through the ages that killed Korea as an independent sovereignty. As such she died, but like all humanity she will rise again.

To those who witnessed on the spot the steps of her absorption, it was naturally a maddening experience. The function of digestion can only ever be attractive to the observer who is able to see in decomposition and reconstruction the possibilities of a better future, and can picture even in the inevitably ugly process of disposing of waste products the promise of otherwise unobtainable blessings. Much as we hate the fly, we find it hard to develop affection for the spider whom we see devouring him. The little Hermit Nation of Korea had become enmeshed and made helpless in

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chains of her own forging, and was a mere bone of contention between her three great neighbours, until it was only a question of who could swallow her first.

Euthanasia is sometimes unquestionably the wisest remedy for a hopeless patient, though the world does not yet consider itself wise enough or trust its executive ability sufficiently to put it generally into practice. Only recently has civilization provided lethal chambers for dumb animals, and even that not without much protest. The day is probably not far off, however, when we shall be braver in giving a human personality deliverance from the chain that binds that suffering soul to a helpless and hopeless machine. Especially will this be so when its further union affects injuriously the lives of others, and even of whole communities.

True wisdom is always true Christianity. To judge rightly in any particular case requires familiarity with the circumstances. To be just to Japan one should read the accounts of the little Hermit Kingdom written before 1876, when she was entering upon the last lap of her existence as an independent sovereign state. These leave a very different impression on one's mind from that derived from the wailings of a nationalism which was only born as one of the blessings of the country's having come under capable rule. A mandate under the League of Nations might have been juster and wiser, but America at least can have but little right to complain if that solution was ruled out as a possible alternative for Korea. The Japanese handling of Korea admits of criticism; what human effort at government does not? Comments are more favourable as time elapses. Time is needed to judge rightly the abolition of slavery, prohibition, or any other problem and experiment.

Korea first appeared on the page of history about 1122 B.C., as a sanctum for a Chinese fugitive, one Viscount Ke, or Ki, who brought with him 'sacred books,' and started the literary devotion of Koreans. The modern custom of

defeated Chinese militarists fleeing to Japan, until trouble blows over and they can safely return to make more trouble at home, is apparently not a new thing under the sun.

All that we know of Korea's history is the story of an age-long rapacious tyranny under an hereditary 'eater of the people's bread,' and incidentally of the people, a people consequently so crippled and debased that by themselves they were incapable of regaining their freedom. To the critic, the story reads like a comic opera with the humour omitted as far as the people of the play are concerned, and sometimes as far as the Emperor as well. We learn that it was high treason to touch him with any instrument made of iron, with the result that once he had to die of an abscess, because he could not legally be lanced!

That the periodic famines, like those in China, should have been possible in a country with the physical assets of Korea is condemnation enough to justify almost any change in management, however radical. To-day its paddy fields in especially irrigated sections cover about a million acres affording abundance of rice, the most beautiful cereal and still the most valuable in the world to the human race.

The entire country is mountainous, rising to about nine thousand feet, with a superb equable climate, and an all-the-year-round ice-free coast line. There are no volcanoes. The latitude of the whole of it lies to the south of England, and it can grow anything, from tobacco to the most retiring table fruits. Walnuts, chestnuts, and bamboos are indigenous, big game and wild fowl abundant. It has many fine rivers, one at least, the Han, navigable for a hundred and fifty miles, and perfect harbours for unlimited world commerce. It has a magnificent rise and fall of tide of from twenty to thirty feet, and countless beautiful islands off its southern and western shores. Its waters abound in fish, and to-day half a million fishermen reap a large revenue from its seas. It has gold, copper, silver, and many other natural

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riches. Koreans are said to be the best miners in the world. What it lacked were all those graces and assets that these good gifts of God rightly handled should have afforded its people — such as art, literature, security of life, education, peace, and worth-while contentment.

Korea believed in the divine right of kings, so much so that it was sacrilege even to mention the king's name; indeed, that was only made known after his death. He himself had absolute right of life and death over every one in the whole country, including the nobles. Subjects must approach him prostrated, and, if he touched the ignoble carcass of a subject, the owner must forever wear some badge to proclaim the fact. A special school of scribes existed to record daily his every act and work, and a particular College of Medicine to deal with royal illnesses. Even verbs had a special honorific mood in which to address nobles, and, as there were no adjectives in their language and verbs were used to replace them, that meant a good deal. All the gold and silver of the country could be mined only by the king, and he did not mine for fear of disturbing the great dragons whose backbones and tails formed the mountain ridges. The rich copper mines were closed down for the same reason and to avoid disturbing the resting-places of ancestors whom they worshipped. Consequently that invaluable metal had to be imported from Japan. To-day those tails and backs of dragons yield a steady stream of wealth to a needy people.

Potatoes grow readily all over Korea, and would have served to fend off the evil times when starvation overtook the people. But, alas, only the king was permitted to grow potatoes! What would the world have done if England had prohibited the growth of potatoes in Ireland? As a result a kind of bootlegging in potatoes existed in out-of-the-way places, but it was met by summary justice, which at least had the virtue of enabling Korea to carry out her own laws,

even when they assumed the form of prohibition. Only the king was permitted to rear sheep and goats, for which the country is ideally suited, though he was only supposed to use them for 'religious purposes.' Proteins, fats, carbohydrates, and winter clothing were thus made almost unprocurable to the man in the street. This accounts doubtless for the predilection of their proletariat for dogs and swine as articles of diet. All their agricultural methods were absolutely primitive. So far as fuel went, the coal of Korea lay untouched, in spite of her splendid anthracite deposits, now said to be the best in Japan. Commerce was absolutely forbidden. Vessels from other countries were not permitted in the ports, and it was a criminal offence to have any communication with any ship from China or Japan.

The growth of Korea was stunted by her own folly and incapacity. She was a cretin among the nations. Transportation methods had advanced but little over those of primitive man. Koreans found their own way over the country, and it is not too much to say that there were no roads at all, while wheeled vehicles were unknown. The country, anyhow, was very unsafe to travel in. The dreadful waste of energy involved by portage was universal, as was also the barter system of trade, which is always so ruinous to the labouring classes. Indeed there was not currency enough to go around, and only copper coins equivalent in bulk to the unforgettable Chinese brass 'cash' were minted. Nine pounds weight equalled twenty-five cents, and it took six horses to carry one hundred dollars. The masses of the people lived on the mud floors of flimsy, thatched, one-storey huts, without tables, chairs, beds, or any kind of sanitation, in a country where in the 'great rains' the water falls from the heavens literally in water-spouts. Justice was venal and unobtainable by the poor. Up to 1895, when Korea gave up her sovereignty, the most atrocious tortures, like bending the leg bones and sawing

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through the flesh of the limbs with ropes, were permitted in order to extract evidence, and were commonly employed especially by the king. Her criminal code was 'unequalled for barbarity,' and, if one member of a family was found guilty, all the family had to suffer with him. The theocratic democracy, with its direct appeal to the king, had resolved itself locally into the petty tyrannies of countless small militarists, who 'had to live somehow.' This heart-breaking oppression had the virtue of driving the people into guilds, and they did show some beginnings of national spirit, but education of the masses did not exist.

Russia and China may curse Japan for absorbing Korea, but each of them tried to do the same thing; and we fail to see how Japan can rightly be criticized for claiming that as a nextdoor neighbour Korea was a 'constant menace.' Somewhere about the third century she was Japanese, anyhow, and she certainly never belonged to Russia. Moreover, when Japan fought and beat China in 1896 the issue was to prevent China obtaining Korea. In any case, South China did not wish the North to dominate Korea.

The Koreans are a small, smart, strong, well-bronzed people, and no more gentle or hospitable race exists. But the Korean gentleman was commentary enough as a 'best product' of that country. Though clean in dress, he was idle, ignorant, swaggering, and absolutely self-satisfied in his incapacitating garments and his senseless national hat, which handicapped any attempt at honest labour without being the slightest protection against sun, rain, or anything else, and which was only too symbolic of the value of the wearer to any social order. He would loaf in the sun all day as if born tired, only disappearing at meal-times, leaving everything to the care of women slaves who did all the work. He was invariably accompanied by the two national smells of Korea, that of the lacquer hat and the onions and garlic that form a large part of his vegetarian diet. Mean-



while he was an inveterate fatalist, and put down the results of all his failures simply to 'Unsu,' or fate.

The position of women was another insuperable barrier to true progress; socially and legally they counted for nothing. They were not even considered capably responsible. They came into the world slaves and almost a disgrace to parents, and were all hell-bound from the day of birth. However, they had the advantage over those of their sex in Mohammedan countries of being free to mix with others, unless they happened to be the property of the nobles or upper classes, and then they were treated as lifelong children, rather than as mere chattels.

Unlike their neighbours, Koreans did not practise infanticide or exposure of unwanted babies. Though primogeniture exists and all property is left to the oldest son, as a matter of custom he always provides as best he can for the family. Ancestor worship did more for them than many care to admit. It involved sacrifice and fostered filial piety, which in turn was fostered by strict conventional rules. But with that worship was the fear bred of evil spirits, and their propitiation was a terrible tax on the minds as well as on the purses of the people. Indeed the tyranny of the super-world was as disastrous as that of their king. As late as 1902, when rain was short, furious mobs in Seoul smashed up the electric trollies because that vile beast of a thunder and lightning devil was thought to be the cause of the drought. Militarism was not worshipped in Korea as in Japan. Physical ease rather than physical courage was idealized, although every man had to be a soldier, 'except the nobles.' Military officials were accorded much lower rank than civil ones. Though the Koreans had the immense advantage of an alphabet with consonants and vowels, the isolation of the Hermit Kingdom was made even more complete by the fact that all the officials used Chinese, and all inscriptions, records, and legal documents, such scientific

treatises as they possessed, and practically all street signs, were printed in that language. Added to this was the handicap that owing to their peculiar pronunciation no one outside could understand their Chinese when they did speak it.

Up to the beginning of this century their only exports were ginseng and paper. Arts they had none, and forced labour for the Government without any payment, known elsewhere as the *corvée*, so cruel and degrading in Egypt, obtained in Korea. It was only in 1910 that Korea handed over her sovereign rights to the Emperor of Japan. The royal Princes Li and Yi were given handsome incomes and half a million dollar palaces, where they are still 'not dead,' and about as nearly their own masters as ever they were.

Although Confucianism is not a religion, the Koreans held the verbal inspiration of their classics with the ardour of a 'wee free' Presbyterian, and to alter one word of the sacred books was a criminal offence. Astrologers and soothsayers exercised their baneful influence widely, while mediums had to be paid to exorcise demons. Oddly enough the blind were credited with supernatural powers for this special service. They might have done well in America to-day, for it was believed that they could drive bad spirits into bottles and dispose of them at their leisure. Their real religion was ancestor worship, and the chief motive was fear.

Like the rest of Asia the Koreans nominally rated wisdom as high as did Solomon. In their reverence for scholarship, however pedantic and useless, they showed at least the form of gentility. Their examinations for degrees qualifying them for public offices went entirely by results, as with the University of London to-day. No one cared one iota where you had trained. The examiners were like a race committee, interested only in the finish; and you could take the final examination first without the others if you so desired. If you hired some one to pass the examination for you, as I

know has been done at the London University, it would be almost impossible to check up the fraud, and only the public stood to suffer. Degrees were given immediately after the examinations were passed, initiation being accomplished with all the horse-play of an American fraternity at its best. Later venality affected the educational board, as it did the judicial, in spite of the fact that the Government, in the name of the Emperor, employed as many private spies as did the Russian Government in its Czarist days.

Into this practical cesspool of difficulties leaped abruptly in 1910 a new element, the overlordship of the modern Japanese Government, really anxious to create of Korea an asset to her Empire by making over almost every condition and institution in it.

In May — 1924 — at Mukden on the Japanese side of the border, we entered our first Korean train. It was splendid, punctual, clean, comfortable, and the rates by no means exorbitant. The roadbed was good; and in travelling the whole length of the country, we could not but realize what a new era this one creation alone of the Japanese management must portend.

As we watched the countryside flitting past, by far the most striking feature was the never-ending panorama of hillsides and valleys in a glorious covering of green, an almost entirely new dress given them by the Japanese, who seem to surpass all the world in tree planting. The Koreans, we were told, made a great effort entirely to denude their country of trees before the Japanese took it over, quite forgetting that they themselves would still have to live in it, and farm it. But really the poverty induced by tyranny for ages had prevented the people from saving their invaluable forests. Some of these forests were on such precipitous slopes that it was hard to understand how they retained their hold, but even where they had slipped down *en masse*, the busy little people were now rapidly replanting them.

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In the first year they had planted twenty-five million trees. It was an amazing and an inspiring spectacle.

So far as we could discern, if the histories of the past were correct, conditions in practically every line of life were improving, and rapidly, though wages were still little more than half those in Japan, while salaries of officials were the same in Japan and Korea. The Japanese have been accomplishing for the crafts, industries, and finances what they had been doing so obviously for the trees and the countryside. Leaders of medical and other missions whom we met, and who had been in the country before the annexation, were very silent. Hospitals had treated many Koreans, badly beaten up by soldiers and even by military authorities in the early days of the Japanese régime. I saw many photographs of terrible wounds inflicted by scourgings, and I heard of one surgeon who, although he kept his records in a burglar-proof safe in a locked cellar, woke one morning to find his safe still locked and uninjured, but all his records gone. Patriots, or fanatics according to the viewpoint, made the machinery of government difficult in the early days, reprisals met with severity, and an open sore existed as every one had fully anticipated. However, as crafts were revived, banks opened, property was made secure, schools built up, agricultural and teaching institutes established, and justice administered, we gathered that most people were surprised at the rapidity with which so radical a revolution had quieted down — especially as enlightened measures for giving opportunities to natives to attain positions of power and authority were being gradually more and more promulgated. Thus, more than half the Korean police force has long since been made up of Korean natives, and judgeships and schools were open to both natives and Japanese on exactly the same terms, namely, fitness for office only, while flogging has been abolished. Personally, I have been altogether too prone, living among the poor

on our coast, to listen to all that the under-dog says, and often to believe too readily the allegations and misrepresentations against the ruling classes and the merchants. Some say this is typical of the Anglo-Saxon's mental attitude to the Japanese, a proneness to suspect all their motives, even to blame them for their eagerness to improve conditions in the country, as being merely a sinister move to obtain a firmer grasp of it. Meanwhile, the Japanese claim they will make of Korea the finest example of colonial administration in the world. Already papers in Korean vernacular circulate freely, religious freedom is granted, and a considerable measure of local self-government is encouraged.

Both exports and imports have multiplied many times over, if that is any criterion of progress. This is largely the direct result of the Government deliberately having gone into business in Korea, as is its custom at home in Japan. In Seoul we purchased a number of beautiful specimens of old Korean cabinet-work, one of the native industries which the Government is doing a great deal to reëstablish. It certainly seemed odd to find a Government in the soap-boiling trade; but it is far more important to have a Minister of Soap-Boiling than as of yore a Minister of the Emperor's Clock. Weaving, pottery, paper-making, beautiful bronze and iron work, are thus all being intensively fostered under Government aid. In some of these industries in the past, Koreans led the world, almost as much as the Chinese did in the arts and culture prior to the days of Genghis Khan.

We carried away from Korea the impression of smiling faces, of polite and friendly folk, a people unspoilt by fanaticism, with the qualities of the childlike rather than the childish — a nation which has in unusual numbers accepted the Christian faith that has meant so much to the West. It is a sunny country, a land of plenty, 'of fat things upon the lees' — a country we should have loved to linger

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in and know more of — a country that made one's mind happy with hopes for a bright future, possibly not so far distant, of a free and contented dominion associated with Japan as Canada is with the British Empire.

## CHAPTER XIX

## SEEING JAPAN

EVERY one who loves his fellow man is interested in Japan, if only because it is a country where other human beings are most gallantly struggling with the universal problems of life under peculiar difficulties and dangers, and apparently are winning out. We are not as selfish as we think we are; as a young man successfully flying alone across the Atlantic recently taught us. For the universal acclamation of his courage was a world sigh of relief that our civilization is not the failure that some would have us believe. Fruit from the dangerous tree of knowledge leaves capacity for good as well as for evil. Thank God, the world can still keep smiling.

Why have all the nations become suspicious of Japan? Even America, formerly so proud of the protégé whose sleeping sickness she had cured with Commodore Perry's 'pills,' has made more stringent laws of late against her than against any other nation. Australia and New Zealand have shut her out. Neither Russia nor China loves her, and France, Germany, and others 'hae their doots.' One author appears to have discovered that the attempts made by his fellow countrymen to carry to Japan the religion that made his own country great is the subtle germ that is causing this very real disaster, by destroying Shintoism and filling men with that discontent with individual inferiority with which Christianity inspires us to think of ourselves as sons of God, which, of course, gives us more to do than the 'idealism' of sitting on a lotus leaf with a hundred hands all idle — much as that aspect of religion may have to offer to the fever of modern civilization. Another author tries to persuade us that Japan 'can do no wrong,' but really that is

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very poor advertising in these days. Yet another, like some new student of theological creeds, is convinced that he has discovered in Japan a new embodiment of the dreadful beast of the Fourth Book of the Revelation, or the incarnation of the Scarlet Woman. Is every one afraid of her?

Meanwhile, I was so frequently warned of the utter impossibility of any one's being able in an ordinary lifetime to understand the 'mystery of Asia' sufficiently to write anything about it, without thereby proclaiming himself devoid of normal modesty, that I feel almost like apologizing to every one for this brief record of the personal reactions to the impressions of seeing this intensely interesting people in their homes.

By far the best interpretation of Japan's present-day problems seems to us to be recorded in 'Asia at the Crossroads,' which after all is only Humanity at the crossroads, under special conditions. There is no 'mystery of Asia.' A negro fellow student, who shared my lodgings when I was walking the hospital in London, explained to me that the Devil is white in his country.

We entered Japan from Korea, and the spotless boat from Fusan to Shimōnoseki, like the Japanese trains directly you cross their borders at Mukden, was as attractive an advertisement of their spirit, as were the clever portrayals of 'Spotless Town' designed to stimulate the sale of somebody's soap. Be sure to take the morning train at Fusan and view the entrancing scenery of the Archipelago and the Straits, made forever famous by the well-deserved victory of the Japanese fleet over the gigantic enemy whom they were so bravely attacking, when they dared to fight the Russian Bear. We thought of their courage, combined with their skill and discipline and preparation, as this little nation fought for its homes, and, as we added to this the entrancing beauty of the scenery, we started 'our observations' with a pleasant flavour in our mouths.



Cleanliness is a priceless heirloom of Old Japan, though the masses are still pathetically poor. In spite of the enormous wealth that came to their so-called upper classes as a result of the Great War, the mass of the people certainly possess this pristine virtue. Although not the result of personal observation, credible evidence convinces me that every one in Japan takes a hot bath every day, and that is 'next to godliness' anyhow. Moreover, the cleanliness of the 'inside of the platter' does not depend on the possession of pounds and pence.

Every one has heard of the Inland Sea. It is worth a journey to Japan to see it. My vocabulary fails to paint its exquisite beauties in late May, in its setting of innumerable flowering trees, from the gorgeous and graceful plum so much prized of gardeners for training, to the famous cherry, the fluttering of whose falling leaves has been called the soul of Old Japan, while the plumed glories of the feathery bamboos among the wisteria, azalea, iris, and the lotus, whose reds and whites make the rivers, lakes, and morasses into a vast dream of colour, are simply fascinating. Devotion to colours can almost be said to be a Japanese trait, and beauty, by cold experiment, as carried out in American public schools, has been proved to lessen demerits in children. In Japan, gardening is a very serious art. A gardener will spend several days and even years over one tree. Yet with all their love for colour and flowers like peonies and chrysanthemums, they have better taste than to spoil a really artistic effect by a mere gaudy show. The care they will expend, and the success they have attained, in dwarfing trees, that they may have a reminder of out-of-doors all the year around, is unique in the world. Many a 'common tree' they have thus raised to a higher cash value than a diamond pendant or a rope of pearls.

Kobe was the first city which we visited, a town of some three hundred thousand inhabitants, an orderly, courteous,

smiling people. The hotel could compete even with Fifth Avenue in prices. It was characteristic of New Japan, that we were asked to throw the opening ball at a big baseball game next day, just as it was on the evening following that to sit on the floor of a restaurant with an ex-Labrador nurse as our hostess, with our shoes carefully removed, whilst we cooked our dinner in a pot set over a little charcoal fire beneath a round hole in a very low table — after which we watched the dancing at a great silk exhibit, eventually walking home to the clatter of a thousand clogs of geisha.

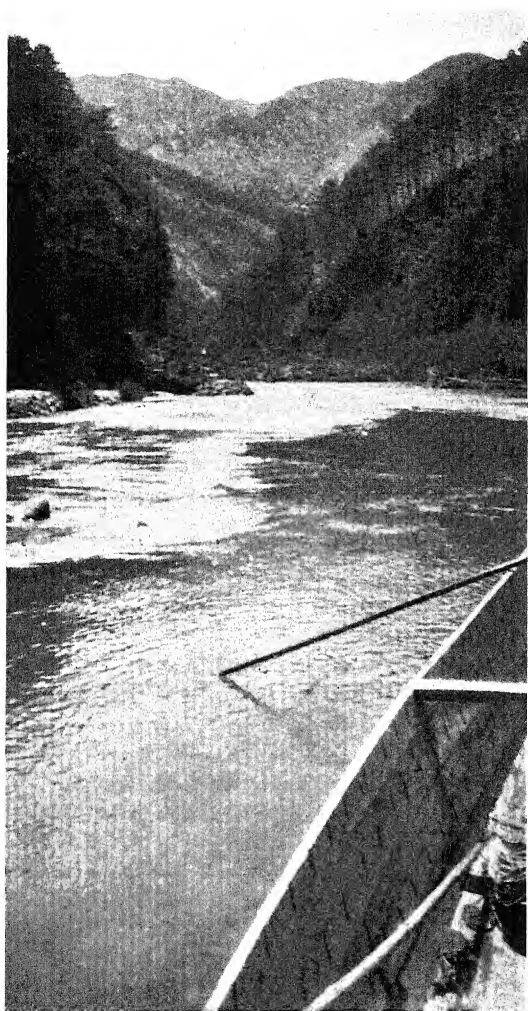
Dr. Woodworth of the college is doing a fine work. Dr. Hilton Pedley, engaged in a similar work at Kyoto, tried to show us that beautiful city with the Emperor's palace in its central park. The Higashi Temple of Hongwangi, and the Chion-in Temple founded in 1211 A.D., are of great beauty, standing in their groves of superb trees. The nightingale pavement of the latter temple is famous through the world of art. With no little fear we permitted our friends to show us over the Yamanara store, a veritable museum of priceless relics of art objects. One felt almost mean to be examining them all without the ability to purchase at least some of them. However, some of our friends 'saved our faces' by their purchases.

We were the only non-Japanese at a revival of old Japanese art one evening. It was a puppet show, and every one sat on the floor. The reader sat on one side and was most impassioned in his delivery of the text of the play. The puppets were as clever as possible, but the realism was marred by the all too obvious faces of the men who were holding and manipulating them.

At the Miidera Buddhist temple at Otsu, which is number fourteen of the thirty-three places sacred to Kwannon, we met in the enclosure two ancient peasant women, who had been on a seventy-day pilgrimage to sacred shrines. On their broad straw hats were inscribed the names of the spots they had visited.

The many gorgeously coloured lanterns under the great trees that night in the Imperial Palace were a never-to-be-forgotten picture. They were carried in processions in honour of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor's wedding. Nor shall we ever forget the thrilling experience of the day following, when we drove through marvellous wooded passes to the Hozu River. In spite of the consummate skill of the boatmen in shooting the rapids of that boiling mountain torrent in a crowded open boat with a party of ladies, the experience is one to be long remembered. At dinner at the famous Doshisha School we met Miss Denton, who is responsible for its wonderful work. Afterwards a 'sandman' gave a marvellous exhibition of a moribund but ancient Japanese art, executing in sand a picture of Fuji viewed from the shore of Lake Hakone — a perfect little gem.

As this makes no claim to be a guidebook, we must pass over some of the many other places that charmed us. 'See Fujiyama and die' is almost the first epigram of Japan. We drove to it from Tokyo by way of Lake Hakone and over to Miyanoshita. This route gives you the great advantage of seeing this overpowering and unique mountain with the foreground of the lake in front, while the more modest mountains in the middle distance only seem to enhance the majesty of this hoary-headed monarch. If you can catch him with the sun setting behind him, spare no effort to do so. It is often difficult to catch him at all, as impenetrable clouds seem bent on shielding his glories from the profane eyes of the world below. The water in his top, nearly half a mile wide and over twelve thousand feet in the air, occasionally causes a burst of steam, suggesting the awful powers latent in his mighty head. Little wonder so many pilgrims go there to worship. We drove all the way back from Miyanoshita a third time to see him and enjoy once more the mountain road twisting in hairpin turns through endless forests, on past the many rushing cascades and waterfalls



THE HOZU RIVER



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that seem so fitting a setting for the foreground of this monarch of mountains. The hotel at Hakone itself had fallen in the earthquake which had also partially emptied the great lake, in which his majesty's image is most wonderfully reflected.

Among the many resorts in Japan with natural mineral hot springs, none is more beautiful and restful than Miyanoshita. Here every comfort was obtainable — a warm swimming-pool, lovely gardens, views that satisfied all one's ideals, especially a big garden in a setting of tree-covered mountains, radiant with masses of gorgeous-colored azaleas that were dotted just in the right spots, with fascinating paths, and all the isolation from noise and fellow creatures that the most exacting rest-seeker could ask for. An exquisite waterfall in the grounds is a bower of ferns, palms, begonias, roses, irises, pansies, wisterias, orchids, passion flowers, peonies, and enormous Martha Washington geraniums, while the pool below is radiant with goldfish and is lighted mysteriously by electricity — and all this paradise at reasonable prices — for Japan. These hot springs are some little compensation for the volcanoes and earthquakes that are mainly responsible for them. Providentially Miyanoshita escaped from the recent terrible seismic disturbances.

One example of earthquake eccentricities is worth narrating. We had gone for a long walk over the mountains and, having lost our way in the woods, were forced to return by compass in a beeline. This involved crossing a few abrupt and rocky volcanic gullies, and eventually descending as steep a thousand-foot slope to the last river between us and the hotel as we cared to navigate, not being human flies. The main bridge at Dogashima had been carried away by a recent flood, and only a swaying, creaking, rotten, suspension affair poised wobblingly high up above the chasm with its boiling torrent, and without railings or protection at the

sides, enabled us to cross at all. This proved only to land us on a section of the hillside that had separated from the mainland and had slipped down into the valley of the river. A rose garden that had accompanied it in its fall offered us slight compensations, as it was by then raining in torrents. However, some coolies from Dogashima saw our predicament and came to our rescue through the boiling current. They brought planks and logs and conveyed us to a huge rock in mid-stream. Then, cleverly transferring the logs, they escorted us to the foot of another steep cliff up which we climbed to the now muddy road leading to the hotel. We were in just the right condition psychologically to appreciate the provisions of one of the most perfect inns that we have known anywhere.

To return home without visiting Kamakura and raving over the Amida Buddha would be sufficient to endanger others' discounting all one's conclusions, so we drove over from Tokyo, a distance of some forty miles. The day was hot and beautiful, and endless pilgrims were disporting themselves in this park in which sits the largest Buddha on earth. He is forty-nine feet high, and is said to be the most artistic as well as the most imposing image in Japan, if not in the whole world. He was cast in bronze about 800 A.D. Three ladies accompanied us, and, seeing that it was a religious festival day, I did not carry my usual butterfly net. The demeanour of the crowd did not, however, suggest a place of worship, and a very large black and enticingly rare butterfly passing close by us induced me to give chase. The insect, as if full of the spirit of mischief, kept just out of reach over my heretical head, only after quite a chase suddenly descending and tempting me to leap after it into the air. Unluckily, that descent happened to be timed exactly at the stone parapet of a shallow and muddy sacred pond, over which I leapt unwittingly after this Lorelei, and into that sacred slime of the ages. Fellow pilgrims, I need

not say, were somewhat astonished to see an ancient mariner in European dress select that particular moment for a mud bath, even if it had been taken in pursuit of holiness or a heavenly vision. Their innate courtesy, however, made them show no signs whatever of amazement, but my three companions showed considerably more emotion when I joined them in our automobile. I shall not easily forget trying to dry out on the radiator of the car on the journey back to Tokyo, which our sympathetic driver covered at a speed that both the law and a road unrepaired since the earthquake suggested as highly undesirable.

As at all spots where human souls seek comfort or inspiration, one felt here at Kamakura a certain gratitude for even a bronze image that reflected the aspirations of fellow creatures like ourselves, searching after truth eleven centuries ago, long before Columbus set out on his lonely quest. The great lack seemed that there was nothing whatever to stir a selfish soul to sacrifice in the service of others. This place was once also the capital of the tyrannical Tokugawa Shoguns. All traces of them are gone, however, and only a number of temples remain.

Nara is an easy drive from Osaka. It was the first real capital of Japan. It has a famous collection of treasures taken from the palace, and noted for having been locked up altogether for twelve hundred years as a storehouse, but is now open to a select few on only one day a year. In one temple is a gigantic figure in bronze, twelve hundred years old. It is called the Daibutsu Buddha. Desperate attempts were made to keep him in the storehouse, but eight hundred years ago, and again four hundred years ago, the storehouse burned, and his head melted off on each occasion, so following that untoward occurrence he had to be contemplated 'under the wide and starry sky' for one hundred and thirty years. Now at last he seems to have remained successfully shut in. The alterations and repairs have ruined him as a



work of art — he may be said to have 'lost caste.' In a huge bronze lantern for centuries was held the sacred fire that came from Ceylon, and the great bell of the temple, cast from left-over materials of the Buddha, can be heard for miles. The tameness of the many beautiful deer at Nara is everywhere remarked on. The fact is, there are so many importunate vendors of biscuits and things which deer love that the characteristic only corresponds with the tameness of sympathetic visitors on whom itinerant vendors impose quantities of buns for deer feed, which in turn accounts for the tameness of the deer.

At Nara the usual gods guard the entrance to the temple and here really convey the idea of fighting capacity. One statue here of Kwannon, goddess of mercy, is said to be 'more beautiful than anything in Greece.' Japanese artists never cultivated the beauty of the nude. To their patrons of art that was symbolic of menial labour. It was not prudery that prevented their appreciation of the most perfect handiwork of God, as He made it. Bronze and wood carvings are also plentiful at Nara, and with characteristic incongruity the god of war appears to receive as much attention and worship as does the goddess of mercy. To the student it is a place that is well worthy of any time devoted to it, but we were somewhat surfeited with Buddhas, and skipped the great museum.

At Nagoya, the inn is not so remarkable for cheer as for charges, but the great feudal castle built about 1600 A.D. gives a good idea of Shogun days. The colossal stones that form the walls, and the five-storey central building, which is some one hundred and fifty feet high and topped by a high cupola, which is a fitting climax to the whole, all make an impressive picture. A pass is necessary to enter the castle.

We spent little time in cities. There was small encouragement to remain long in places like Tokyo or Yokohama, ex-

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cept to wander among modern ruins and cry over spilt milk. Our hotel in Tokyo, that had almost alone successfully resisted the great earthquake, was, 'more Yamoto,' cleverly floated on a kind of huge concrete boat that served for its foundation and conveyed it safely over the waves of the quake. A whole island in the bay had been tilted on end, and houses at every kind of angle peeked up eerily out of the sea — almost as the alcoholic occasionally sees them in his delirium.

Already her scientific work even in research fields entitles Japan to no little recognition, and her hospitals, colleges, and universities are fast rivalling those of the Western world. The great Saint Luke's Hospital in Tokyo, wrecked by the earthquake, repaired, and burnt again in the fire, was showing the world under Dr. Teusler's splendid leadership the real spirit of a worth-while people. For it was not only functioning to a full capacity with really efficient methods amidst its ruins, but the people, with their tens of thousands of personal problems, and the Government as well, were eagerly helping to rebuild it, grateful and appreciative of what it meant to them and theirs. They were there again showing that spirit of true greatness, the dogged courage that in difficulties sees only opportunities. The real progress of the country is marked also by such things as education being compulsory, the schools being entirely free from ecclesiastical domination, by the disestablishment of the Church, and the widest toleration exercised. Wisely, too, the Government has devoted special attention to technical schools and to business colleges, of which a nation of shopkeepers though we may be, we have all too slowly shown appreciation in the old country.

The merchant ships of Japan are magnificent and adorn all the seven seas. Their good railways and roads would be a credit to older and wealthier civilizations. In Shogun days no ship capable of crossing the ocean was allowed to be

built or owned in Japan, and that embargo greatly cramped their marvellous fisheries. Now their people depend almost as much on the water as on the land. Their modern schools of fishing and the marine stations to foster the fishing industry are thoroughly typical of the patient and broad views of this baby among the great nations. In the same meticulous and almost childlike way they copied the English form of government, creating an approximate list of twelve Imperial Princes, fourteen Ordinary Princes, thirty-four Marquises, seventeen Counts, seventy Viscounts, sixty-five Barons, and so forth, necessary for the formation of a 'House of Lords,' exactly as they naïvely listed their captives in the Russian War as four Admirals, two hundred and fifty Pigs, twenty thousand Barrels of Beer, fourteen Generals.

The ability to devote the same care to the minutest detail helped to produce men who were content to do one thing well, a characteristic which accounts for their exquisite vases, their inlaying, their cloisonné, and other branches of unrivalled artistic productions. The carvings in some of the temples, like those in the mausoleum of the great but hated Shogun Iyeyasu, who lived about 1600 A.D., are the work of a simple carpenter, but evidence the acumen of human skill. Any one possessing a genuine piece of Satsuma faïence must consider himself lucky, for the endless imitations of it are its best credentials. Their painting on velvet which was dyed by a secret process is unequalled to-day.

Among countless things of interest in this absorbing country were the beautiful Torii, the design of which, with those of the pagodas and temples, largely came from China. One walks through these apparently perfectly useless but costly structures, remembering that they were put there originally for the birds to perch upon at sunrise and salute the gods with song. Or again, few realize that the jinrikisha is a purely Japanese production. An Eastern marathon



PILGRIM WOMEN AT NIKKO



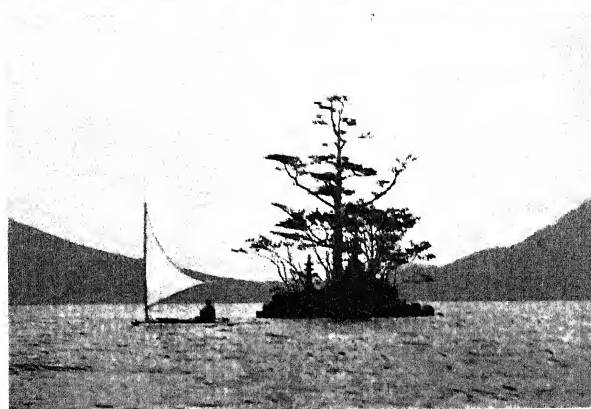
runner might well be proud if he could outdistance these little 'rickshaw' men. The advantage of the jinrikisha over the old palanquin carried on the shoulders was only brought to Japan with the 'Perry's iron pills,' but now the whole of Asia has adopted the vehicle. The average man will drag you in one of them at six miles an hour for three to four hours with scarcely a halt, and that for a few paltry pence. He does it well, and is satisfied.

No wonder tea caught our imagination so easily in Japan. To get the best quality, the plant must be grown under cover and only the tiny leaves with no central stalk used, while the leaf must be picked by hand. Then it must be most carefully kneaded and dried over hot trays for hours; and each of the million little leaves has dried so small that it seems as if there were no result for the endless labour. Yet the girls go singing all the time at their work, and there is even a Holy Scripture of tea, from instructions as to how to plant and grow it to the way to hold the teapot and serve the beverage. Who can be pessimistic of Japan when one mentally contemplates all this, sitting on one's heels at a Japanese tea party? They certainly have the seed of endurance planted deep in them. But in truth toil has turned to victory. The thing well done gives the true and lasting joy of achievement. Contentment is not a property of material wealth. The joy of a Japanese is to sit when evening comes in his huge tub in the yard with a fire underneath. His day's hard labour has not yet led to 'nervous prosperity' or a high divorce rate.

The simplicity of the food of the masses somehow has come to be an admirably adapted diet. It does not qualify satiety with indigestion, or the plethora that strains the heart with unnecessary miles of blood vessels, but leaves the body a perfectly running machine. Rice, beans, and barley with an occasional bit of fish (probably dry bonito), together with a national pickle as a carminative, which at the

same time supplies a digestive distaste, does not cost much, and constitutes the main food of the people of Japan. These folk eat to get strength to work, and only occasionally do they make from the rice an alcoholic drink called 'sake,' for they are a sober people. They get plenty of exercise and seem not to crave undue amusements. There is a far larger percentage of sporting loafers in Oxford or Harvard than in Tokyo or Kyoto. There appears little need for dieting to keep thin if one has to consume one's food with chopsticks; but somehow they can, like Chinamen, get fat in spite of them when there is any benefit in it, as their champion heavyweight wrestlers testify. From their point of view there is a value in all the excess adipose tissue, for it is as hard to catch hold of a mountain of fat as it is to throw it over your head when you have grabbed it. Fierce as their mimic battles are compared with our athletic contests, the Japanese have never been known to kill an umpire.

If I had to select another place, typical of the beauty so dear to the heart of Japan, it would be Nikko. The hotel accommodation is wonderful. The position on the hill above the river offers vistas of unsurpassed beauty. Great banks of glorious azaleas light up the majesty of the imposing cryptomerias and pines, some of which are no less than twenty-five feet at the base, and valley after valley among the forest-covered hillsides are filled with birds of great beauty, and with butterflies that for size as well as colour seemed created especially to keep pace with the rest of nature. It was a very riot of gold and colour, with a background of snow-covered hills, and has left a new dream of a material paradise in our minds. Here you could be alone with solitude, and folding your hands all day meditate contentedly even on the seven hells of Buddha, or, as you searched far from the maddening crowd to know yourself better, you could face that humiliating vision more serenely in the mirror of the Shinto altar; though you could also, with the zeal



LAKE CHUZENJI





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of the Anglo-Saxon for accomplishment, traverse the forest by well-built paths, stand awed at the feet of lofty waterfalls by the mighty power still unharnessed, or feel the thrill of climbing to heights that more than satisfy the average mortal's inborn love of adventure.

Right opposite the hotel within a day's motor drive is the famous Lake Chuzenji. We motored to the face of the steep ascent, where jinrikishas met us. The lake is forty-four hundred feet above sea level, and a place of exceeding beauty. Most of the embassies have summer houses on its shores. We motored around the lake visiting the usual quota of shrines. In one place is the trail of a landslide where a tremendous rock broke off the lofty mountain top, and cut a huge gash in the hillside destroying people and property in its mad descent. This is a favourite place for little inns and countless native holiday-makers. Rows of souvenir shops with brave arrays of every kind of knick-knacks flank the road as it reaches the lake, while acrobats and street jugglers add to the general gaiety of the picture.

Nikko holds the grave of the great Shogun Iyeyasu, mighty in achievement, but relentless and hated of men; son of the great Hideyoshi, who, though a common labourer, rose to be ruler of the whole country, and who, at the head of a large army, conquered Korea. Continuous droves of school children were being lectured to at the shrine. Below the hotel across a boiling torrent of a river is a beautiful bridge, built all of the famous red lacquered timber, which only the child of the sun goddess might cross. Still extant anachronisms of this kind are no small part of the spice of visiting Japan, so we did not lack rare experiences; and we like to speculate what Huck Finn would have done had he visited Nikko. The soft beautiful colours of the marvellous temples of Nikko are thought to be the finest in Japan, beyond even those of Nara, being beautifully preserved in a grove of almost unexcelled forest trees on the hillside. One

early morning spent in them lingers in my memory, as we fed on the contrasts of colour that served for covering the walls, and listened for the weird response of the crying dragon that seems to answer from the depth of the ceiling if you challenge him with a sound. We were caught in the temple park in a torrential downpour of rain, and had time to watch the crowd of worshippers, coming and going, as we sheltered under the glorious eaves of the temples. Many groups of children, under care of adults, passed noisily and apparently utterly uninterestedly by the images. There is an effort being made to reëstablish somewhat the old religion, and the schools were sending relays of scholars periodically to visit the time-honoured shrines. As we beheld the Buddha, with closed eyes reposing with folded hands on his lotus leaf, here in the midst of young modern Nippon, Land of the Rising Sun, very wide-awake indeed and second to none in her keenness to train her lads to keep their own hands more than busy, our thoughts reverted to the anachronism of the red lacquer bridge over the Daiya River. For in a world like ours, whose existence depends on change, the interest of things as they are to-day must always centre finally, in spite of the Epicureans and Stoics of the ages, on what they portend for to-morrow. To correspond with it rightly is the eternal stimulus as well as the real worry of life; and atheist, agnostic, and Christian alike know, whether they admit it or not, that there lies rightly the greatest interest to 'passing humans.' For willy-nilly, we are all forced to be watchmen of that fact.

Japan's unequalled leap onto the map frightened the world. The expression 'Yellow Peril' was coined, like other American slang but significant catch-phrases, only when she realized that she had lifted the lid of a modern Pandora's box and let out real genii who had beaten the largest nation in Europe in actual fighting. It was fear of the future that led to the famous — some think hysterical — legislation in

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California. Lindbergh and men of his stamp have comforted us somewhat by proving that the spirit evinced by that American youth, living in the Great Way, still characterizes her young people, and so has somewhat modified the acuteness of yellow-perilitis, and helped us to realize that an element in that malady was our softness bred of self-indulgence, robbing us of immunity against the hardness of other good soldiers, which was threatening more truly to be the white man's destruction than any bacillus, tubercular or otherwise, that merely attacks our material machine. That part of our education which keeps us always ready is compulsory, and it is Christian, and not Buddhist.

## CHAPTER XX

### THE JAPANESE

JAPAN had one great advantage in being, as it were, born out of time, of having sprung into being full grown, like Minerva from the head of Jove, fully armed, and with the capacity to avail herself of the great advances of human knowledge — like those who were fortunate enough to build their houses after the ugly Victorian architecture had passed, or who enjoyed the privileges of a youth shorn of the handicaps of the centuries, and more capable of adopting up-to-date methods.

The absolutely unique history in our surgical world of the clinic at a small village in Minnesota is attributed by the men who made it to their willingness at all cost to scrap-heap old instruments and outworn methods just as fast as better ones were invented. Rare among individuals, this trait is far rarer among aggregations of individuals called nations, for racial prejudice multiplies enormously the fear of venture or change. The acuteness of the Japanese mind, with its special training perhaps beyond that of all other nations to have no fear even of that greatest of all changes, death, could not fail to note tremendous contrasts, and then to grasp opportunities.

This difference in the mental attitude of Japan from that of other peoples could not be better illustrated than in the case of the famous soldier general, Marquis Nogi. The peculiar Japanese appreciation of the quality is shown by the fact that many now worship this general's spirit. Victor at Kinchow, then at Port Arthur, and later in the great battle of Mukden, he was the towering feature in New Japan. With all that wealth could supply, the idol of the nation, he was passing a healthy and happy old age with his beloved wife at their beautiful home when the Emperor died. In

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full possession of their faculties, with nothing to disturb their mentality, each of the old couple wrote a beautiful farewell and then committed hara-kiri with the proper ceremonial weapon, a short sword, so that their spirits might accompany their divine master into the world of shadows. One story of the great general is worth inserting. On the eve of the final fight at Port Arthur, his only surviving son (the other had already been killed) appeared in his tent at headquarters. General Nogi instantly censured him for leaving his station, and he disappeared forthwith. The son was killed that night. He never had left his station. Some of the mourners at the Emperor's funeral claimed they noticed a strange shining something over the Emperor's casket on its way to the tomb, which they took to be the spirit of the Marquis.

This is no place to retell the history of Japan. Old Japan worshipped the sword above all else. It paid infinite honour to those who made the best blades and the most artistic hilts, also to those who used the weapon most skilfully. Yamato correspondingly despised trade, manufacture, and the vital things of human life. It has been accused of being a country of contrarities, where, if the rest of the world pushes, it pulls, as, for instance, in its method of using a saw. But the European nations have little to boast of in that direction, especially since the Great War of 1914, which disaster showed that all the world is still made up of imperfect human beings. That is the real trouble with Japan to-day. That is why she is feared and discriminated against from Australia to New York, and why England even was not unready to bring to an end her too close alliance.

Japan has always had two governments, a real and a sham. The militaristic Shoguns ruled for centuries, while the Emperors merely pretended to. Since the Emperor came back with the New Japan, the militarists have ruled under his mantle with the popular government, as the ca-

mouflage. For the Commander-in-Chief and his militarist staff can pass requisitions for supplies and even laws over the heads of the civil government. Alexander Powell's book 'Asia at the Crossroads' seemed to us to picture best the real dangers of this great people at the present time. In spite, however, of 'fears,' to us devotees of athletic prowess and physical fitness the story of Samurai will always carry a thrill of pleasure and pride in the human race, will serve to emphasize our common humanity, and remind us of the brotherhood of man the wide world over, kindling that admiration which is akin to love for this splendid people, even if they are regarded as the Asiatic Potsdam. The brave have no need to fear the brave. It is cowards only the brave should fear, and no man can lay that charge at the door of the Japanese. They will come out of this trial all right.

I have not said much about the people. Alas, one learns only too little of one's fellow men when the barrier of language comes between. It is naturally harder to appreciate a man whom you cannot understand. Babel has been considered a curse since prehistoric days, yet the Irish are moving heaven and earth to reinstall a language that conveys no meaning to any one else. One can forgive an Irishman anything, however, because of his splendid sense of humour; and, thank God, that saving grace appears at least in one form in the universal smiling, cheerful faces of these Asiatic islanders. It was the child of the days of their simplicity.

The fundamental fallacy of autocratic government is that it cannot lead to perfect manhood, but it has many advantages in youth. The modified rod wielded by mandatory powers has been as beneficial in Palestine as in the Philippines. Freedom is a good thing, but the freedom of the wild ass is likely to be harmful to himself as well as to others. Under the rigid, inflexible, and unmerciful hands of the Shogunate there grew up a cheerful, contented people, even though poor and limited by a meticulous ritual for every

smallest act of life that curtailed self-expression in any direction. Contentment with a certain mediocrity has to be a condition of childhood, but it has so stamped itself on the nation's character that some have blamed Japan as being small in great things and great only in small ones. Even that should scarcely be laid to the people's charge when a 'Divine' Emperor could acclaim a 'Book of Ceremonials' of over five hundred volumes, and even contribute to it. Clean, cheerful, clever, and brave — that is much to be said of any people. 'Ah, but you cannot trust a Jap,' some whisper in your ear, 'not like a Chinaman.' Well, for centuries they were unable to trust one another. Under the Shogunate system, spies were more ubiquitous than in the Czarist or Soviet days in Russia. No man could afford to trust his brother. In trade, despised as it was, sharp practices were to be expected. To distrust this or any nation as a whole is the worst possible policy. If we want to do more than prate of peace, we should help Japan and not secretly wish to humiliate her because of our fear. Whatever we may think of the present, we can afford to remember her past; and then do all that can be done to help her by example, by far the most profitable attitude for the world.

After she awakened, it was we who created the inordinate demand for cheap examples of her most exquisite ceramics, her Satsuma faïence, her wonderful embroideries, and finally for her tapestries which some feel are more beautiful than Gobelins. We got what we paid for and could not tell the difference. Untrained artificers crowded in and produced 'things for sale' because they were unable to create works of art. There are saints and sinners in Japan as well as in every nation. No nation has a monopoly of saints or sinners. Japan, like all other countries, is a conglomeration of human individuals, men and women.

It is true the Government of Japan is engaged in helping trade. For instance, it makes soap. Why should it not do



so? As our Fels, of naphtha soap fame, used to say about land when he made his plea on behalf of single taxing, 'It is the people who make it valuable, and the people have some right to a share in its profits.' The Japanese Government fosters enterprises of every kind, and that, with its nearness to the great Asiatic markets, gives its merchants an 'unfair advantage' over competitors. This is true. But it is also true that trade morals in Japan are improving, a blessing partly due to their shrewd observation of the commercial value of fair dealing and credit as shown among the merchants of other countries, where more business is done in promises than in cash. Moreover, for the sake of its very existence Japan's Government must do more than others.

Her population is increasing far beyond the ability of her lands to produce food to feed her people. It has become obvious that not more than one fifteenth of the country is available for agriculture, and this area cannot be extended to keep pace with the demands of increasing numbers which amount to something like three quarters of a million persons per year. The cheapest starch food, rice, is now produced in quantities greater than all other cereals put together, but even that cannot meet the need; though with its capacity for meticulous attention to details, Japan already grows more agricultural food per acre than any country in the world. The fields are divided into small square mud plots separated by tiny grass and bamboo ridges. They look like big waffles. A tiny rivulet trickles along each bar keeping the rice plants a few inches under water, till harvest time comes. More water means more rice, and generally two crops a year.

Would that the Colony of Newfoundland had copied the Japanese example in stimulating new industries! It would have saved countless dollars spent in adult pauper relief, and far more in the national asset of independence, where now often enough acute pauperism obtains. Thus they

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have brought in mulberry trees and silkworms, cement works, and other wealth-producing industries. The soul of Old Japan was not in the market-place, and from a certain viewpoint one sees in this something to admire. She is learning, however, and she has seized Formosa, Korea, and Saghalien, and some of the mainland, thereby merely following the example of other civilized countries. For she was not the only nation with eyes on the Philippines, Tonkin, the Dairen Peninsula, and especially Manchuria, which she holds without question to-day, and which she means to hold by semi-peaceful penetration, even if she was obliged to give up Shantung under pressure. Whether this will add to her greatness or really only make her an uncomfortable bed to lie on, who shall say?

One is making no excuse for her militarism, especially its excesses in Korea which still rankle in the minds of those who witnessed it. As the military section of Japan's people see their problem, the alternative to starvation, as well as the road to satisfaction of personal and national selfish aggrandizement, lies still in the sword. The losers naturally criticize bitterly the winners — some militants even criticize themselves. We, the onlookers, fear for the 'balance of power,' and cry out.

Japan has already made herself a first-class power. She still has all those qualities that justify the impartial observer in believing that, while she has so far avoided the Scylla of Indulgence that would inevitably destroy her value to survive, so she will discover before it is too late the equal perils of the Charybdis of relying on mere material might. The part she is playing in China to me personally appears the most unwarrantable. The backing of a bloodthirsty bandit and enabling him to keep up constant unrest in China can only react against herself in time. For I am convinced that had she left China alone a stable government would have existed there long ago. When Feng Yu-Hsiang held sway

in Peking there was no disorder, looting, or insecurity, and every one we met wanted him to remain and continue his work. The same was true in Honan and in Mongolia. But if China unifies under one strong stable government, that will not suit Japan, and so long as Japan holds Manchuria, unless it be given her absolutely on condition she keeps her hands off the rest of China, I see little hope for peace and prosperity in her great neighbour land.

I have said nothing of her religions. Really, Shintoism like Confucianism can be called only the result of religion, having no holy book, no code of morals, and nothing to say about man's future, though holding a festival once a year of washing and offering gifts for the people's sins. Christianity came to Japan with the Jesuit fathers from Spain late in the sixteenth century, and made at first rapid progress. Alas, the Church of that day was much handicapped by its emphasis on temporal power, and its protagonists could not keep from mixing up in questions that brought them into antagonism with the civil powers, whom they flouted and disobeyed. The different orders, Franciscans and Jesuits especially, fought one another, and yet probably no more notable examples of self-immolation for the cause they served could be found anywhere. In 1618, when Father Juan de Santa Martha, who had been tortured for three years in a vile mediæval prison, was offered his freedom if he would leave Japan, he refused, saying that if he were let out he would at once begin preaching. Other friends of his had been ill treated and crucified, and he knew that he had no mercy to expect. But he persisted as Father Jongues had done in Canada, and like him was crucified in the end.

Love is still the greatest thing in the world, and alone can solve the 'mystery of Asia' and dispel its night, however pietistic and conventional it may seem to some to say so. This fact faces the world: China and Japan have awakened from that night — the real cause of the so-called 'mystery'

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— and for good or ill they must henceforth be reckoned with as well in the struggle for existence as in that for the coming of the Kingdom of Peace on Earth, and of good will among mankind.

## EPILOGUE

THIS epilogue was begun in the Yellow Sea off the coast of China, continued in the polar current off the coast of Labrador, and finished on the oil coast of Okmulgee in Oklahoma.

As we boarded the wonderful steamer that was to be the last link in our round-the-world trip at Yokohama, endless rolls of brilliantly coloured paper were pressed upon the passengers, who from every point of vantage on the ship tossed glittering ropes that soon bound the ship to the shore by a scintillating web of every colour of the rainbow. When the huge hemp hawsers were at last withdrawn, and the final salute given to the gay Japanese crowd, these Lilliputian bonds still held us as by cords of love to our brothers across the sea. Now they are stretched to the limit. Now one by one those material ties are breaking. But they leave us — to the last soul aboard — with gratitude for courtesies and kindnesses that have opened new visions of the future, when wars and rumours of wars shall cease from the earth, with a fixed determination to 'come back again,' and with the words of the old song in our hearts:

'Lord, let the nations see  
That men should brothers be  
And form one family  
The wide world o'er.'

THE END













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